Collier's

TEN CENTS

JANUARY 30, 1943

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THE MAN

BY J. E

J H HENDERSON
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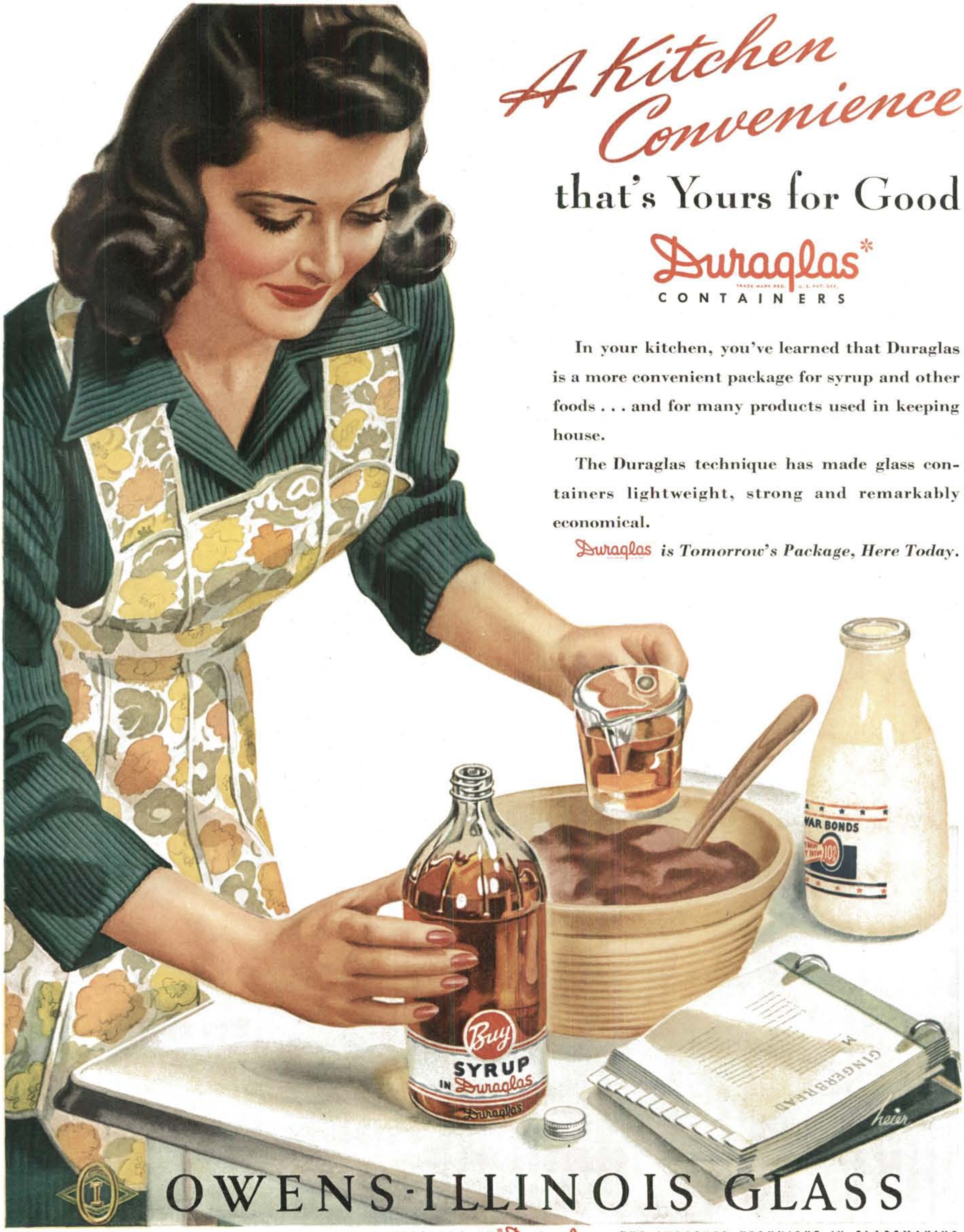
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THE THINGS of the spirit as well as of the body and the mind, that is America's plan for her youngsters! No step is left untaken, no stone unturned to prepare them to face the future—confident, reliant and *smiling.*

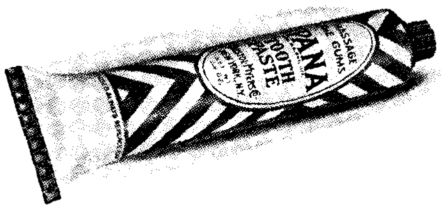
Yes, *smiling!* For even the smiles of our children receive the best of care. Today all over America—in the classrooms of thousands of schools, boys and girls are learning the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

They could tell you this vital dental truth—that soft, modern foods so often rob our gums and teeth of needed exercise—the stimulation they must have for health. Even young children, thanks to early training, know why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often warn of their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Don't Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"!

If your tooth brush ever flashes this warning signal—*see your dentist without delay!* He may simply say that your gums have become sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Night and morning—whenever you clean your teeth—massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Start today with Ipana and massage—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a more attractive, winning smile.



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Collier'

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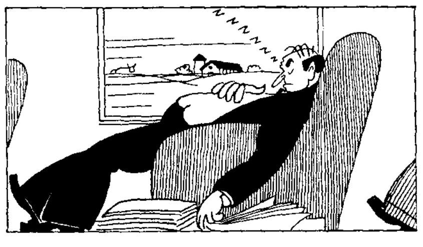
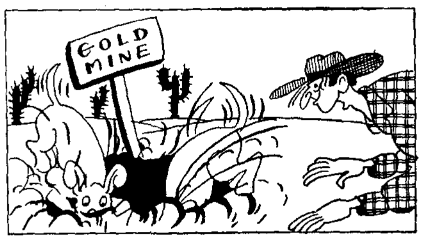
ANY WEEK

OF COURSE, errors like the one we're about to set down seldom if ever happen in normal times. We met the author of this one in Washington. He had come in from Denver with a large assemblage of things on his mind. However, he had arrived in pretty good temper, although he told us that he was fit to be tied when his train delivered him in Chicago. "I just about made the train in Denver," said he. "Snatched up a copy of your magazine (Collier's) as I was heading for the gate. Had a hard day and thought your magazine would sort of lull me to sleep. Shows you that I wasn't functioning, that's all. Well, I started with the first story, got wider and wider awake, finished it. I got just two hours sleep. In Chicago I bought an armful of magazines including a couple of your rivals. I was going to show you guys that will power would lick you. Your damn' rags weren't going to keep me awake between Chicago and Washington. Well," he concluded, looking at us triumphantly, "I won. Got into my berth, opened the first one, was asleep in fifteen minutes. You guys can't keep me awake." So we just said, "That's fine," and something about being careful about what magazine he read—particularly if he didn't want to be kept awake.



BUT then, even the home front is kicking about this and that. Very good thing, too. We live in almost daily dread lest that day come when our mail fetches us no grouches, no appeals for justice, no wrongs to be righted. Here's one from a gentleman who wants that hard-working and skillful agency, the F.B.I., arrested—all of it. It's going to be difficult and we're for passing the job on to someone else. However, he says that we can have the $200 reward which, he says, is offered for their arrest and conviction, and what we'd do for $200 is something scandalous. Yet the gentleman is a trifle vague about the circumstances. We think he'd better not have his name published. As we get it, somebody stole his mailbox with all its contents. The latter, he believes, included several important checks and a letter from a man in Des Moines, Iowa. They can have the checks, but that letter contained the address of a gold mine which is just crying to be exploited. And our correspondent is the boy to exploit it, too. No manpower will be taken from industry or from our Armed Forces. All the digging will be done by trained dogs. But he's certain that the F.B.I., with the connivance of the county prosecutor, sheriff and coroner, swiped his mailbox. It's a nasty situation.



ANOTHER came from Sgt. Samuel Saretsky, B Company, 806th Engineers. He had read our editorial, "Don't Worry Your Soldier." The sergeant assures us that the soldiers are pretty "worried about a home front that has to be coaxed to buy War Bonds." And after that he warms up to the subject. "We gladly work seven days and nights without overtime pay. With the shortage of war goods (your problem) we have plenty of worries, kid. Why do the industrial worker and the politician insist on the forty-hour week? Most of them are making seventy-five dollars a week and more if they're A. F. of L. or C.I.O. How would you home fronters feel if you read a report from Guadalcanal like this: After eight hours of fighting, our troops held a meeting lasting two hours and they decided that sixty dollars a month was not enough. They agreed that seventy-five dollars wasn't too much. Private Dubb demanded a hundred. The sergeant said he was unable to meet the demand. The troops struck. Unfortunately the Japs struck first. Private Dubb was about to call off the strike when struck by a shell. However, other units will meet today to demand an increase in pay and a decrease in fighting hours, and also working conditions which will make their occupation less hazardous.

ONE gentleman—Colonel Doctor Aaron Dishmon C. Hutchwiss of Buffalo, New York, offers us "a classic of how to recognize, avoid and prevent a cold in any weather, anywhere." The colonel doctor goes on: "For one I am interested in keeping readers in good health, tackling from every angle—physiology, biochemistry, biology, psychology and not more than a dose a day-taken through the common sense, a direct contradiction to psych-surgery. It is a positive advice by return postage after a lot of research and hard labor for $1.75." . . . W. D.

THIS WEE

JANUARY 30, 194

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COVER VICTOR KEP

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Two Important Letters to the American Public

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is glad to publish these letters from two prominent government officials

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PAUL V. McNUTT
Chairman, War Manpower Commission

To my fellow Americans:

One of the first duties of our people in wartime is to avoid, so far as possible, sickness and disease. Venereal diseases are such a serious threat to our military and industrial efficiency that their control is especially important. It is largely a community responsibility.

By using their influence to see that existing laws operate effectively, public-spirited citizens can do much to clean up local conditions which favor the spread of these diseases. Other steps to take are the organization of educational programs to acquaint every man and woman with the facts about venereal diseases—how to avoid them, where to go for diagnosis and treatment; and a community program of recreation and leisure-time activities for service men, industrial workers, and others.

Let every American do everything possible to defeat this enemy within our gates.

THOMAS PARRAN
Surgeon General, U. S. Public Health Service

To the People of America:

Every community must organize its health forces against the venereal diseases. They can be controlled like other epidemics.

For the individual, the solution of this problem is a personal matter of basic clean living—of avoiding the sources of infection.

If every person in our country accepts full personal and community responsibility, we shall have tremendously improved national health and greater strength in prosecuting the war.

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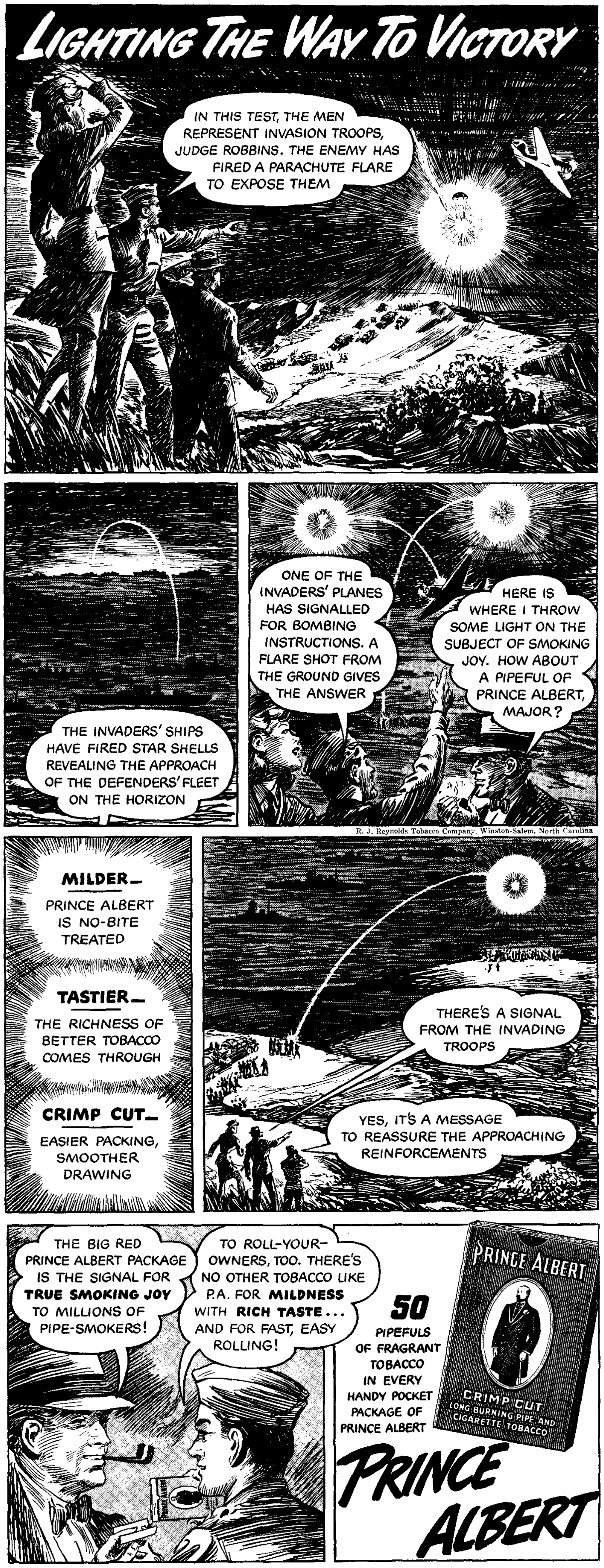
Seventh National Social Hygiene Day is being observed on Wednesday, February 3rd, 1943. The American Social Hygiene Association headquarters, 1790 Broadway, New York City, will gladly send you literature and full particulars.


LIGHTING THE WAY TO VICTORY
IN THIS TEST, THE MEN REPRESENT INVASION TROOPS, JUDGE ROBBINS. THE ENEMY HAS FIRED A PARACHUTE FLARE TO EXPOSE THEM
THE INVADERS' SHIPS HAVE FIRED STAR SHELLS REVEALING THE APPROACH OF THE DEFENDERS' FLEET ON THE HORIZON
ONE OF THE INVADERS' PLANES HAS SIGNALLED FOR BOMBING INSTRUCTIONS. A FLARE SHOT FROM THE GROUND GIVES THE ANSWER
HERE IS WHERE I THROW SOME LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT OF SMOKING JOY. HOW ABOUT A PIPEFUL OF PRINCE ALBERT, MAJOR?
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
MILDER — PRINCE ALBERT IS NO-BITE TREATED
TASTIER — THE RICHNESS OF BETTER TOBACCO COMES THROUGH
CRIMP CUT — EASIER PACKING, SMOOTHER DRAWING
THERE'S A SIGNAL FROM THE INVADING TROOPS
YES, IT'S A MESSAGE TO REASSURE THE APPROACHING REINFORCEMENTS
THE BIG RED PRINCE ALBERT PACKAGE IS THE SIGNAL FOR TRUE SMOKING JOY TO MILLIONS OF PIPE-SMOKERS!
TO ROLL-YOUR-OWNERS, TOO. THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE P.A. FOR MILDNESS WITH RICH TASTE... AND FOR FAST, EASY ROLLING!
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

That the legal term "false imprisonment" has been given wide interpretation by the courts is illustrated by a New York case of a few years ago. A gentleman, upon failing to purchase a ticket to a ball game, tried to leave the park through an entrance, but was swept backward by the inrushing crowds for more than an hour. So he sued the club for false imprisonment and was awarded $500.—*By Walter A. Morris, Jackson Heights, New York.*

Of the 50,000 pints of blood collected each week for blood banks, 18,000, or 36%, are collected by 42 mobile units sent out by the Red Cross chapters of 24 cities. Each unit consists of a physician, several nurses and a specially equipped truck, operating in communities where such services are not normally available.

Compared with an all-riveted ship, an all-welded vessel is much stronger because it is in one piece, travels faster because its hull is smoother and has up to thirteen per cent less deadweight tonnage and, therefore, a correspondingly higher cargo capacity, because it does not carry the weight of rivets and overlapping plates.

For every hundred tons of new steel purchased by American railroads today, eighty tons of iron and steel scrap go back to the mills from this industry.—*By Albert H. Adolph, New Orleans, Louisiana.*

So that American firms and government offices may know where to find all kinds of scientists and various experts, on short notice, a card file of 700,000 of them, quickly classifiable by sorting machines, has been compiled and is known as The National Roster of Scientific and Specialized Personnel.

Flames vary tremendously in temperature, some producing little heat. For example, a flaming piece of cotton that has been soaked in a certain formula of carbon tetrachloride and carbon disulphide can be held in the bare hands without injury or pain.

Age limits for field service in the United States Army are: Second and first lieutenants thirty-six years, captains forty-two, majors forty-seven, lieutenant colonels fifty-two, colonels fifty-five, brigadier and major generals no maximum age.

Under federal inspection, four American companies now slaughter horses and dress the meat for human consumption in this country. Per pound, it retails for fifteen cents when ground, frozen and packaged; twenty-five cents when sold as a roast, and thirty-five cents when cut as a steak. Horses may not be slaughtered nor may their meat be prepared in establishments that butcher and handle cattle, sheep and hogs.

An operation, recently performed on a Londoner injured in an air raid, endangered the surgeon as well as the patient. Several X-rays disclosed that the object embedded in the latter's thigh was a small, unexploded cannon shell. The surgeon extracted it with care and turned it over to a bomb disposal unit.

Most dollar-a-year men working for the government not only continue to draw their salary from their companies back home, but are given $70 a week for expenses by the government and are also reimbursed for all money spent in traveling.—*By Mary Shay, Croton Falls, New York.*

In recent years, the United States has used more than 200,000 tons of explosives annually to mine coal and ores, quarry rock, clear tree stumps, open ice jams and build roads and tunnels. In fact, our domestic consumption of dynamite and similar materials from 1936 to 1940 equaled in weight all the explosives used by the Allies in the four-odd years of the first World War.—*By Barbara Smith, North Providence, Rhode Island.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

The little girl who never was sick

She never had a cold, this fortunate little girl. She never had typhoid or diphtheria or influenza. In fact, from the day she was born she never suffered pain or sickness of any sort.

You do not know this little girl. But for a thousand years she has lived as a dream in the minds and hearts of mankind . . . symbol of a time when science shall have won its long battle against disease.

Today that dream has come a step nearer reality with the development of the General Electric electron microscope . . . a super-microscope that "sees" with electrons instead of light. With it man can see things that he has never been able to see through the ordinary kind of microscope.

The new G-E electron microscope is the first of its kind in that it is simple to operate and can easily be moved about. It can be used with an ordinary electric current supply.

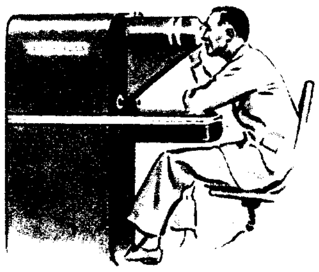
With the electron microscope, scientists can see and study the ultra-minute viruses believed to be the cause of influenza and the common cold. They can see new details of the inner structure of germs.

After the war, General Electric and other manufacturers will produce electron microscopes in quantity. The advantages of simplicity and portability, offered for the first time in the new General Electric instrument, will make the electron microscope available to thousands of doctors, scientists, hospitals and laboratories, instead of to only a few.

The skill and experience which produced the electron microscope are also represented in the General Electric radio. For the radio, too, is an electronic instrument. The radio and television receivers which General Electric will bring you after the war will be finer than ever before because of the knowledge now being gained by General Electric as a leading producer of radio for the armed forces.

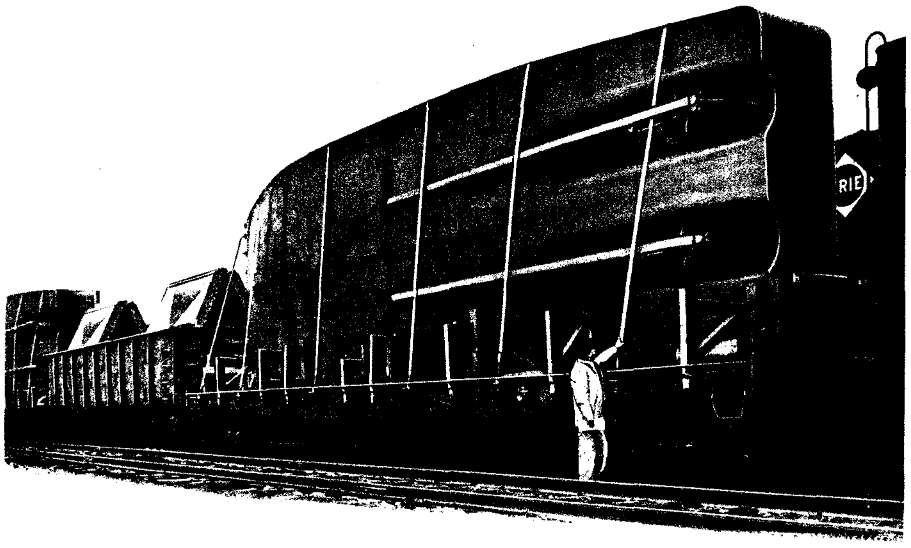
The story of electronics is told in a fascinating new 32-page book in full colors: "Electronics—a New Science for a New World." This booklet is free. Write for your copy. *Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.*

Listen to the General Electric Radio News Program, with Frazier Hunt, Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday evenings, over C.B.S. and American (FM) networks. See newspapers for time.



THE NEW G-E ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

GENERAL ELECTRIC



Remember the Man who Built a Boat in his Basement?

He's using it now from Suez to the Solomons

IT'S an old story—about the man who built a boat in his basement and then couldn't get it out.

Recently our Army and Navy and Marine Corps had a similar problem. But they found the answer, too.

For example, huge invasion barges such as those shown in the picture—veterans now of Algiers and Guadalcanal—would seem too big to travel anywhere except over the broad sea waters which are their final destination. Yet these boats, big enough to carry 50 men and a tank, were built far inland, traveled to sea by rail. The broad, high clearances of railroads such as the Erie made possible the construction of these boats hundreds or thousands of miles from the ocean.

And they make possible the rail handling of all manner of oversize shipments from coast defense guns to tanks—shipments which couldn't be handled speedily in any other way.

By thus adapting themselves quickly and willingly to the wartime needs of the nation, America's railroads have again proved their usefulness and indispensability. Whether the job is moving invasion barges or troop trains, every railroad man is doing his darnedest these days. For we railroaders believe in America, believe it is worth fighting for. And we're going to stay on the job until this war is won, *and after*—to help rebuild the world.

ERIE

23,578 FREIGHT TRAINS DAILY

1,408,964 FREIGHT CARS DAILY

25,000,000 NET TONS DAILY

AMERICAN RAILROADS AT WAR

ERIE RAILROAD

Judging her hobby of mending china too frivolous in wartime, Helen Tuorila applies her skilled fingers to the welding torch in an airplane plant

THERE is a lot of talk, many discussions and not a few arguments about the part aviation will play in the postwar era. From some leaders come predictions with astounding estimates on the number of persons who will fly and do it in their own little inexpensive plane. The aviation industry is pictured by many as that "last frontier," and they see it as the possible backbone in difficult days ahead when the world again is at peace. Steps are under way now for a planning program for the postwar era.

Some men vision the sky literally filled with private planes. The present small plane manufacturers, now busy with war work, are not sitting back and forgetting the future, of course. They are constantly studying and figuring how the plane of tomorrow can be made to fit the average man's pocketbook and give him the speed and comfort he desires.

But the one thing which can shackle the private plane industry boom is a lot of flying regulations. There will have to be aerial traffic laws, to be sure, but the average businessman will forsake flying if he has to battle a mess of complicated government regulations. All the man has to do, on that future trip home from the office, is fly the plane, operate the radio and navigate. He doesn't want to spend time filling out flight plans and reports. Otherwise he might as well go home on the bus.

LIEUTENANTS Harold Comstock and Roger Dyar, who became the first humans to go through the air at a speed greater than that of sound when they dived their Republic P-47 Thunderbolts at 725 miles an hour, described the sensation as like "stepping from a hot shower into a cold one."

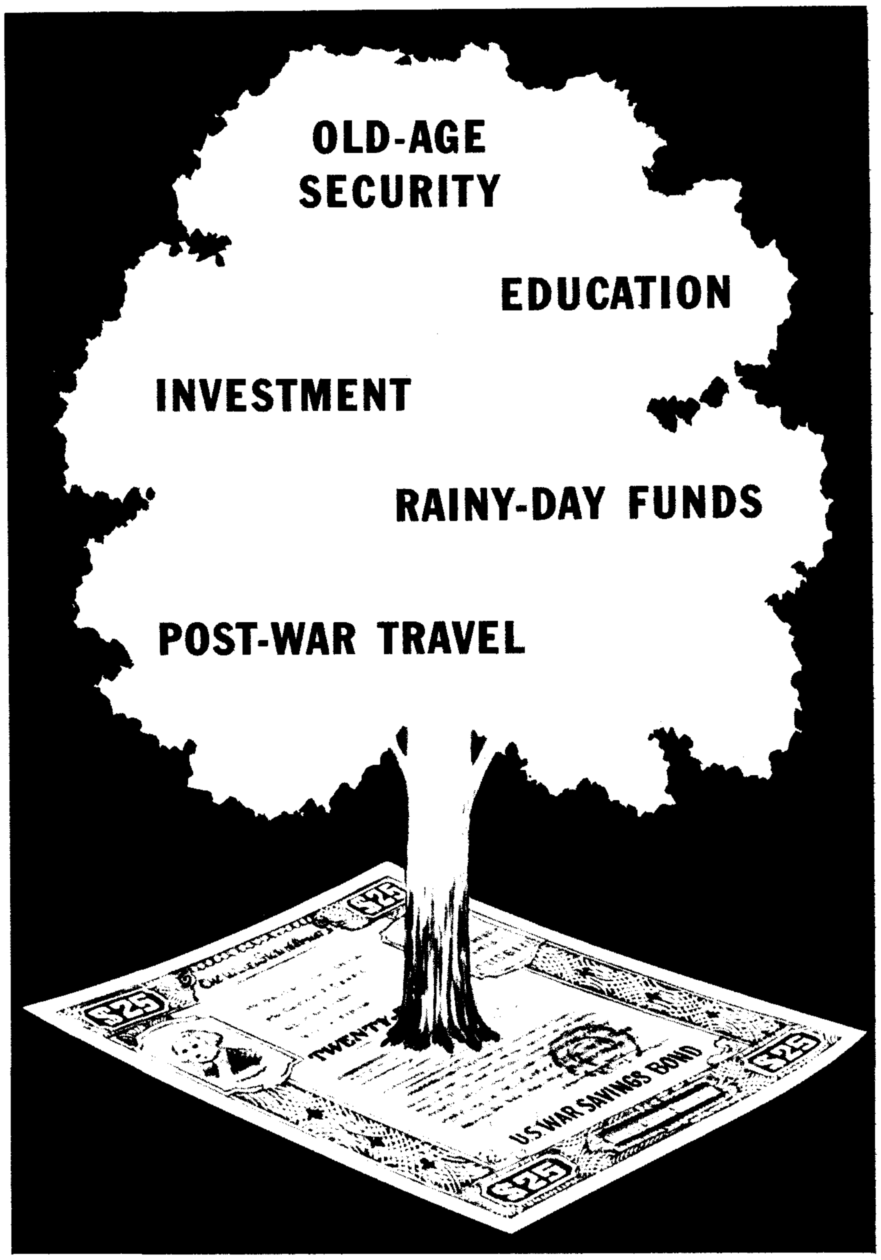
They did not reach that unexplored aerodynamic frontier where airflow would theoretically break up and cause a plane to lose its essential flying characteristics and flop around like a drunken pigeon. But the speed was so great that the air pressure on the control surfaces had such tremendous force it caused the "joy stick" to freeze. And when you are moving earthward at more than a thousand feet a second, that is what one of the officers described as "an unsatisfactory condition."

When the control stick of their plane failed to respond, the two pilots resorted to the crank which operates the elevator trim tabs in order to level off. And so they lived to land and smash the contentions of many psychologists that speeds of 500 or 600 miles an hour were suicide because the pilot's brain would be unable to keep pace with the speed of the plane.

THE Japs are experts when it comes to copying the designs of aircraft equipment they had previously purchased. While their copies are not exact, they do incorporate into their imitations a cylinder from one plane, a carburetor from another, instruments from still another. But they can't seem to employ this practice when it comes to getting a supply of metal. Army and Navy authorities who have studied wrecked Japanese planes find the copied parts; but the workmanship indicates a scarcity of metal. The fact the imitators are machining as few parts as possible points to a lack of machine tools.

IT IS strange to see how the hobbies or professions of some women have easily been converted to the war effort. The case of Helen Tuorila, a welder in North American Aviation's Texas plant, is a good example. Her hobby was mending old china, which developed into a unique and lucrative profession. She figured mending chinaware seemed silly with a war going on so she went to work and her nimble fingers now operate the welding torch. And so she might feel she still is mending "China"—and the other Allied Nations, too. . . . J. D. B.

PLANT NOW HARVEST LATER!



Everything you hold dear today is based on the security of our Nation.

Your life, your children's futures, your earnings, your savings are worth nothing except as they are protected by our national security.

America is a FREE COUNTRY, unlike the gangster nations, yours does not ORDER you to GIVE YOUR MONEY. It ASKS you to LOAN it temporarily to buy the tools of War that our fighting men must have to smash the hordes of Huns, Japs and Blackshirts who, unless they are smashed, WILL SMASH YOU!

Your country asks you to dig down deep to invest in United States War Savings Bonds that you may redeem or hold after the War, and on which you receive interest for all the time you hold them. After the War, they will provide for your old-age security, your children's educations, and peacetime pleasures such as travel, vacation and rest.

MAKE YOUR MONEY FIGHT FOR YOU
Buy these United States War Savings Bonds

Series "E" denominations: $25.00, $50.00, $100.00, $500.00 and $1000.00—prices: $18.75, $37.50, $75.00, $375.00 and $750.00. Mature 10 years after the date of issue; not callable by the Government before maturity. Interest rate of 2.9% to maturity. Can be registered to 1 person, or 2 persons as co-owners, or to 1 person with 1 person as beneficiary, redeemable 10 years after date of issue at the first of the month issued or after 60 days at fixed redemption rates, by presentation to Federal Reserve Bank or the Treasury Department.

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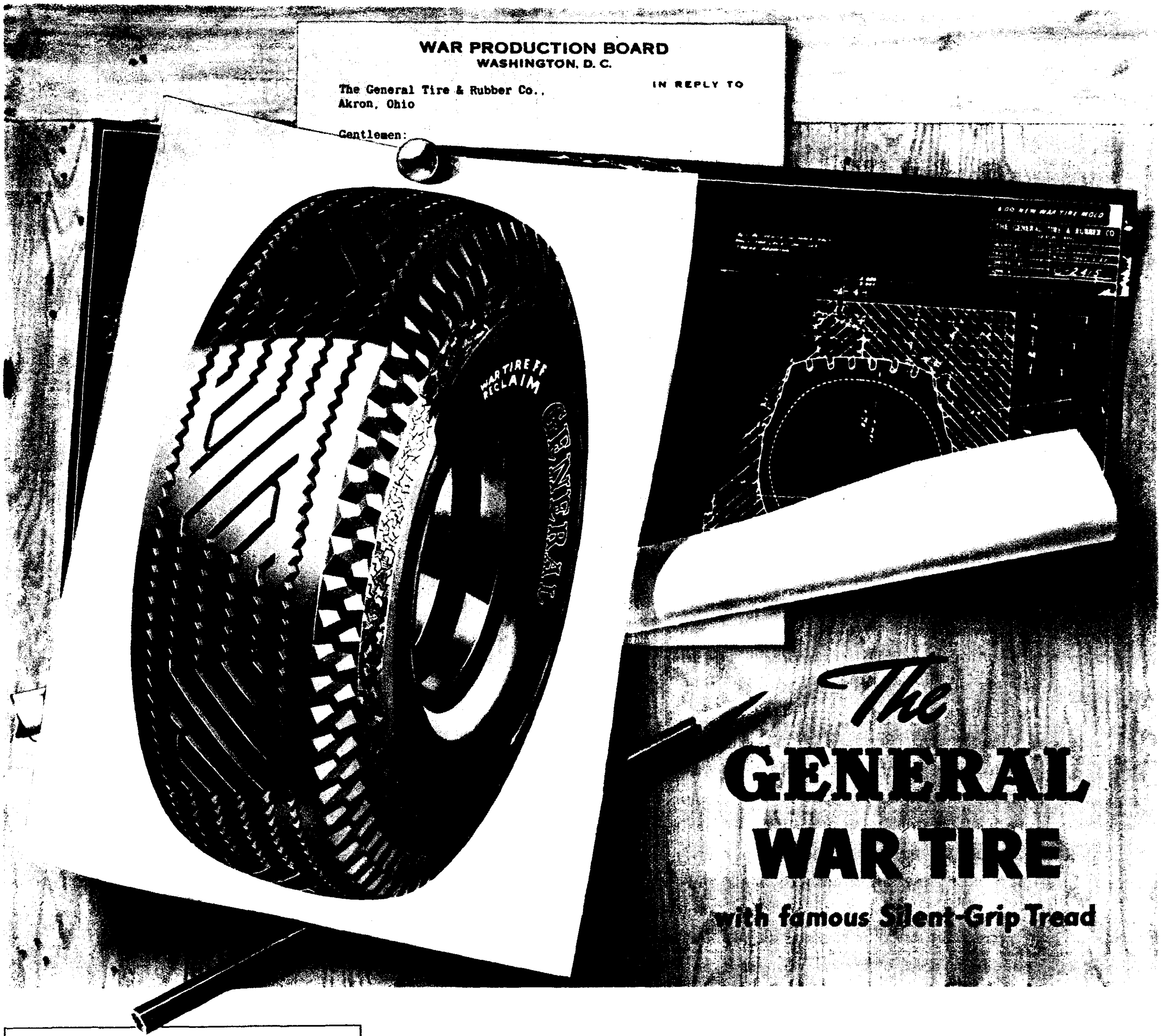

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Collier's The National Weekly for January 30, 1943

The Non-Bureaucratic Mr. Byrnes

By Walter Davenport

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LAURENCE MONAHAN

James Francis Byrnes controls the purchasing power, prices, rents, wages, salaries, profits and rationing of the world's richest nation. He knows exactly what he's doing, does it quietly and quickly—all of which is very unnerving to the other overstaffed, bureaucratic war agencies

WHEN James Francis Byrnes was twenty-three years old he bought a newspaper. It was the Aiken, South Carolina, Journal and Review, a semiweekly sheet which was achieving a high degree of unpopularity even with the few who worked for it. As editor and publisher of the Journal and Review, Mr. Byrnes accumulated a considerable store of wisdom which supported him well later on as county solicitor (district attorney), as member of the House of Representatives, as United States senator, as Supreme Court Justice and now as Director of Economic Stabilization, the latter a twenty-mule-team job with mules wild.

Mr. Byrnes, who had left school in Charleston at the age of fourteen and had at twenty-three risen to the local eminence of court reporter, had exactly five hundred dollars when he made this topside entrance into journalism. He and an equally ambitious youth named A. K. Lorenz (who seems to have had no money at all but who knew how to set type by hand) managed to borrow $4,500 from an Aiken bank, and this, with Mr. Byrnes' five hundred, made precisely what the owner of the Journal and Review was demanding.

Along with what the retiring publisher optimistically called "the plant" (a rheumatic press, two fonts of pied type, some ink and even less newsprint), Byrnes and Lorenz took over a printer known as Biz. When occasion demanded (and he was the sole judge of this), Biz would lay down his stick (a composing-room gadget in which type is set) and, without warning, gloomily hire a hack to Charleston. And there in one of the more rugged joints, Biz would proceed to get himself handsomely plastered. The remembered reasons for Biz's detours into escapism are (1) political speeches by friends of the editor—which the editor wished printed in full and (2) editorials. Biz probably hated what editors wrote more than what politicians said because, said he, politicians just had to say something, no matter how unnecessary, now and then.

Thus it was from Biz that the shrewd, smooth man who is now second in command to Franklin Roosevelt over the economic life of the world's richest nation learned (1) to know both sides before you take either, (2) to know what you're talking about and make it brief, (3) to remember that it is the audience that always pays, and (4) blessed is he who has no shirt, for then it cannot be stuffed. With that, we take reluctant leave of Biz who later fell into the hands of an itinerant holy man, got religion and dropped dead at a strawberry festival.

Mr. Byrnes presides sauvely over our struggles toward economic stabilization in the new cream-and-mahogany east wing of the White House. It is his stoutly maintained opinion that most men's troubles come from attending conferences. He, for example, will attend no conference which is not limited in attendance to a few men, each of whom has the power and the guts to make decisions and make them stick. It is his provable contention that he can get more done in five minutes on the telephone than any other kind of conference can accomplish in an all-day session.

Mr. Byrnes was telephoning when we dropped in on him. His call had to do with housing the Rubber Administration, which had stretched itself out of its original quarters. In no time, he found living room for the rapidly expanding Rubber Administration in Washington, where many a man of lesser talents is having trouble finding a place to put his coat and hat. But the job did entail installing the Rubber Administrator, Mr. William M. Jeffers, in what was once a church.

"A term in church will not hurt Bill Jeffers a bit," said Mr. Byrnes.

Manning his offices are exactly eight persons. All of them manage to keep exceedingly busy in a calm and quiet which

(Continued on page 28)

SHE'S BEEN READING MY MAI

WAVE LENGTH

By Phyllis Duganne

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THAT night, there was a log fire blazing in the fireplace. Ophelia, the silver Dane, was asleep with her paws touching the gleaming brass fire rail, and Rufus, the setter, lay close to John's chair. We could hear the storm outside—a genuine Vermont blizzard. It made the house seem like a fortress, solidly built, secure against the onslaught.

John was reading and I was knitting, and we'd have been completely happy, except that we were so terribly in love—and that John was married to Sally.

I didn't believe for one minute that Sally was at her mother's, in spite of the daily letters with the Boston postmark. I didn't believe that her mother was ill. Sally had just barely returned from a two weeks' shopping trip to New York when the telegram came. Mrs. Wendell undoubtedly disapproved of her daughter's conduct, but she undoubtedly was covering up for her. . . .

I don't know when John fell in love with me, but I think it took me about one day to know how I felt about him. He met me at the station when I came to work for him, as his secretary; and even that first moment was like being met by an old, dear friend. That afternoon, he told me about the book he was writing, and my fingers itched to begin setting his library in order.

Sally was completely charming to me; she always has been. Even John's telling her that he loved me and wanted to marry me did not change her attitude in the slightest degree. She said that she loved him, that she would die if he sent her away.

Mrs. Wendell reminded him of Sally's youth—she's ten years younger than John and five years younger than I—and she made grave prophesies for Sally's future, if John turned her out, now. That was nearly a year ago, and God help me, I stayed on. John wanted me to stay. Sally urged me to stay. She may not be intellectually my equal, but she's a thousand times more clever. Subtly, she shifted my relationship with John to a high platonic plane of utter hopelessness, forced us both to sublimate our emotions, in a very Bostonian, consciously cerebral—and completely false—situation.

Ophelia sighed deeply; John got up and lifted another log onto the fire. "It's a real storm, Peg."

I nodded. The two of us, here on this high Vermont hilltop, and Sally . . . I wondered where she was. A woman doesn't take evening gowns to go and stay with a sick mother. I wasn't snooping when I saw her pack them; she called me into her room to ask me something, and there they were, folded on the bed. It was part of her cleverness not to bother to conceal things from me. She knew that I wouldn't tell John. She knew, instinctively, that I would never put into words all the ugly little suspicions I had, the small signs which showed which way the wind blew.

So he went on believing her lies, not ever thinking enough about them to look at them closely.

"You're very silent, Miss McKenzie," he said.

"I'm thinking," I answered. Thinking about Sally, wondering where she really was. There were those letters that came daily from New York. I knew that there was a man, and knowing Sally, I was pretty sure that she wasn't sublimating any emotions. But I had no proof.

"You look very pretty, thinking, but I wish you'd talk to me," said John. There was something wistful in his expression when he smiled at me.

I made a face at him. "I'm in a foul mood," I admitted. Pretty! Me, in a rust-colored sweater and wool skirt, ankle socks and Maine moccasins. There was no point in my trying to be alluring or feminine. Sally was the pretty one—enchanting, bright and graceful like a coral snake, and just as deadly. Oh, I wonder where she is, I thought, with her husky, breathless voice, and that unmistakable gurgling laughter of hers!

"Let's hear the news," said John.

I was closest to the radio. I turned it on and twisted the dial. A blast of dance music made us both think of Sally, and John grinned and said, "We can skip that tonight, Peg."

Sally would keep a dance program on for hours, turning the dial to stations farther and farther west until John was nearly crazy with it.

I was in a definitely foul mood, as I'd told him. I felt contrary and perverse and mad. "I like it," I said. The wind was coming in waves across the mountains, hitting the west side of the old house like surf. I bet she's dancing somewhere this minute! I thought furiously.

"The music of Earl Bishop and his orchestra can be heard nightly direct from the floor of the Perroquet in New York City . . ."

I'D BEEN to the Perroquet, with its floor of translucent glass bricks, its flame-colored velvet banquettes, its five-dollar cover charge. Storm over the Green Mountains, and in this firelit room, we could hear the sound of people's feet dancing in New York, the jungle-beat of drums, the thin clarity of a horn, the clapping of people's hands. I closed my eyes and I could almost see it, almost distinguish catches of conversation.

John was laughing at me, and I got up abruptly and left the room. If I stayed there another minute, I'd cry—and then where would we be? In each other's arms, or else saying goodby forever. It was like taking all your steps on a tight rope, to live like this.

I went into my own room and washed my face and pulled myself together. Then I came meekly back down the wide staircase.

John had turned the radio off. I heard his voice, saying distinctly, "Mrs. John Saunders," and I stopped short. There was no further sound, so I came curiously to the door of the library. He was sitting at his desk, holding the telephone, a cigarette in his free hand. Then he said, "Hello? Sally?" He was smiling. "How's your mother?" he asked pleasantly. "Don't bother," he said. "You'd be wasting your time." All at once, he withdrew the instrument from his ear and held it about a foot away. I could hear Sally's voice, with music throbbing behind it. I couldn't distinguish any words, but the tone was unmistakable. Sally was mad, and she was out of control. Her voice rose and fell, passionately.

John looked up and saw me. He shrugged, and replaced the phone very gently, with the voice still going on until the click of contact cut it short. "That is that," he told me.

I couldn't speak.

"Come here, Peg," he said. He stood up.

I shook my head, dumbly. "What—I mean why did she phone? What's happened?"

"She didn't," said John. "I called her."

"At her m-mother's?" I stammered.

"Peg McKenzie!" he said. "You aren't as foolish as you look, at the moment."

"At the—the Perroquet?" I asked.

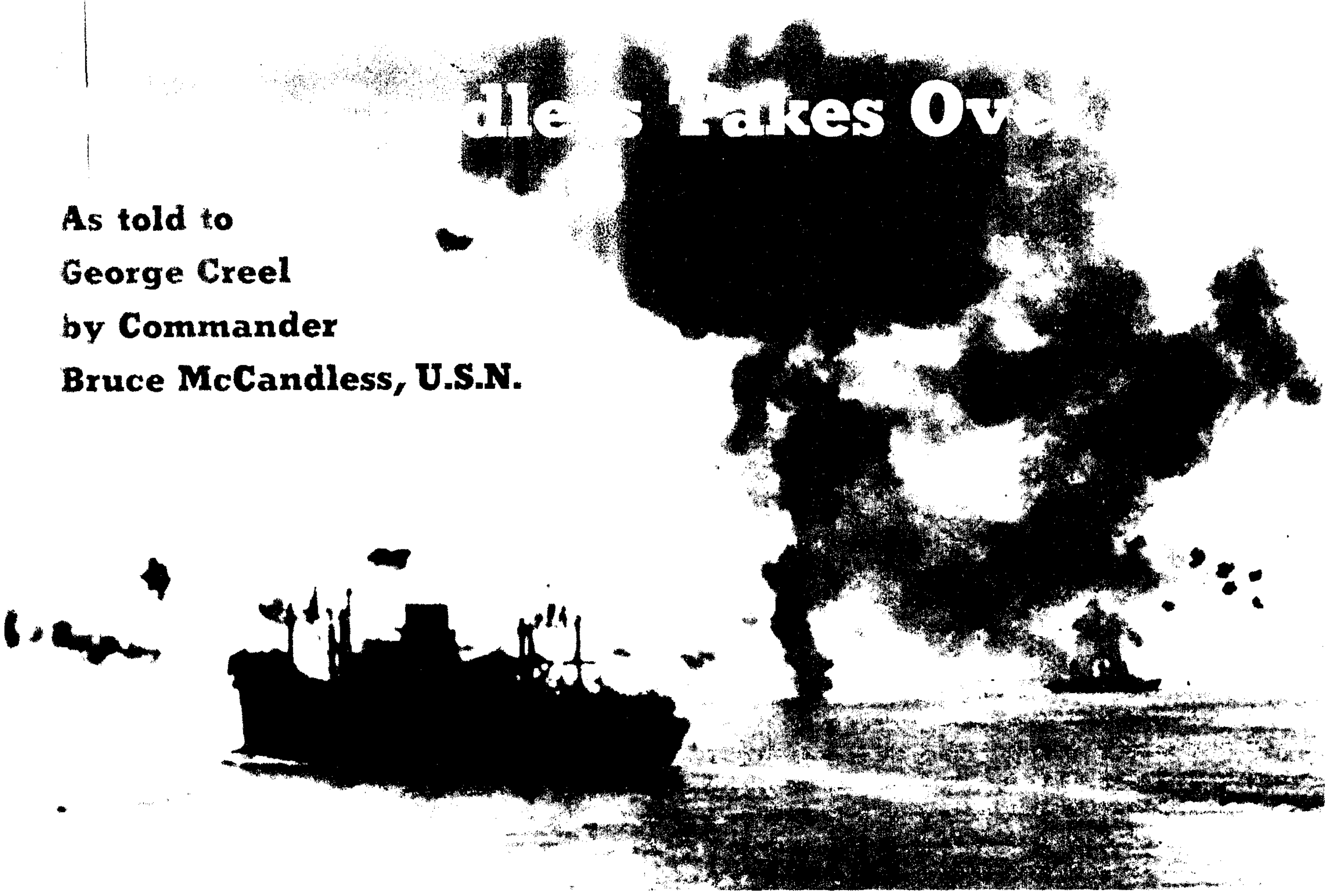
"Of course." His smile was not in the least wistful now; it had gaiety and anticipation and triumph. And, all at once, I knew what had happened. He had heard Sally's laugh. I knew it, even before he said the words. He had called the night club and had her paged. Sally, gay from music and champagne, unsuspecting . . . and cornered. Her surprise and anger had defeated her. She had turned on John. *Snooping!* she had accused him. *I bet Peg put you up to it! I bet she's been reading my mail! How else could you possibly have known?* . . . By her very questions and accusations, she had convicted herself.

It wasn't important. I could see that John was no longer thinking of her. He was looking at *me,* thinking only of *me.* The windows rattled, the frozen branches scraped like long fingernails across the glass. Lovely, glorious storm, mounting snowdrifts, howling winds. . . . I hoped that we'd be snowed in for a month, or forever, and John was standing there, smiling, hoping exactly the same thing.

dle s Takes Ov

With five of his superior officers shot down, and a sixth fighting fire and floods in the bowels of the ship, thirty-one-year-old Commander Bruce McCandless fought and steered the battered San Francisco safely back to base. For "conspicuous gallantry and exceptionally distinguished service and superb initiative," the young officer received the Congressional Medal of Honor. This is his story

As told to
George Creel
by Commander
Bruce McCandless, U.S.N.



A Jap plane crashes off Guadalcanal after sideswiping the San Francisco (right). At left: a U. S. cargo transport

Back in Frisco—Comm. McCandless (center) with his father Capt. Byron McCandless (right) and Capt. A. F. France

IT WILL be months, maybe not until the end of the war, before we know the full story of the action that took place off Guadalcanal in the early morning of November 13th. Fought in pitch-black darkness, lighted only by gunfire, and all over in forty crowded minutes, there wasn't much chance for details. We lost two light cruisers and four destroyers, and the superior Japanese force was driven off with losses of one battleship, two heavy cruisers, a light cruiser and several destroyers. That's certain. Everything else, as in my case, is what each man saw for himself.

Action really began on the afternoon of the 12th. Our force of cruisers and destroyers, under the command of Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, was screening transports while they unloaded troops and supplies for the reinforcement of Guadalcanal. Suddenly, around 2 o'clock, twenty-one twin-engined Japanese torpedo planes came in from the north, fanning out as they approached. Due to skillful maneuvering and the accuracy of our antiaircraft fire, the Nips did not score a single hit.

Our fighters, occupied elsewhere during the initial stages of the attack, soon joined in, and burning Jap planes started plunging down into the sea. To the best of our belief, twenty were accounted for. One plane, missing the flagship San Francisco with a torpedo at close range, kept coming on. Whether out of control or whether one of the "Bushido boys" purposely crashed us, we'll never know. Our gunners gave him everything that would bear, and the crew of the after machine guns actually poured in steel until cut down by the crashing plane.

An Inferno of Destruction

Almost instantly the entire superstructure was turned into a hell by blazing gasoline. Although we finally succeeded in bringing the flames under control, it was at the cost of heavy casualties and the loss of valuable equipment and apparatus. All of the injured personnel were transferred to a transport for better medical attention, with the exception of Commander Mark Crouter, our executive officer, who refused to leave the ship.

About sunset the transports left, their job completed and, now freed from protective duty, Admiral Callaghan led us off on a search for any Japanese forces that might try to sneak down from Truk or Rabaul. With "Admiral Dan" on the flag deck, every man of us was in high gear when we went to battle stations at 7:30. He had been the San Francisco's captain, and no officer was ever followed with greater devotion.

Our first search through Indispensable Strait found nothing, and doubling back, we hunted north and west of Guadalcanal toward Savo Island.

Some time after one o'clock we established contact with a large Japanese force between fourteen and nineteen warships, as near as we could make out, advancing on an easterly course in three groups. The right and left flanks, made up of cruisers and destroyers, were about three miles apart, and the center force contained two battleships with destroyer screen. To make it plainer, as they came up we faced an open V.

Our force was in column formation, headed by destroyers and a cruiser, commanded by Admiral Scott, pioneer in night fighting in the American Navy. In line followed the San Francisco and other cruisers followed by more destroyers. Friday the 13th and thirteen ships in our formation.

Agreeing that we could get a better view above, Captain Cassin Young, Commander Rae Arison and I left the armored conning tower on the signal deck, and went up on the unprotected navigation bridge. Because we were the flagship, and largely responsible for the maneuvering of the entire group, Commander Arison was required exclusively for navigation and I took over as officer of the deck and conning officer, ordering the movement of the ship. Luckily, Captain Young had taken me with him to the last conference with Admiral Callaghan and his staff, so that I had fairly good knowledge of our own organization.

Our force headed at once into the Japanese formation, right between the two flanks, which were approximately a mile and a half away on either side. The leading group of destroyers, followed by a cruiser, hurried off to deliver a torpedo attack and were lost to view.

The leader of the Jap right flank—a heavy cruiser—was the first to receive our attention, and we let go with all of our nine 8-inch guns, giving her six salvos in rapid succession. Let me say right here that Commander William Wilbourne and Lieutenant Commander James Cone, his assistant gunnery officer, furnished one of the most outstanding exhibitions of marksmanship ever seen in any man's navy. Here at last, in full measure, was our pay-off for long weeks spent in night practice shooting at floating rafts.

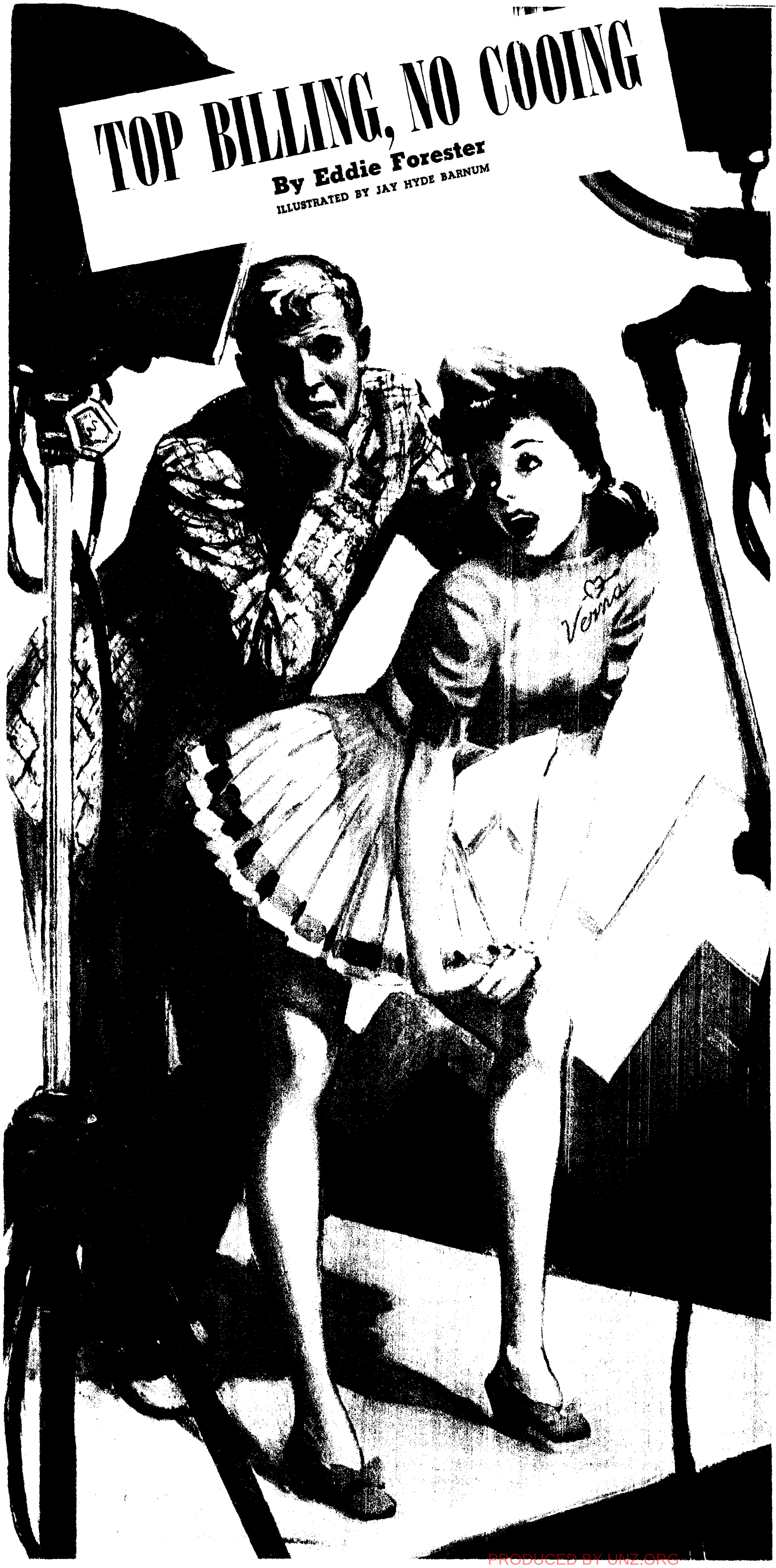
Shell after shell went home, setting the cruiser on fire from stem to stern. Leaving her to be taken care of by the ships next in line, we shifted fire to a second ship, either a large destroyer or a light cruiser. Our salvos were going home when suddenly our first target exploded, sending a column of smoke and flame fully a thousand feet into the air, lighting up the whole battle scene.

(Continued on page 64)

TOP BILLING, NO COOING

By Eddie Forester

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



She ranked him in the studio and he just couldn't take it. What he really needed was a bigger production to achieve stardom

GET your name in big type and you'll get your salary in big figures is Hollywood's sacred creed—and it's the barrier to happiness that Gordon Dykes and Verna Jason ran smack into. I was the innocent party of the third part, their agent.

They met in my office—those two: a blond boy with a lot of brass that wasn't too offensive; and a quiet little dark-eyed lass from the Middle West who promised to become the heartthrob of every guy who ever dreamed of a cottage for two with chickens in the back yard.

The third sentence Gordon spoke to Verna was an invitation to lunch, and the way her sweeping dark lashes fluttered didn't make me too happy, because I knew her mousy type was a push-over for a fast worker like Dykes.

"Well, Flash Gordon," I said resignedly, "since you're going to feed my favorite client, maybe you ought to know her name."

"It doesn't matter, Tenper," he quipped, never once taking his eyes off Verna, "because I'm going to change her name to Dykes."

I glanced at the girl for a sign of resentment; she was riding along with the gag, and enjoying the journey, so I shooed them out of my office.

Gordon Dykes was a show-wise lad who came up the hard way, via one-night stands in the sticks and one good season with a middling musical, just off Broadway. That's where I found him. He wasn't too solid and he was hard to handle, but the appeal was there—a sort of a Tyrone Power with a Dead End Kid complex, clear, wise eyes that snapped so fast you couldn't study their character, and a nimble set of dancing feet.

Verna Jason came to me with a note from DeMille: "She read two lines for me—very badly—but she had every man on the set wanting to kiss her. Handle her right, and you've got a star." Say, who am I to doubt DeMille!

Gordon Dykes kept his word; he changed the girl's name less than two months after they met. They called me the night before it happened and we met in Verna's apartment in Van Nuys.

I sat opposite them with a highball in my hand and my tongue in my cheek, and watched Verna glow with an ecstatic radiance that illuminated the entire room. The hazel depths of her eyes were full of glorious dreams—dreams I hoped would never turn into nightmares.

But young love has to take a lot of cruel hurdles in Hollywood; and it seemed only fair that I should give them a hint of what was ahead.

"Which one of you," I asked, with cryptic soberness, "is going to give up your career in pictures?"

They sat bolt upright. "Which one?" they asked in astounded unison, then Verna said quickly, "Why, neither of us!"

"Then I'll give you nine months—maybe a year—of wedded bliss."

"Listen to the man!" Gordon scoffed. "Why should it make any difference if we go on working?"

"It shouldn't," I admitted, "but it will. Right now, you're both getting the same salary, the same billing, the same publicity breaks. But what's going to happen when one starts taking a lead over the other?"

"Nothing," Dykes assured me. "Why, Verna hasn't got an envious bone in her body."

"And what about you, Gordy?" I wanted to suggest, but didn't. My role of Dutch uncle had gone far enough. They would have to learn the hard way.

"That's silly, Tenper," Verna objected. "People who are really in love can't be envious of each other's success." She drew his arm tighter about her slim waist and looked up at him with stars in her eyes. I'd seen the boy do a lot of phony things, but there was nothing false about the way he leaned forward and kissed her soft, willing lips. Maybe I'm wrong, I thought to myself; maybe the kids had what it took to put the jinx on the Hollywood (*Continued on page* 48)

If you saw Varsity Stomp, you know that it was a honey of a picture. You also know that Gordon mugged too much and that Verna stole the show

I looked down at the field lights and thought, "This is it. Hang onto your hats, kids, here we go"

By H. Vernor Dixon

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER HERRINGTON

When Jenkins went into the Ferrying Command, he wanted no part of the Army. But the Army changed his mind for him, somewhere between Los Angeles and Seattle

THIS building I was standing in had once been a hangar, but the Ferrying Command had converted it into a gymnasium. Down at the far end was a regulation boxing ring. Two middleweights were in there punching the tar out of each other. But I wasn't interested. I was burning.

The armed guard at my side, the one they had sent with me from the field gate, nudged me with his elbow and nodded toward the ring. "The stocky guy with the headpiece usta be a champ."

"Who cares?"

The guard squinted at me and said, "Look, chum; I ain't enjoyin' chaperonin' you around any more'n you are. But what the heck you so steamed up about?"

I said, "Sorry, bud. I'm not burnt at you. It's the Army. I'm a pilot. Understand? Seven years out of my twenty-seven, and all on good stuff. I want to do something for my country, so I figured I'd join this outfit. And what happens? I have to wait at the gate for twenty minutes. Then they let me come in with a guard at my side, like I was going to steal something. And who interviews me in the Transition office but a kid lieutenant. I was probably flying before he ever saw an airplane. And what does he say? 'Guard, show Mr. Jenkins around. I'm busy. Come back about nine.' Who wouldn't be burnt?"

A lopsided grin split the guard's face and he said, "What did you want 'em to do, spread the plush carpet for you? But it's nine now. Let's get back."

We walked out of the gym into the burning California sun, and the tar on the hot road stuck to our shoes. On the side of one of the buildings was a door marked TRANSITION. We went through that into a room jammed with at least forty pilots standing around, through another small office with young girls working at typewriters and into a small room in a corner, the hottest room of all. Even the walls were sweating.

There were only two desks. Lieutenant Leslie, whom I had met for a split second earlier in the morning, was seated behind one of the desks, staring into space. He was a long, lean and lanky kid, with hard eyes, a thin face and hair that stood up at all angles.

He squinted at me until the guard had left, then leaned back in his chair and said, "Name's Burl Jenkins?"

I said, "You oughta know."

"Why?"

That stopped me for a minute, then I had to laugh. "I'm THE Burl Jenkins," I said, "holder of three transcontinental records in '38 and '39, 'cross Atlantic, Bendix Trophy—"

He stopped me with a nod. "I know all that. I just thought maybe Burl was an abbreviation." His feet came down from the desk and he leaned forward, all business. "Log books? Birth certificate? References?"

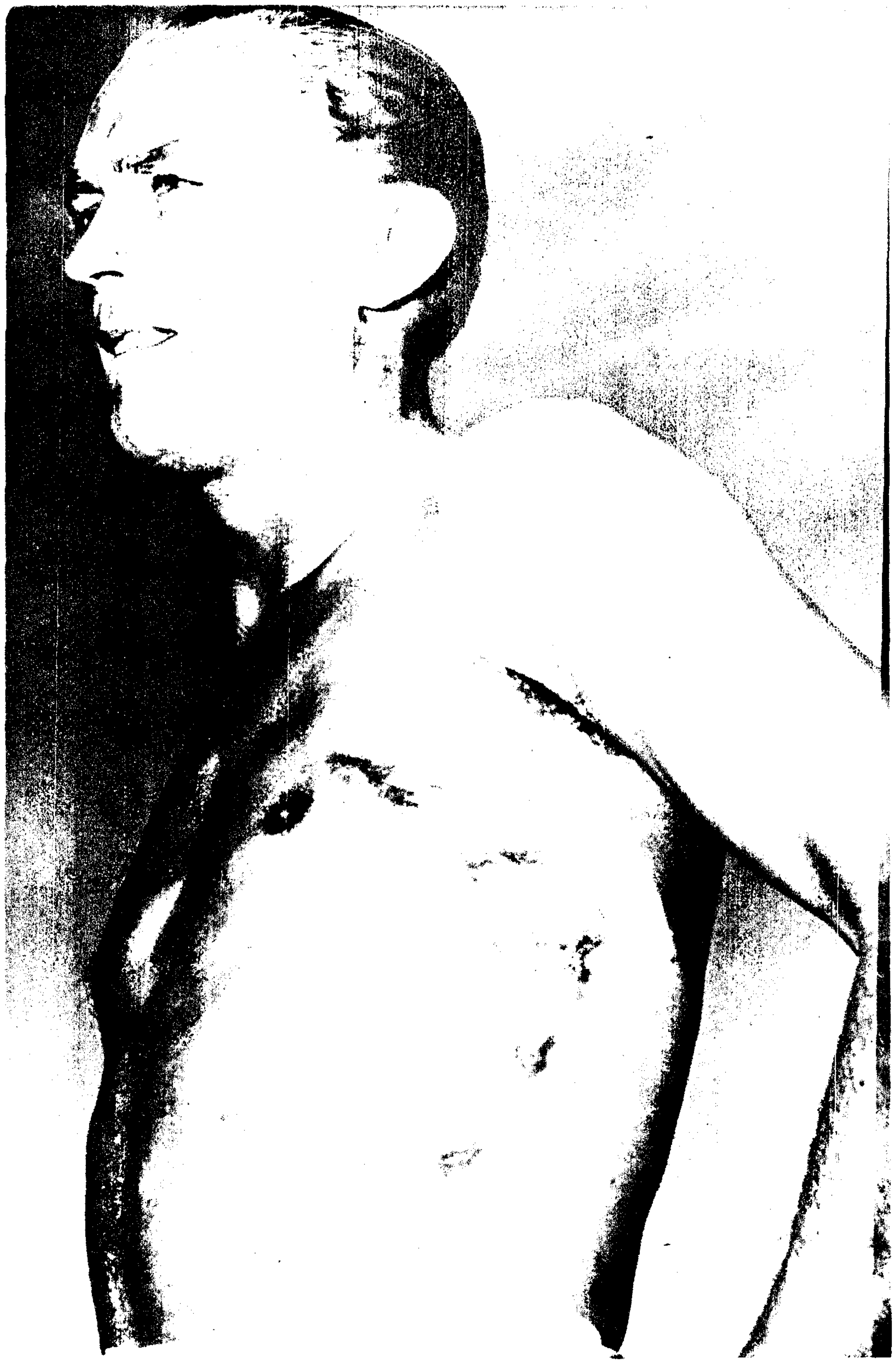
I produced what he wanted from my pockets and tossed them onto the desk. He checked them all over, and looked back up at me.

"Over four thousand hours. That's good. A civilian comes in here with that sort of time and it's like handing the Army a hundred-thousand-dollar gift. Now, this is Transition. We'll send you out with an Army check pilot and see how good you are. You have plenty of twin-engine time, so if you make the grade you'll go right into Operations. But you'll be back in Transition later on, so we can make a four-engine pilot out of you. We run the greatest training school in the world—and they're already trained before we get 'em."

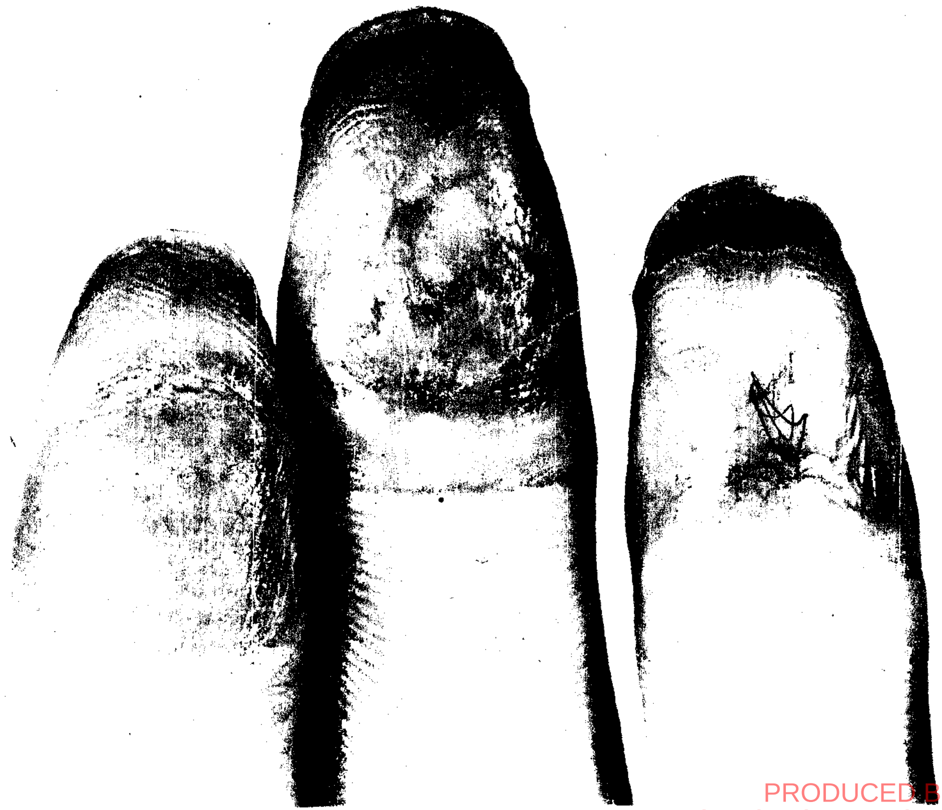
I had to laugh again. "You're going to train me?"

He stared at me and then crisply nodded, the squirt. "You'd be surprised." He shuffled some papers and said, "You come under Civil Service at a base pay

(Continued on page 32)



Robert Pitts, North Carolina criminal, had his fingerprints surgically removed in an attempt to escape detection. Picture above shows Pitts' left side, from which five patches of flesh were grafted to his finger tips. Below, the first three fingers of Pitts' right hand, after the operation performed by Dr. Leopold Brandenburg



The Man Without Fingerprints

By J. Edgar Hoover
and Frederick L. Collins

The strange case of Robert Pitts, the only man who ever succeeded in removing his fingerprints to prevent identification. It didn't work; as a result both Pitts and the doctor who did the job are now in jail. Their fantastic plan and how it was discovered makes one of the greatest stories of crime detection in the history of the Federal Bureau of Investigation

BACK in the Dillinger days, there was a lot of talk about altering fingerprints. Most of the bigger gangsters tried it. Dillinger himself spent $5,000 with one doctor in an attempt to shake his identity. But none succeeded.

The subject was supposed to be closed, but it opened suddenly and with a bang on October 31, 1941, when a tall, blond, intelligent-looking young man of thirty-two, who gave his name as Robert Pitts, was arrested near Austin, Texas, for failure to possess a Selective Service registration card.

Pitts had no fingerprints at all.

Here was a problem unique in the history of modern law enforcement. We have in the identification division of the F.B.I. more than 57,000,000 sets of fingerprints. Additional prints are coming in at the rate of 125,000 a day. This vast collection is so arranged that any one of our several hundred fingerprint experts can identify in less than three minutes incoming prints of any of the 57,000,000 prints already in the files. The expert with his magnifying glass compares the ridges, deltas and cores appearing on the new card with those of the old.

No two sets of fingerprints are alike, even those of identical twins. The prints of the Dionne quintuplets are as dissimilar as President Roosevelt's and Adolf Hitler's. Identification, therefore, is immediate, infallible. In Robert Pitts' case, however, no such identification was possible.

What this meant to a man who had since 1924 been proclaiming the infallibility of the fingerprint system, what it might mean to the whole practice of modern law enforcement built on that system—well, we won't go into that. Something had to be done about the prisoner Pitts.

Who was this man without fingerprints?

Who was the surgeon who had removed them?

The closemouthed, self-possessed man who called himself Robert Pitts wasn't saying. He didn't look especially like a man with a police record. His blue-gray eyes were clear and alert, his ruddy complexion devoid of prison pallor. He had certain distinguishing marks, notably a long jagged scar on one side of his face, running upward from under his chin to his ear. He said this was the result of a burn; but there were unmistakable signs of an attempt to remove a portion of it by facial surgery.

There were, of course, several thousand tall, slim, blond, blue-eyed young men among the 130,000,000 Americans who might conceivably have come into conflict with the law. Nevertheless, every resource of the Federal Bureau of Investigation was immediately mobilized to solve the bureau's most bizarre mystery—what a detective-fiction writer would probably call The Case of the Man Without Fingerprints.

The bureau does not put all its eggs in the fingerprint basket. Comparison of prints is the easiest, quickest and surest means of identification but it is not the only means. This is a big country, but the F.B.I., with fifty-six field offices and more than 20,000 miles of teletype equipment, gives it almost microscopic coverage.

It is no unusual experience for us to investigate a thousand suspects in a single case; in one case, we investigated more than 25,000. The effective co-operation of local law-enforcement bodies must be reckoned with too. The man called Pitts was not so secure in his anonymity as he thought.

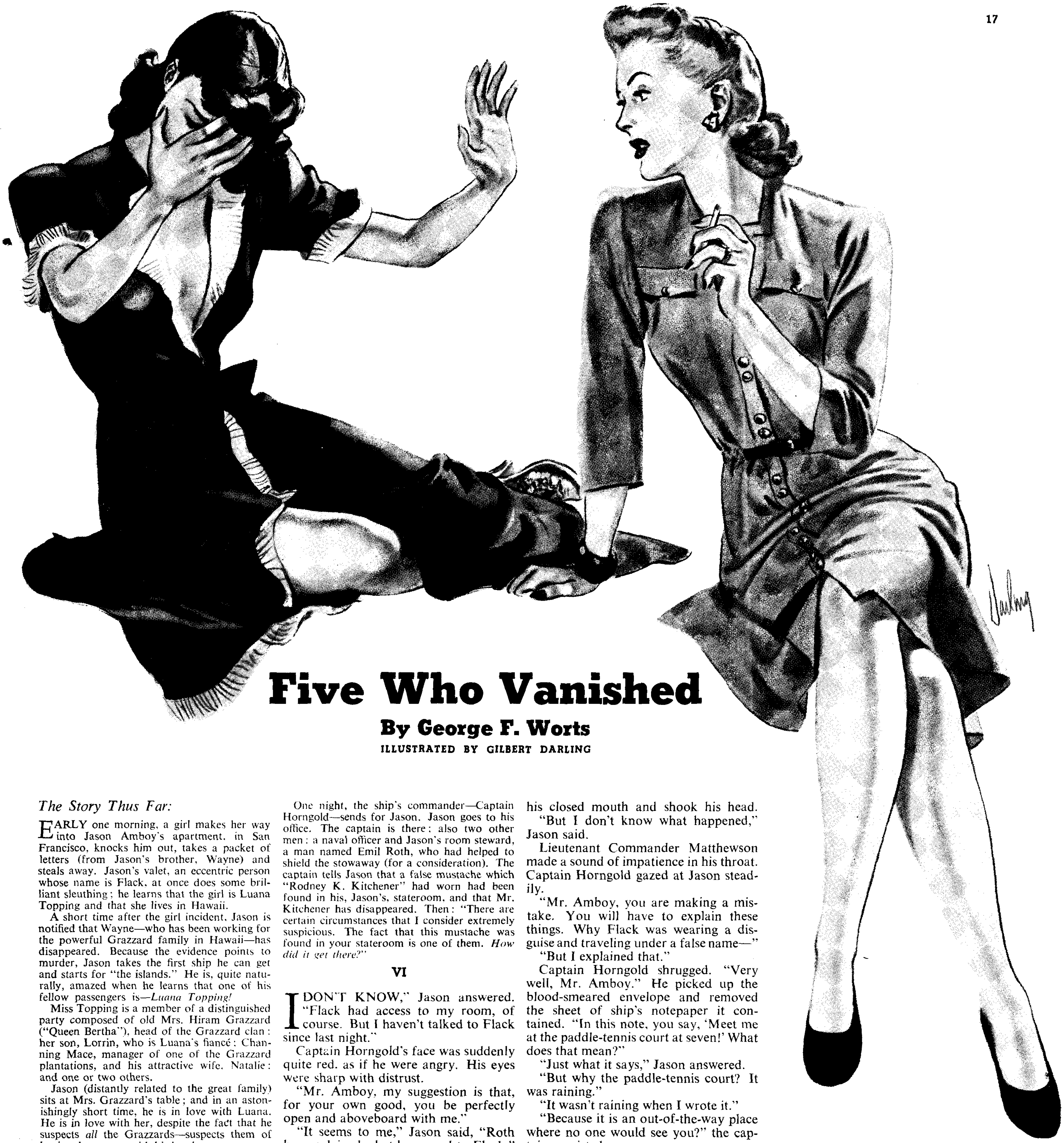
One Criminal; Many Aliases

We discovered that, nine years before, a youth corresponding to this individual's appearance and measurements, but without scars of any kind and giving the name of Robert J. Phillips, had been arrested in Roanoke, Virginia, on a charge of auto theft; and in the following months, at Chillicothe, Ohio, a Robert James Phillips had been sentenced to eighteen months for the same offense. The fingerprints of both of these prisoners had been taken and found to be identical. So were those of several "other" persons arrested under various names and for various crimes in various parts of the country during the next eight years.

These included sets belonging to an escaped member of a Georgia chain gang and an inmate of the federal penitentiary at Atlanta, who was transferred to Alcatraz because of his incorrigibility. As recently as March of 1941, the prints had shown up on the fingers of a tall, slim, blond, blue-eyed 32-year-old man charged in Miami, Florida, with failure to register with the police. Also, a person corresponding to Pitts' description was currently wanted for burglarizing a wholesale tobacco warehouse in North Wilkesboro, North Carolina.

Confronted with the evidence which the F.B.I. had painstakingly gathered, the man in the Texas jail, who had confidently thought that his identity could never be discovered, not only admitted that he was identical with Robert Phillips, et al, but admitted to the special

(Continued on page 37)



"Luana was having hysterics all over her stateroom. I tried to talk to her and she ordered me to get out"

Five Who Vanished

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The Story Thus Far:

EARLY one morning, a girl makes her way into Jason Amboy's apartment, in San Francisco, knocks him out, takes a packet of letters (from Jason's brother, Wayne) and steals away. Jason's valet, an eccentric person whose name is Flack, at once does some brilliant sleuthing; he learns that the girl is Luana Topping and that she lives in Hawaii.

A short time after the girl incident, Jason is notified that Wayne—who has been working for the powerful Grazzard family in Hawaii—has disappeared. Because the evidence points to murder, Jason takes the first ship he can get and starts for "the islands." He is, quite naturally, amazed when he learns that one of his fellow passengers is—*Luana Topping!*

Miss Topping is a member of a distinguished party composed of old Mrs. Hiram Grazzard ("Queen Bertha"), head of the Grazzard clan: her son, Lorrin, who is Luana's fiancé: Channing Mace, manager of one of the Grazzard plantations, and his attractive wife. Natalie: and one or two others.

Jason (distantly related to the great family) sits at Mrs. Grazzard's table; and in an astonishingly short time, he is in love with Luana. He is in love with her, despite the fact that he suspects *all* the Grazzards—suspects them of having done away with his brother.

His suspicions are confirmed when a stowaway, who has taken refuge in his stateroom, disappears, and he learns (Natalie Mace tells him) that the fellow (the black sheep of the Grazzard family) and Wayne had been trying to blackmail the Grazzards!

Before leaving San Francisco, Jason had ordered Flack to stay behind. He is, therefore, astounded when his valet appears on the scene. Wearing a false mustache and using the name of "Rodney K. Kitchener," the man comes to Jason and tells him that the Grazzards are plotting to kill him. . . .

One night, the ship's commander—Captain Horngold—sends for Jason. Jason goes to his office. The captain is there: also two other men: a naval officer and Jason's room steward, a man named Emil Roth, who had helped to shield the stowaway (for a consideration). The captain tells Jason that a false mustache which "Rodney K. Kitchener" had worn had been found in his, Jason's, stateroom, and that Mr. Kitchener has disappeared. Then: "There are certain circumstances that I consider extremely suspicious. The fact that this mustache was found in your stateroom is one of them. *How did it get there?*"

VI

"I DON'T KNOW," Jason answered. "Flack had access to my room, of course. But I haven't talked to Flack since last night."

Captain Horngold's face was suddenly quite red. as if he were angry. His eyes were sharp with distrust.

"Mr. Amboy, my suggestion is that, for your own good, you be perfectly open and aboveboard with me."

"It seems to me," Jason said, "Roth has explained what happened to Flack."

The captain shook his head. "Roth hasn't explained anything. Every person on this ship will, if necessary, be questioned. But suppose no one saw him jump overboard?"

Jason glanced at Emil Roth, who had again retreated to a point behind the captain and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson. The room steward repeated his pantomime. He winked grotesquely. He placed the tip of his right forefinger to his closed mouth and shook his head.

"But I don't know what happened," Jason said.

Lieutenant Commander Matthewson made a sound of impatience in his throat. Captain Horngold gazed at Jason steadily.

"Mr. Amboy, you are making a mistake. You will have to explain these things. Why Flack was wearing a disguise and traveling under a false name—"

"But I explained that."

Captain Horngold shrugged. "Very well, Mr. Amboy." He picked up the blood-smeared envelope and removed the sheet of ship's notepaper it contained. "In this note, you say, 'Meet me at the paddle-tennis court at seven!' What does that mean?"

"Just what it says," Jason answered.

"But why the paddle-tennis court? It was raining."

"It wasn't raining when I wrote it."

"Because it is an out-of-the-way place where no one would see you?" the captain persisted.

"That," said Jason, "hadn't occurred to me."

"Bring those deck hands in here," Captain Horngold said.

The chief officer went out of the room. He returned immediately with the two seamen who had picked Jason up from the deck. They both looked grim.

"All right, Burke," the captain said to the taller one. "Is this the gentleman?"

(Continued on page 22)

THIS STRANGE BRIGHT LAND

BY HARRY HENDERSON AND SAM SHAW

YOU'VE never thought of America as a strange, exotic, foreign land with picturesque Yankee people and quaint, curious ways, but visiting British sailors have. It's quite a picture. Here for only a few weeks while their ships are repaired, the lads of His Majesty's Royal Navy scurry up and down the East Coast to get a tourist's-eye view of this country. They rate it above China and India in interest. Everything from a buffalo nickel to juke boxes and right-hand driving is exciting, new and different to them. By interviewing over a hundred of His Majesty's men, we've learned the following:

America is just as the cinema shows it. Everything is bright, streamlined, chromed, in cans and in a hurry. No matter where the natives are going, they always rush.

After three years of total blackouts abroad, the bright glitter of the dimmed-out coastal towns will doubtless make you nervous, but the Yankees feel they are traveling around in the dark.

The skyscrapers are a bit disappointing, for they aren't really as high as pictures have made them seem. However, the traffic is terrifying and enormous, though the natives claim that gas rationing has reduced it by half. Beware especially of crossing streets, for drivers (especially of hacks) are not inclined to slow their reckless speed. Always remember that traffic travels on the right and, to avoid being run down, you must look to the left instead of the right.

America is a land where a man can order a steak and get it. The abundance of food is overwhelming. The natives cook everything in a great variety of ways and always serve several vegetables. It is all very rich and few Britishers like their sweet potatoes and corn on the cob, which are really "cannibal food." The Yankees do not care much for British boiled foods because they are alarmed about vitamins and they believe boiling ruins the vitamins. They add vitamin extracts to most of their baked goods to "fortify" them. Even so, Yankee bread tastes like cake, and their canned food, at which most Britishers have poked fun, is really excellent.

No town has just one pub. Instead, they seem to be filled with them and, unlike our locals, they also serve food. All America runs on a twenty-four-hour day and you can obtain anything you want at any time because none of the natives live on a fixed schedule.

Americans drink very fast and, where we might spend an evening over a pint, they will have several. Yankee drinks are all served ice cold, even in winter. One can become accustomed to it, however, and learn to like it. Their beer is not so strong as ours and generally tastes watery. You cannot purchase it by the pint.

The Yankees are a very friendly and hospitable people. If you cannot find your way, merely dawdle, and they will immediately offer to direct you. Americans speak clearly but rapidly. They are very direct and blunt.

The native women are a bit bewildering at first. They are plumper than Englishwomen, if you know what I mean. They use much more make-up than Englishwomen, but they seem to apply it in a less noticeable fashion. At any rate it is very difficult to judge their ages, and a girl of sixteen and a woman of thirty-six may both seem to be about twenty-six.

However, it is not their beauty that is apt to be so confounding as their attitude toward men and life in general. They are freer, more outspoken, peppier and more aggressive than English womenfolk. They are talkative and opinionated about every subject. Do not be surprised if one of them should walk over and sit down beside you and ask what you think of Yankee girls, or to dance with her, or to have a coke with her. (A coke is a sweet carbonated soft drink, nonintoxi-

Food, not girls, interests George Baker, stoker —he's married. He likes hot dogs, which he considers "tasty," but deplores the weakness of our beer. "The trouble with America," he says, "is that there is so much to do"

Whiskered Lieut. Malcolm Harvey, Irish ex-schoolmaster, thinks our women are attractive but outspoken, marvels at our traffic and window displays. Of jitterbugging he says: "It certainly shows the decline of civilization"

Nostalgia overwhelms Seaman Gunner Jim Banks as Kathleen Maloney plays White Christmas. Juke boxes, new to British sailors, make a hit, but they think a nickel per song is too expensive. At right, Actress Jean Inglis

"You give her your number and she really calls you up," exults Telegraphist Frank Philpot. "It gives a lad a bit of a spark." Visiting Britishers, who get no phones in barracks at home, rate this convenience as absolute tops

Seaman Jim Lawler is British Navy and English middleweight champion. While watching American fights, he said, "They're different. More slugging and more boxing." He decided that Brooklyn is the world's toughest place when eight mates were hospitalized following fights. With him shown here are Lightweight Bob Gunter and Trainer Charley Brown

Pleasant, nineteen, and too shy to jitterbug, Seaman Bob Baker of His Majesty's Navy beams approval of Dorothy Green of Brooklyn during a discreet fox trot. Baker found Dorothy "very charming," unlike other American girls who were "forward" and consequently "dreadful." British sailors are always dumfounded when our girls ask them to dance

Ronald Stockwell, able seaman, spends an evening entertaining 2½-year-old Joan Jones, daughter of a friend. He has a 3-year-old daughter and is surprised at American parents' interest in child psychology. He thinks children are "better raised" here

Able Seaman Eric Hately and Seaman Peter Dobison shop for cosmetics—sure-fire gifts for the girls back home. Dobison is matching a lipstick shade with Salesgirl Constance Reagan's lips. His opinion: "Lips are brighter here but American girls know how to put it on smoothly"

We shall soon have our
Storm Troopers in America!"
—HITLER
do YOU say, AMERIC

cating, consumed in great quantities by all Yankees.)

However, they pay little attention to housewifery. Unlike our English girls, few know much about cooking until after they are married. If you take a serious liking to a Yankee girl and she seems to reciprocate, do not wait for her to invite you to her home to eat a meal cooked by herself, or otherwise show you she is a capable housewife, as an English girl would do. Instead, she will expect you to invite her out to a restaurant and a show. They are more interested in careers in business, in which they regard themselves on an equal footing with men. In fact, they regard themselves as the equal of men in all subjects, even in sports.

The Yankee standard of living is impressive. Everything will cost you approximately twice what it does at home, and wages are generally more than twice what would be paid at home for the same work. If you visit a home, do not be surprised to find it has an electric refrigerator as well as such labor-saving devices as an electric vacuum cleaner, washing machine and ironer. The natives hate dirt and scrub themselves thoroughly several times a day. Their cities, compared to ours, are much cleaner, and in the summer the streets of cities like New York are washed.

American money is very easy to accustom oneself to handling. The most useful coin seems to be the nickel, of which there are twenty to a dollar. There is nothing like it at home. It is particularly useful in the cities, where it may be dropped in a turnstile to admit you to the tube. However, the tubes are considerably dirtier than London's.

Do not worry about American slang. Most of it you are already acquainted with through the cinema. However, if a native says "Are you kidding?" in a most serious way after you have made some remark, merely smile and keep on with your story. The Yankees have a peculiar sense of humor and the point of saying "Are you kidding?" is to make you repeat your remark again and again. If they are successful in provoking you into several repeats, they will be convulsed with laughter.

And so we leave the land of yellow taxis and neon signs, laughing people and buffalo nickels with the hope that we can return some time when the lights are on. ★★★

Strident note was sounded by Torpedoman W. A. Corby, who hasn't found anything he likes here, yet. He is twenty-two years old and seven years a sailor. Some Sourpuss Corby opinions: Beer: No good, and, anyway, it's always iced. Whisky: It curls your hair. American trains: Inferior. Politics: Graft. Food: Too rich. Hot dogs: Made of wood. Popular Songs: "I can't say I care for them." Andrews Sisters: Censored. American girls: They're no prettier, but more skilled than Englishwomen in using make-up to cover up their defects. Mr. Corby is single

"It's [illegible] Elsie [illegible]

"BAH," snorted Elmer, the bull. "We've only been here 5 minutes and already you have a Marine on one arm and a Sailor on the other. If you're so crazy about uniforms, why don't you join the WAVES?"

"I'd love to be a WAVE, but I'm much too busy with other important war work to join them," replied Elsie. "Besides," she added with a snicker, "you've always said I was a little WAACy."

"Puns again," sniffed Elmer. "And may I ask what war work you do that's so all-fired important?"

"Come, Elmer," chided Elsie. "Don't tell me you're forgetting my pure wholesome milk and all the grand things that are made from it. Why, everybody knows the important place that Uncle Sam gives to milk and milk products in his National Nutrition Program."

BORDEN'S MILK—GOOD NUTRITION—ALWAYS GRAND!
Borden's

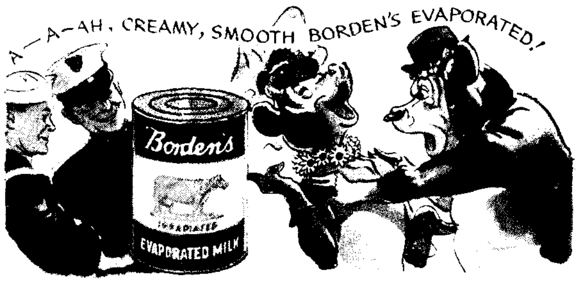
"If Uncle Sam thinks so much of milk," sneered Elmer, "why aren't they breaking a bottle of your precious milk to launch this destroyer?"

"Oh, my milk is much too good to waste like that," explained Elsie. "If everyone went around breaking bottles of milk over all our new ships, where would we get the milk and cream to make my luscious, satin-smooth *Borden's Ice Cream?* Ice Cream, you know is a valuable food as well as real fun to eat."

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A VALUABLE FOOD!

"Thunderation, woman," bellowed Elmer. "Must you *always* talk shop?"

"Naturally," said Elsie. "Otherwise how would people learn about *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk?* It's so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it for baby formulas. But it's not just a baby food. Both our army and the armies of our allies use carloads of it . . ."


A-A-AH, CREAMY, SMOOTH BORDEN'S EVAPORATED!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

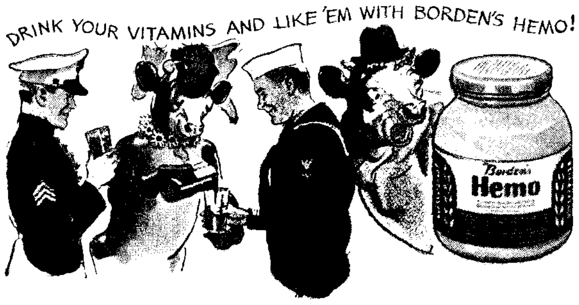
"For the last time," groaned Elmer, "did we come here to watch a launching or to open a grocery store?"

"Don't be ridiculous," laughed Elsie: "whoever heard of a grocery store in a shipyard?" "But," she observed thoughtfully, "if I *were* to open a grocery store, I'd be sure to feature a fine cheese like rich, full-flavored *Borden's Camembert.* Creamy Camembert on a cracker not only makes a delicious dessert, but many people enjoy it for a snack between meals. Camembert is only one of more than a score of *Borden's Fine Cheeses,* and . . ."

A RARE TREAT FOR A CHEESE LOVER—BORDEN'S CAMEMBERT!

"Please!!!" shouted Elmer. "Don't you ever talk about anything except good things to eat!"

"Of course I do," answered Elsie. "Sometimes I talk about good things to drink. Take *Borden's Hemo,* for instance. It's the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em, and it tastes better than the best malted milk ever malted."


DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM WITH BORDEN'S HEMO!
Borden's
Hemo

"There you go again," roared Elmer. "To hear you talk, anyone would think every good food under heaven had milk in it."

"Silly," chuckled Elsie. "There are any number of good foods that my milk has nothing to do with. There's not a drop of my milk in *Borden's None Such Mince Meat.* And that's the spiciest, fruitiest mince meat ever, and it makes simply marvelous mince pies."

BORDEN'S NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT—THE EATINGEST OF 'EM ALL!
Borden's
NONE SUCH
MINCE MEAT

"I give up," sighed Elmer. "Go ahead and say it. Let's get it over with."

"Say what?" asked Elsie.

"The last word," grunted Elmer. "You know, the way you *always* wind up a discussion."

"I get it," giggled Elsie. "And I'll say it: *If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!*"

If it's Borden's
it's got to be good

Elsie says: "*This is really a bird of an idea: make the Axis eat crow by buying* U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY."

© The Borden Company

Five Who Vanished

Continued from page 17

"Yes," the seaman growled, "that's him."

The captain's clear blue eyes returned to Jason's face. "These two men say you were up on the paddle-tennis court at eight forty-five, and that you had a fight with someone who knocked you down the stairs and onto the deck, and that they were coming along and that they picked you up. They say you broke away, ran back up the tennis-court steps and disappeared. Is that it, Burke?"

"Yes, sir," Burke growled, "that's it."

"Well, Mr. Amboy? Does that account for the bump on your forehead?"

"It does," Jason admitted.

"Who was this man who attacked you, Mr. Amboy?"

"I don't know. I didn't see him. It was almost dark and it was raining. He was a big fellow. Before I knew what he was up to, he was swinging at me. I rolled with the punch as well as I could, but I wasn't prepared for it. Next thing I knew, I was in the scuppers and these two men were helping me up."

CAPTAIN HORNGOLD'S expression was very skeptical. "And you haven't any idea who this fellow was?"

"There's one passenger I'd like to have brought here. I don't know his name. He's a redheaded man. He's wearing dungarees and a black sweater. Flack spent most of the day talking with this fellow and I suspect—I'm not at all sure—he was the man who jumped me."

"Why?" the chief officer asked.

"Because I thought I saw—for a split second—a gleam of light on wet red hair."

"But you wouldn't swear to it?" the captain said softly.

"No. I wouldn't swear to it. Incidentally, I went up there because I'd just had a phone call from Flack. At least, the man who called said he was Flack. He asked me to meet him topside at once."

"It couldn't have been Flack," the captain said. "Flack hasn't been on this ship since seven. As nearly as we can establish it, Flack went overboard at about seven. Have you any idea who might have made that phone call?"

"No," said Jason.

Lieutenant Commander Matthewson made a clicking sound with his tongue. "A man goes overboard, and two hours later he calls you up, and you go topside and a man you can't see and don't know takes a swing at you. Maybe Flack took a short-wave radio along with him. Maybe the ship is haunted. Who might have made that phone call?"

"I don't know," Jason answered. "His voice was strange. It was thick. I thought Flack had been drinking."

"When did you put that note under his door?" the captain asked.

"About five."

"Get that redheaded fellow," Captain Horngold said.

The chief officer left the room.

"Burke," the captain said, "you told me you didn't see anybody."

"I didn't, sir," Burke growled.

"Did you?" the captain asked the other seaman.

"No, Cap'n. It was raining. We just come along the deck and we saw this gentleman come flyin' down them steps and go sprawlin' on the deck."

Captain Horngold returned his eyes to Jason. He got up. "Mr. Amboy, why didn't you report that attack to me?"

"I was about to," Jason answered. "I went below to change to dry clothes. I was on the point of coming up here to tell you about it when the cadet officer knocked on my door and told me you wanted me."

The captain said grimly, "You two men can go."

The two seamen went out of the room. Captain Horngold now began to pace up and down beside the long mahogany table.

The door opened again. Lieutenant Commander Matthewson came in with the red-haired man. He still wore the black turtle-neck sweater and the dungarees. His air was defiant. His chest swelled out. He came in with his chin up and his lower lip jutting. His green eyes were wary. He glanced quickly at Roth, then at Jason, and his eyes settled on Captain Horngold and narrowed.

"Is this the fellow?" Matthewson asked.

"That's the fellow," Jason answered.

CO. BARBER
B. BROWN.

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

"So this is the fellow," Captain Horngold said, "who can explain everything."

The red-haired man folded his powerful arms on his swelling chest. Captain Horngold, while starting toward him, took off his glasses and tossed them on the table. They slid to the end where Flack's mustache and the bloodstained envelope lay.

The captain was fully a head shorter than the red-haired man. With his fists on his hips, he stared up at the red-haired man and the red-haired man stared down at him.

"What's your name?" the captain said softly.

"Sam Shay, sir," the steerage passenger answered.

"Where are you bound?"

"Pearl Harbor or Samoa, sir."

"You spent the day, or most of it," Captain Horngold said, "with a man who called himself Kitchener."

Sam Shay's green eyes became wary again. "Yes, Captain. Was there any harm in it?"

"Do you know that this man has vanished from this ship?"

The red-haired man glanced swiftly at Lieutenant Commander Matthewson, then at Jason, then back at Captain Horngold.

"Gee!" he said softly. "What happened?"

"What do you know about it?" the captain answered.

SAM SHAY seemed genuinely alarmed. His green eyes seemed to glisten. He took a deep breath through dilated nostrils.

"I don't know anything about it, Cap'n. Sure. I talked to the little guy. He was a nice little guy. We talked about rigs. That's my business. I'm an operating engineer. We spent most of the day talking. He went for'ard about six. He said he would see me again in the morning."

"Did he say anything to you at all in the course of the day about committing suicide?" Jason asked.

The red-haired man looked at him. He ran his eyes from Jason's shoes to his hair. His eyes lingered on the discolored welt on Jason's left temple.

"No, sir."

"Did he seem at all despondent?" Jason asked.

"No, sir. I never saw anybody in better spirits."

Captain Horngold turned to the room steward. "It must have been immediately after he'd been talking with this man that he talked to you—and seemed so despondent."

"Yes, sir," Roth said in a shaky voice.

"It doesn't hold water," the captain said. He turned to Shay. "There seems to be a suspicion," he said grimly, "that you socked this gentleman on the head up on the paddle-tennis court."

Sam Shay turned his wicked green eyes on Jason. "And why," he asked lazily, "should I sock you, mister?"

"That," Captain Horngold answered, "is only one of the questions I'd like to have answered. Get back to your quarters, and stay there. You can go, Roth."

"Okay, Cap'n." Still grinning at Jason, Sam Shay walked out. Roth followed him.

When the door was closed, Matthewson said, "There is a hard case."

"You can check up on him later," the captain said with a trace of irritation.

"They call him Singapore Sam," the lieutenant commander said. "He is nobody to meet on a dark night. And whether Mr. Amboy met him is a big question. I think he was telling the truth."

Captain Horngold gazed at Jason thoughtfully. "Yes," he said, "I think so, too; but check on him, anyway. Well, Mr. Amboy, we're right back where we started from."

"Yes, sir," said Jason.

"Mr. Amboy, there is obviously something going on on board this ship of a suspicious character. It may have nothing to do with the disappearance of this man Flack. Your refusal to talk places you in a serious position. You must realize that this whole case, if it isn't cleared, must come before a military court, and I assure you that military courts are tough places. If you have anything to say, my advice to you is to say it before this case goes into court."

The captain sat down. He clasped his thick square hands in front of him on the table and bent forward without removing his eyes from Jason's.

"I've told you I know nothing about Flack's disappearance," Jason said.

Captain Horngold continued to stare at him. "I have tried, Mr. Amboy, to give you every consideration. I have been much more lenient with you than your case deserves. I think Roth was lying. And I think you could explain a great deal of this if you wanted to." He stopped, then said softly, "Well, Mr. Amboy?"

"I can't explain any of it," said Jason.

The captain got up again. He pressed his hands down on the table. "You leave me no choice, Mr. Amboy," he said crisply. "I am very sorry. I will have to hold you in the brig until we reach Honolulu."

THE Tasmania's brig was, if somewhat limited as to space, clean and it was sanitary. It contained a bunk and a chair. A door of heavy latticed steel gave its occupant a glimpse of several dim blue lamp bulbs and the blackout baffle which led onto the deck well.

Jason stretched out on the bunk with his hands behind his head and a cigarette in his mouth. He tried to sort out his thoughts, but he could not think clearly because, each time he tried, he saw Flack. Thinking of him, as the man he had once been and as the man he had overnight become, he was filled with sadness until, presently, a rising resentment drove it away.

He might never learn what had happened to Flack, but he knew that the Grazzards were responsible. He believed that Flack had, for reasons unknown, fallen under the Grazzards' suspicions, that he had been murdered and that his body had been pushed out of his stateroom porthole by the same person who had similarly disposed of Winfield Grazzard. He was certain that Mrs. Hiram Grazzard, or her son, or Channing Mace had killed Flack. And he again thought of the excitement he had seen in Luana's

The bomb that started a revolution

IT USED to be a slow job to make a bomb casin. You had to hollow out a solid piece of steel. Yo had to spend time machining the outside surfac.

But today, in a bomb plant, you see a whie hot tube of steel slide into a big machine. Th tube spins at a dizzy speed. And before you knw it, magic mechanical arms have shaped the tu into a finished bomb shell . . . ten times faster tln it's ever been done before!

All because somebody in a United Stat Steel plant had an ingenious idea to "spin" a bo and shape it the way a potter shapes his clay.

The first bomb made this way started omb-making revolution. Because United Stat Steel turned the process over to other bomb mals, too . . . so that America's growing swarms of bers wouldn't lack "eggs" to drop on the Axis

From United States Steel laboratori come other amazing things to help win the war ough helmet steel that stops a .45 bullet. Porte air-fields. A new faster method of making bt-core steel.

After the war . . . what?

After the war, steel will serve you eve etter. Everything from washing machines to sk apers will share in these better steels inspired war. In peace, as in war, no other material ri steel in useful qualities. The U·S·S Label will m more than ever on the peacetime goods you b

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NEW STEELS FOR AMERICA

USS STEELS

*BUY WAR BONDS EVERY PAY

The money you loan builds America's war st
Yours again to spend in years to come . . . f
comforts, products of steel, things for better

UNITED STATES STEEL

eyes when she had come into the dining room.

Recalling Flack's militant suspicions of Natalie Mace, Jason wondered if Flack had been right about her. She had told him on deck that morning that a steward had reported Flack to her as a suspicious character. He did not believe that Natalie was treacherous, yet he was still dubious of her as an ally because of her emotional state—because, if her husband were seriously involved, she might suddenly transfer her loyalty to him.

He recalled how remote, how cool she had been all through dinner. And he wondered if she had repeated to her husband what the steward had told her. If she had, that might well have constituted Flack's death sentence.

There were, of course, many other possibilities. They came boiling to the surface of Jason's mind. Who, he wanted to know, had made that telephone call that had summoned him to the boat deck? Flack had been dead and overboard for some time before that call was made. Whoever had made that call had certainly been familiar with Flack's secrets.

Was the red-haired man, Jason wondered, a member of the Grazzard entourage? If he were, then there was certainly a likelihood that they had instructed him to win Flack's friendship, to make Flack talk.

IF THIS line of reasoning were sound, it was quite possible that Sam Shay had got Flack drunk and that Flack had talked. And from this possibility, it was an easy step to the assumption that Flack had been murdered because he was considered a dangerous obstacle to the Grazzards' plans, and that the red-haired man had then been assigned the job of doing away with Jason.

All of these items dovetailed into a workable design, but not a blueprint. And Jason was dissatisfied, because, although it answered many of his questions, it was not a blueprint. Certainly, Roth's story did not fit into it at all. Actually, the room steward's account of his talk with Flack ran against all of the evidence. It was not only a thing apart, it clashed head-on with every theory that Jason considered.

All that he could safely say was that he and Flack had been watched and there was very little they had done that the Grazzards did not know. And he had learned, once more, that the Grazzards struck with swiftness and deadliness. . . .

There was a tapping at the steel door. When it was repeated, Jason sat up.

A small man in white was standing in the dimly lighted corridor.

"Roth?" Jason exclaimed.

"Yes, sir."

Jason got up and went to the door.

"I had to have a word with you," the room steward said. "It's very important."

"Yes," Jason said. "What was all that winking and shushing about?"

"I didn't want you to talk, Mr. Amboy," Roth said, in a husky whisper. "I wanted you to be very careful."

"Well, I tried to be. What is it, Roth?"

"None of what I said about Flack was true, sir. He didn't talk to me about suicide or anything else. He didn't talk to me at all. I didn't even see him."

"This is very interesting," Jason said. "Why did you say it?"

"Because I'm in this, too," Roth said, in his low, husky whisper, and his mouth was twisted into a snarl. "I'm doing my best to keep you in the clear in order to save myself. If they could prove that you killed this Flack, where would I be?"

"Would you be in trouble?" Jason asked. "I don't see why, Roth."

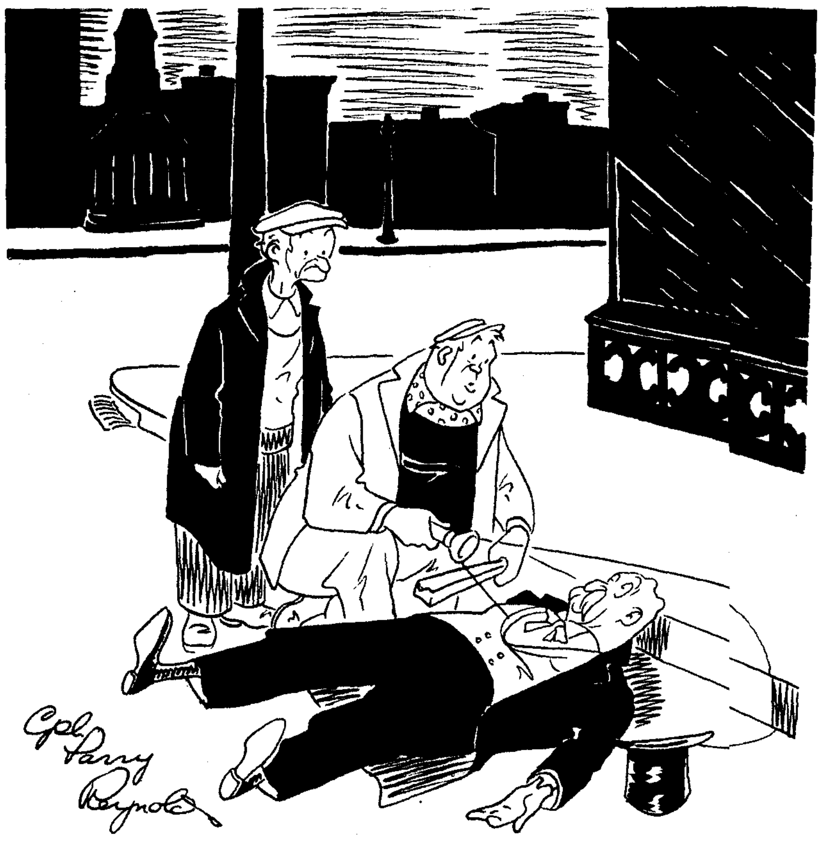
"I don't know why you killed him," said Roth, "and I don't care. I figured it had something to do with that stowaway. And I figured the smart thing for me to do would be to keep the stowaway out of the picture—so I wouldn't be dragged in. How do I know what you might say if they could prove you killed Flack?"

Jason tried to see Roth's face through the latticed steel. But all he saw was one bright, gleaming eye.

"So that's it," Jason murmured. "You cooked up that yarn so you wouldn't be dragged in. You really think I killed Flack and threw him overboard."

"What I think about it isn't important," the room steward said with a touch of waspishness. "The main thing is, I will testify in a military court, or any other court, that Flack talked about suicide. They may hold you for months, but in the end, if I stick to that story, they will have to let you go. And I'll stick to it."

BUTCH **by CPL. LARRY REYNOLDS**



"I'm afraid we owe him an apology. We already frisked him earlier this evening"

COLLIER'S

"All right, then, Roth, we'll call it a deal. You stick to your story and I won't mention the stowaway. Now, tell me about the mustache."

"It was right after you went down to dinner, sir," his room steward said. "I went in to turn down your bed, and there it was, in front of the bathroom door. It gave me quite a turn, Mr. Amboy. I'll admit frankly that you've impressed me from the beginning as a bad egg, sir, and in my years of going to sea, I've learned to spot a bad egg when I see one. I knew you murdered that stowaway. I got scared. I reported the mustache to the captain after I'd looked into Flack's room and seen that note you wrote."

"But you left it there."

"Yes, sir. And right then and there, I suspected you'd done away with Flack—and how did I know my turn wasn't next?"

"That's very lucid reasoning," Jason murmured.

The eye at the hole in the lattice seemed to gleam more brightly. "I'm only looking out for myself," Emil Roth said stiffly. . . .

Jason's first visitor the next morning was Natalie Mace. The blond girl was pale, and her smile, when she approached the latticed door, was wan.

She looked in at him. "You poor darling," she said, and she shook her small blond head with affection and despair. "You've certainly done things up brown this time, haven't you? Luana's in her room having hysterics. The Grazzards are chuckling in their beards. And your poor little valet is *lewa*—"

"What does that mean?"

"Gone with the wind."

Her voice was bantering, but her eyes were harder than he had ever seen them.

Before Jason could speak, she said, "The Grazzards have you just where they want you. You're going to be tangled up with the military for months to come. The captain spoke quite freely to Mrs. Grazzard. What he didn't say, I guessed. He questioned all of us and gave us permission to talk ›u. I suspect he wants us to try reak you down. He is anxious to : this up before we reach Honolulu.said your valet had evidently comrl suicide, but that there were circunces that had compelled him to clɘu in the brig."

"HOW did the Grazztake it?" Jason asked.

"Very bravely. And ı are lots of interesting angles, Ja:There is a rumor that you were:ked last night by a red-haired ruffa defense worker. What was that a"

"I don't know," Jason red.

"That's a lovely welt.talie was shaking her head. "Mysn top of mystery. I've just conm your cabin. The door was opour steward was cleaning. Wheren, is your stowaway?"

Jason was considering visability of telling her.

His hesitation angered'You still don't trust me!" she criedıld things possibly be any worse?be we're licked, but I refuse to th"

"We aren't licked," Jason said firmly. "Is Winfield Grazzard *lewa,* too?"

"Yes."

"When did it happen?"

"Night before last. Did you talk to the steward?"

"Of course not! Jason, you've got to trust me now! What happened to Winfield Grazzard? They murdered him, didn't they?"

Jason hesitated. It may have been, once again, the honesty he saw in her eyes that decided him. "Yes," he said. "He was murdered and pushed out a porthole at the time I was talking to you on B deck. When I went into my room, his bed was empty but still warm. A few drops of blood on the floor led to one of the portholes, and there was a little smear of blood on the porthole rim."

Natalie was nodding. She didn't seem surprised. "That's what I guessed. Do you think the same thing happened to Flack?"

"Yes."

"Do you suspect anyone?"

Jason hesitated again. "To be perfectly frank, Natalie, I suspect your husband. Or it might have been Lorrin. Or it might have been Queen Bertha. It was one of the three."

THE blond girl's eyes were suddenly avid. "Were there any other clues?"

He thought of the slip of yellow paper with its typical smear of blood, but he had already decided not to mention it.

"No," he said.

"The ship's officers are questioning passengers now," Natalie said, "trying to find someone who saw Flack go overboard. The whole ship's buzzing . . . just what happened last night, Jason?"

He told her. He began with the mysterious telephone call. When he had described the episode of the tennis court, he added, "I thought I saw a gleam of light on wet red hair, but maybe I didn't. The man who took that wallop at me might have been your husband—or Lorrin. Whoever he was, he was a big man. It was almost dark. I could hardly see. And they're both big men."

Jason mentioned the redheaded man's attitude in the captain's office, and his suspicions that Sam Shay might be on the Grazzards' pay roll.

Natalie was shaking her head. "I don't believe it. I think I'd have heard of him. Unintentionally, Channing keeps me rather well posted. The main question is, can you trust that room steward?"

"Roth is afraid," Jason answered, "of his neck."

The blond girl seemed dubious. "You're in very hot water, Jason, and it's going to get hotter. What I said yesterday morning was right. Channing told me last night—in strictest confidence, to use his own words—that your brother had attempted to blackmail Mrs. Grazzard."

"How did it come up?"

"He mentioned you. He said Queen Bertha seemed very concerned about you and your airplane engine. Then he said, 'These Amboys are a smooth bunch.' When I asked him what he meant, he said your brother had dug up a family skeleton and tried to sell it to her. Jason, what's the use? I guessed that. I've been right all along."

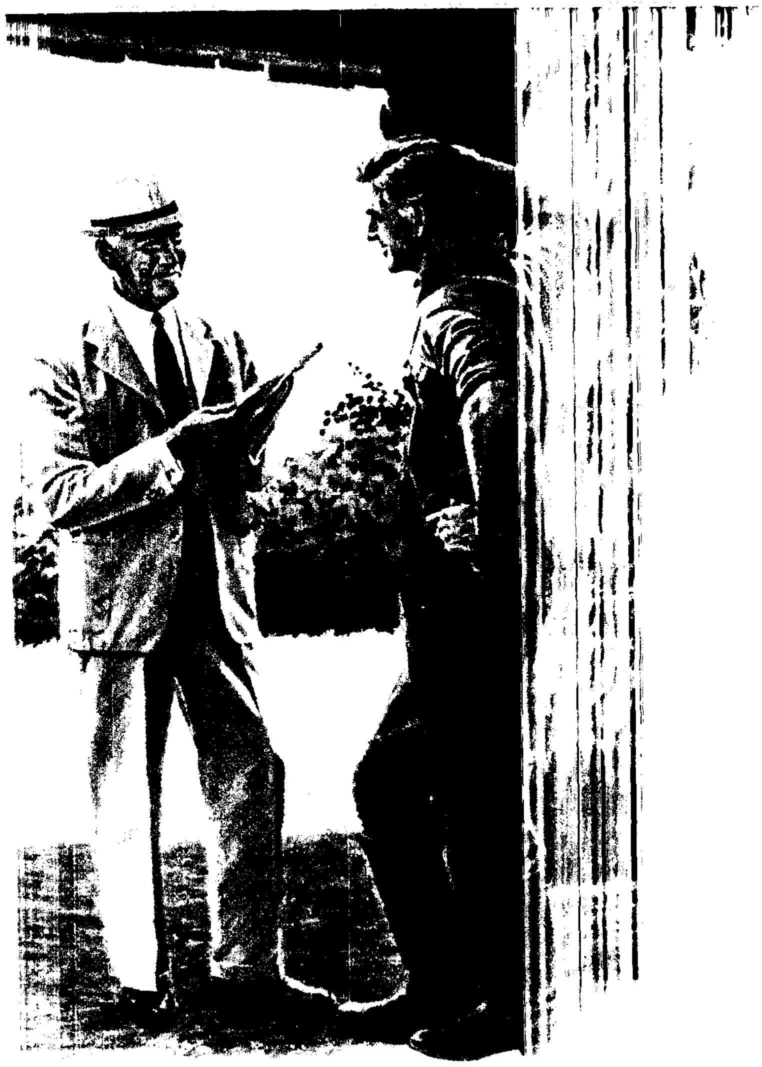
"Did he mention what they'd done to my brother?"

"No. I asked him. He said he didn't know."

"Do you remember," Jason asked her, "just what was going on in Kokala the night my brother vanished?"

"Nothing was going on. Channing spent the evening at the mill. There was some trouble with a Japanese machine-shop foreman. Channing didn't come

The simple facts about a cleaner, finer smoke!



. **THE TOBACCOS.** We resolved to develop the fi [illegible] t:e that
xperience, science and art could produce. As t [illegible] , Mr.
'heodore Kirk, pictured above, who has purcha [illegible] quality
:af tobacco than any other living person, combe [illegible] of all
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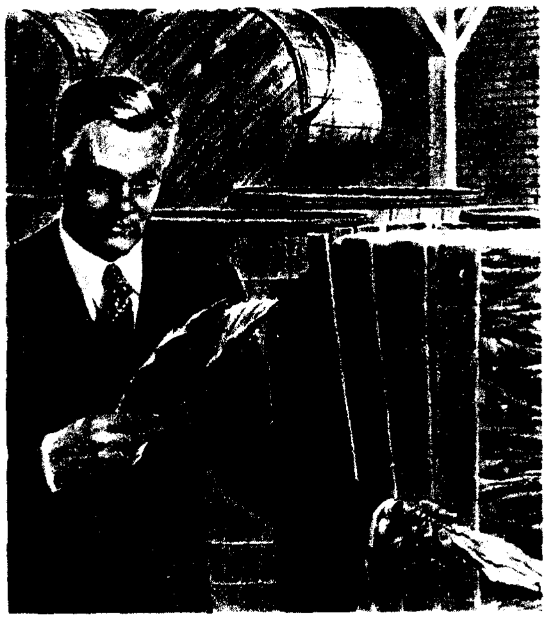
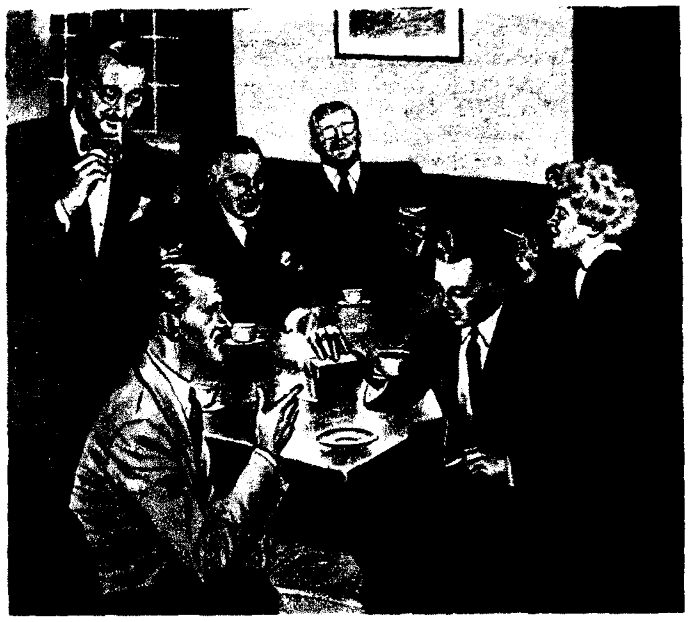


2. THE BLENDING. Given these fine vintage tobaccos, the skill with which they are blended is paramount. So, creation of the Fleetwood blend was entrusted to a master of the art, Mr. W. Curtis Bethea, shown above, who has blended more brands of cigarettes, successful on a large scale, than any other tobacconist.



3. THE FLAVOR. A professional jury of tasters guided in the blending until a blend both milder and better tasting than any of the six largest selling brands was achieved. These (above) were tea tasters Mr. E. Edwards and Mr. C. W. Felton; coffee tasters Mr. F. M. Reuss and Mr. A. J. O'Laughlin; wine tasters Mrs. Jeanne Owen and Mr. H. J. Grossman.

THE MOISTURE-RETAINING AGENT. Acting on the dvice of physicians and chemists, we rejected for the ew Fleetwood the moisture-retaining agent used in ost cigarettes, and adopted instead a modern hygro-opic agent which does not produce acrolein, an ritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke.

5. THE SMOKE CLEANSING. The Imperial size of Fleetwood gives extra filtration of the smoke. This reduces throat irritants, nicotine, and tars that stain fingers and teeth. The smoke of Fleetwood is filtered through more tobacco—20% more for the first puff and 50% more for the last—provided you do not smoke Fleetwoods farther than you would old-size cigarettes.

6. THE PACKAGE. Fleetwoods are packed in better quality, stronger material, to protect the cigarette against being crumpled in the purse or pocket. As a pleasing final touch for what we believe to be the first completely modern cigarette, the eminent art director, Mr. Leland Stanford Briggs, was commissioned to develop a package of artistic merit.

FLEETWOOD

7. RESULTS OF TESTS of the smoke of Fleetwood and four of the large-selling brands which were also included in the famous Reader's Digest test last summer. As tested here all cigarettes were machine-smoked to an average distance of 40 millimeters to simulate natural smoking.

Brand	Milligrams of Tar in the smoke	Milligrams of Nicotine in the smoke
Fleetwood	7.7	1.2
A	8.2	1.8
B	8.3	1.8
C	9.0	2.1
D	10.4	2.4

FLEETWOOD
IMPERIALS

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home until after one o'clock. I'd spent the evening reading."

"Where were the Grazzards?"

"In the main house, I think. But I don't know, Jason."

"When your husband said that my brother was a blackmailer, did he mention Winfield Grazzard?"

"No, Jason."

"Uncle Colton?"

"No. But he was certainly referring to Uncle Colton."

"When did this talk take place?"

"Just before dinner."

"Was that," Jason asked, "why you were so remote all through dinner?"

"Partly. And partly because Channing said he thought that you and I were spending an awful lot of time together. He's a terribly suspicious man—and terribly jealous." The blond girl was looking at Jason speculatively. "Well, my dear, what are we going to do?"

"I'd like to talk to Luana."

Natalie smiled wryly. "Luana is, at this moment, having hysterics all over her stateroom. She can't see anyone. I tried to talk to her and she ordered me to get out."

THE blond girl's mouth had become cynical, an arch, with the corners pulled down. "She told me you'd told her yesterday that you're in love with her. That wasn't very clever of you, Jason. She's in love with you, and there's nothing either of you can do about it, and the last thing she said was that you're just as bad as your brother."

"Will you tell her I want to talk to her?"

Natalie shook her head. "I will not, Jason. You've caused her enough trouble."

"I don't want to make love to her," said Jason. "I want to find out where she was last night. She didn't come into the dining room until dinner was half over. She was very excited about something."

"When she calms down a little," Natalie promised, "I'll talk to her again. Is there anything else?"

Jason nodded. "Yes. Find out if Winfield Grazzard was ever in the Engineers—in the United States Army. Find out what they did to my brother after he *tried to blackmail them*—"

"Don't we already know that?" Natalie interrupted him.

"Try to make Channing talk about it," Jason persisted. "And find out the date when Luana's father and mother were drowned in Kaieiewaho Passage in their outrigger canoe."

She was looking at him thoughtfully, with her eyes narrowed and a small shadow between them.

"You still won't accept my explanation, will you?"

"Blackmail?" he said. "No, Natalie. Your idea is too easy. They killed my brother because he was a blackmailer. Was Flack a blackmailer, too?"

Her face was growing pink. Her blue eyes were bright and hard. "Flack was a busybody and a snoop!"

"Did your husband know that?"

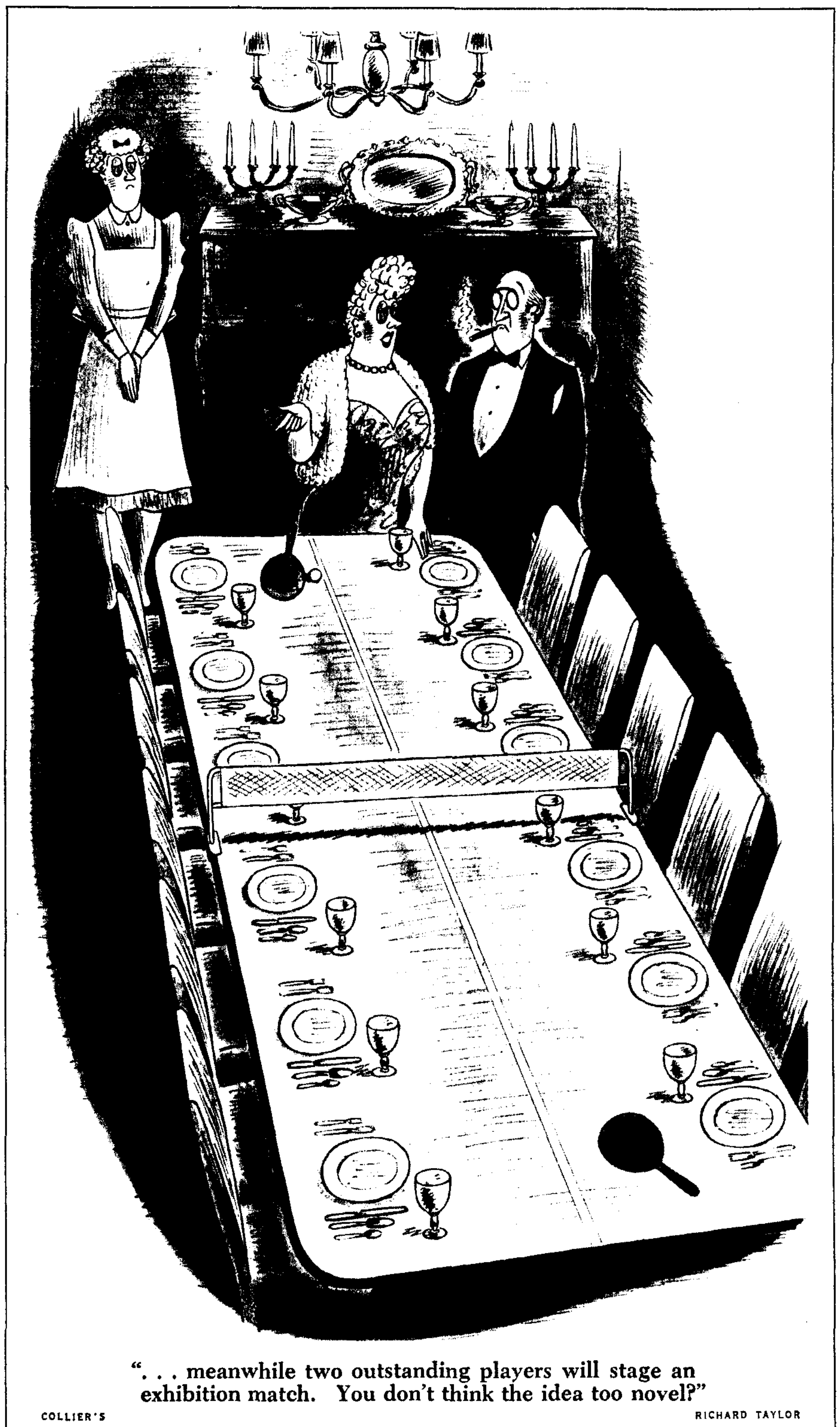
"He certainly didn't hear it from me!" Natalie snapped. "But if Flack snooped once, he may have snooped again. Did you warn him?"

Jason sighed. "I didn't have a chance, and it wouldn't have done any good. He was out of control. I think he had some sly scheme and they caught him at it. They killed him and tossed him overboard."

"Does that disprove my theory?" the blond girl cried.

"Does it prove it?" Jason answered. "I still say your conclusions are questionable."

Natalie uttered a sharp little gasp of annoyance. "You're so obstinate, Jason."



"... meanwhile two outstanding players will stage an exhibition match. You don't think the idea too novel?"

COLLIER'S RICHARD TAYLOR

Jason laughed. "No one," he retorted, "would accuse you of being pliable."

"I'm furious at you," Natalie said, "for letting them get you cornered. And I'm furious at you for taking it so cheerfully. They have you just where they want you, and you don't seem to care."

"It's giving me a chance to think things out," Jason said. "I've got some ideas of my own, and if you'll find out what I ask you to, we'll see if they don't add up to a good legible blueprint."

THE blond girl took her hands away from the door and made a gesture of impatience. "Jason, I don't know what this is all about. You've got some mysterious idea. I don't care what it is—because you're off on the wrong track. Your pride won't let you accept the truth—that your brother was a blackmailer."

"Will you get me that information?" Jason said gently.

"Why won't you face the truth?" she wailed.

"I'm on the track of the truth."

"I'll try," she said sulkily. "All you've accomplished is to give me another splitting headache." . . .

The master of the Tasmania had changed to tropical whites. Lieutenant Commander Matthewson, also in whites, stood behind him, a head taller. His smile was slightly jeering, and his gray eyes were steely.

"I've talked to a number of the passengers," Captain Horngold said crisply, "and Lieutenant Commander Matthewson has been at work on the crew. But we've found no one yet who saw your valet jump overboard."

"How about Singapore Sam?" Jason asked.

"I checked with the crew and the defense workers," Matthewson answered. "No one saw him in his cabin from eight-thirty to nine, and no one saw him go topside. So we're still where we were."

"I've let it be known," the captain said, "that an innocent man is locked up here and may suffer for something he didn't do, unless someone comes forward. If anyone saw your valet jump and is holding back for fear of being involved, that may help. And it occurred to me, Mr. Amboy, that with all this time to think things over, you may have decided to cooperate with me."

Lieutenant Commander Matthewson was smiling compassionately. "It seems a shame to keep you penned up in that little hole," he said.

"I know nothing about Flack's disappearance," Jason said.

There was a glow of elation in Natalie Mace's blue eyes, and a twirk of triumph in her smile. She came to the door of the brig and hooked her fingers into the square holes.

"Well, my pet," she said with a gaiety that wasn't usual with her, "I have some information for you. And I'm afraid you won't like it. My blackmail theory is absolutely correct!"

Jason took it calmly. "How about the information I wanted?"

"Oh, I have a little of that, too. The important thing, though, is something that Channing just said. He was talking to me again about your brother. It *is* Uncle Colton, darling. Your brother spent all those years in India digging up something in Uncle Colton's past—just as I guessed—and then tried to blackmail the Grazzards."

"What did they do to him?" Jason asked in a dry voice.

"I don't know. Channing won't talk about it. I don't know whether he knows or not. But it's true, Jason. And they killed Winfield Grazzard for the same reason."

"Did he mention Winfield?"

"No. The important thing he mentioned was Uncle Colton."

"Yes," Jason agreed. "Everything comes back to Uncle Colton. All roads lead to Kahuna Island. The other morning on deck, when you first mentioned Uncle Colton, you told me that, until recently, he was called the hermit of Kahuna, and that recently the real truth about him had come out."

"Yes."

"How recently?"

"I don't know, Jason. It was suddenly all over the islands."

"As recently as a year?"

THE blond girl looked thoughtful. She shrugged. "Perhaps. Perhaps two years. It suddenly got out."

"You said that he had always been dominated by his sister. You gave me a picture of a terrified little man—who had had a nervous breakdown and had gone into voluntary exile."

"But that wasn't the truth!" Natalie cried.

"Yes, I know. And you said that his one passion was rare old books—first editions. You gave me a very clear impression of a sensitive, frightened man—an unworldly, scholarly sort of person—who had gone to live on a small island to get away from civilization—who preferred that kind of loneliness with no one but the natives for company—and his books."

Natalie said impatiently, "That was only a smoke screen, Jason. I told you he wasn't a hermit by choice. I told you he was virtually a prisoner."

"Yes, I remember. But you said his one passion was rare old books. Is it still?"

"Yes, Jason. Whenever Queen Bertha goes over to Kahuna in her sampan, she usually takes him bundles of them."

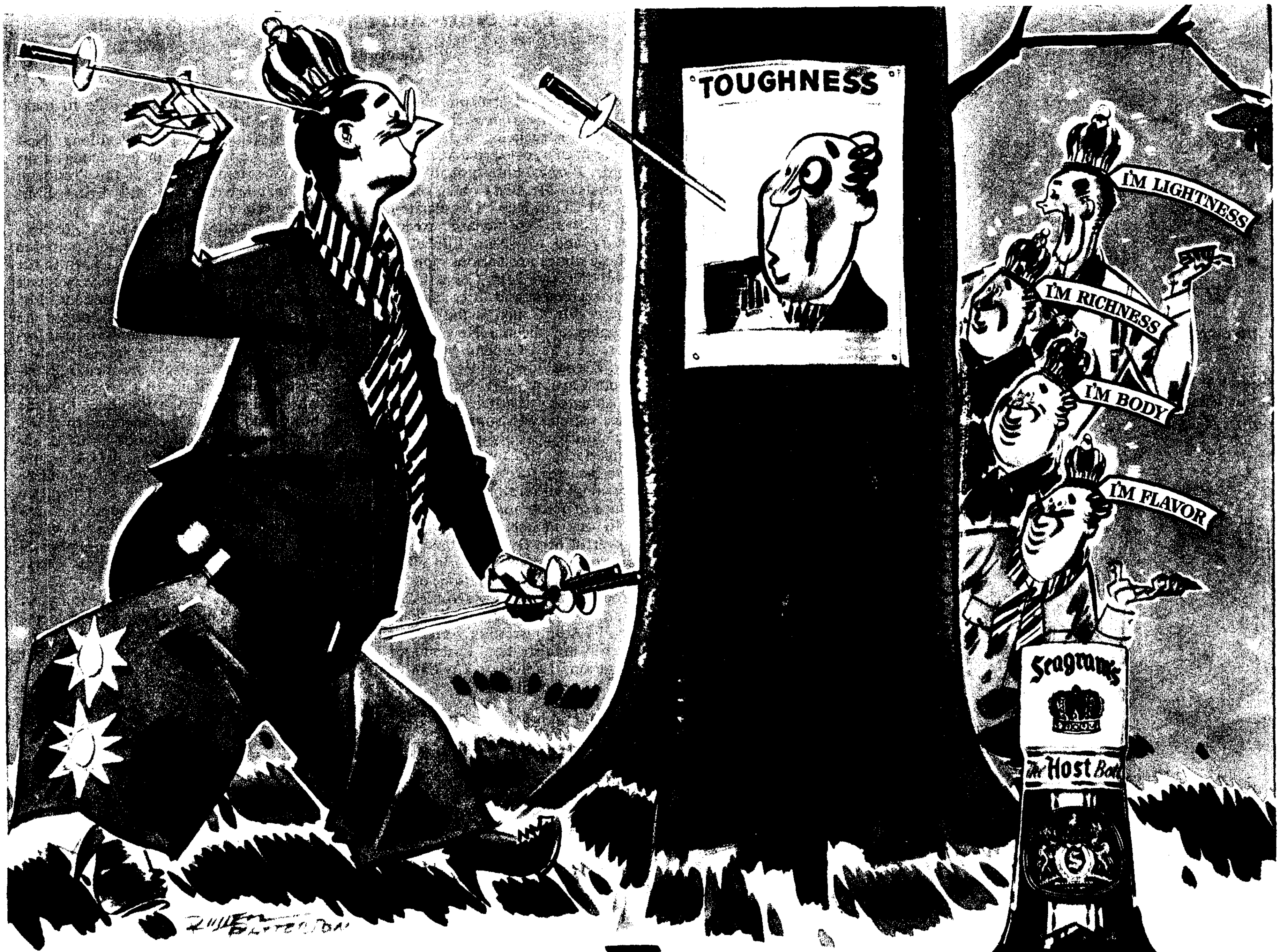
"This is very interesting," Jason said. "Do you know what Uncle Colton's financial setup is?"

Natalie shook her head. "No. All I know is that Queen Bertha and Uncle Colton were quite poor before she married Hiram."

"So that Uncle Colton is now very likely a pensioner of hers?"

Natalie nodded. "Maybe. Although Uncle Hiram may have left him something. But is this important, Jason? The important thing is that Uncle Colton, as a young man, did some scandalous thing in Burma and your brother and Winfield Grazzard found out what it was. I guessed that and I was right."

(To be continued next week)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In murdering TOUGHNESS, we smile,
And ask to be placed upon trial—
Good judges agree
That in FINER "5", we
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FIVE CROWN
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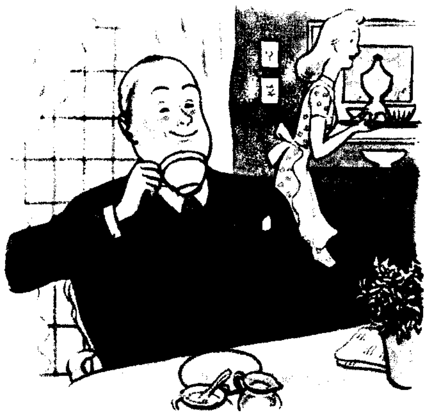
VICE PRES SLUMBER DEPT.

1. Up on Mt. Olympus, Morpheus was V. P. in charge of Slumber. Presumably he saw to it that all good Greeks forgot their worries and had a good night's sleep.

2. Morpheus would have his hands full today. He didn't have to contend with the kind of war we have—or with people whose nerves are jangled by caffein.

3. If you're one of those who toss and turn and long for sleep—just because you couldn't resist a cup of coffee—you won't get Morpheus' help: you'd better act, yourself!

4. We could suggest that no matter how much you like coffee—and there's plenty to like about it—you should give it up. But here's a better idea—



5. If you're upset or kept awake by the caffein in coffee, switch to *Sanka* Coffee. It's real, delicious coffee *with 97% of the caffein removed!* It can't get on anyone's nerves!

6. Only the caffein is removed; the delightful flavor and aroma stay in. When you get your next coffee ration get Sanka. It's delicious coffee that lets you relax.

SANKA COFFEE

97% CAFFEIN FREE
SANKA
COFFEE

BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS!

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M., New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.

The Non-Bureaucratic Mr. Byrnes

Continued from page 11

frequently gives first-time callers, accustomed to the rodeo characteristics of other war agencies, a feeling that the place hasn't got started yet.

Mr. Byrnes' unfashionably small staff consists of Mr. Ben Cohen, general counsel; Mr. Don Russell, associate counsel; Mr. Edwin F. Pritchard, executive secretary and Mr. Sam Lubbell, an aide whose duties are various. On the distaff side, there are Miss Cassie Connor, private secretary, and three clerk-stenographers. Mr. Cohen is the more durable member of the old New Deal team of Corcoran and Cohen. Mr. Russell was Mr. Byrnes' law partner in Spartanburg, South Carolina. Mr. Pritchard is one of Washington's swifter minds and was once secretary to Supreme Court Justice Frankfurter, a job in which he had to think fast. Mr. Lubbell is a journalist who learned his way around wartime Washington as an associate in the late Office of Facts and Figures.

In our innocence, we visualized the powerful Mr. Byrnes following an electric routine, snapping forth directives to the Seven Czars—Nelson of the War Production Board, McNutt of the War Manpower Commission, Wickard of the Food Administration, Henderson of Price Administration, Eastman of Transportation, Landis of Civilian Defense, and Jeffers of Rubber.

Our Economic Dictator

Admittedly we had some little trouble thus visualizing the mild, sagacious fellow whom we had known as a senator (a senator's senator). By temperament, he is about as blustery as an ideal June afternoon, although, incidentally, he is about that persuasive too. And yet the man gets more done than almost any of the world's current crop of dictators, timorous lot that they are for the most part.

To appreciate the extent of his powers, it is necessary to quote a paragraph from the Presidential executive order creating the Office of Economic Stabilization:

"The Director with the approval of the President shall formulate and develop a comprehensive national economic policy relating to the control of civilian purchasing power, prices, rents, wages, salaries, profits, rationing, subsidies and all related matters—all for the purpose of preventing avoidable increases in the cost of living, co-operating in minimizing the unnecessary migration of labor from one business, industry or region to another, and facilitating the prosecution of the war. To give effect to this comprehensive national economic policy, the Director shall have power to issue directives on policy to the federal departments and agencies concerned."

Unlike the traditional big executive, Mr. Byrnes follows no daily routine. He does not permit himself to be met in the morning by a program of "musts," thus merely keeping abreast. He saunters into his office about nine-thirty, a slim, wiry figure, a trifle cocky. His felt hat is at a jaunty angle. His blue-gray eyes are amused. He seems to know precisely what he is going to do first and do last.

The fact is that he's a lap ahead of his job. Today he is more interested in what he'll be called upon to do tomorrow. When he finds out (which he invariably does) he makes luncheon, dinner and poker dates with the officials he will have to deal with next day. Thus as he enters his office, about nine tenths of the day's work is over the hill.

He has reduced politics to as nearly an exact science as it is possible to make that opportunistic business.

Far from being a headlong New Dealer, he has nevertheless achieved the almost solemn respect of the President; not that he hasn't frequently irritated Mr. Roosevelt.

To illustrate: While he was in the Senate, Mr. Roosevelt had him up to the White House one evening to listen to the reading of a bit of legislation very much desired by the Administration. Mr. Byrnes listened. He listened, too, to the President's reasons for wanting such legislation. He listened to several of Mr. Roosevelt's most eager yes-men, plus experts, plus a couple of Congress scouts who had notified the President that the bill would pass with something to spare. And then Mr. Byrnes shook his head, advised Mr. Roosevelt to hold off until a more auspicious day. The bill would be beaten in the Senate, he said, by two votes. The President went ahead, irritated. The bill was licked by two votes. Mr. Byrnes has done that a number of times. As we've said, the man knows what he's doing.

Over years of intelligent study of men and measures, he has mastered the science of making no enemies while avoiding the too obvious and overeager business of merely making friends.

It is because of these personal and professional qualities that Mr. Byrnes was chosen by Mr. Roosevelt to direct the Office of Economic Stabilization. It's a job of which the best economists might readily make an anguished mess. It is a job for a man who can hitch economists and sentimentalists to the same direction, who can make Republicans listen with the same earnestness as Democrats.

Already Mr. Byrnes has steamed a lot of possible bureaucratic hokum out of his job. Doubtless you've read a lot of directives, involved and mysterious documents written in legal double talk, leaving writer and reader all but permanently gaga. Mr. Byrnes writes directives now and then—simple homely documents which are likely to run something like this: "Dear Ed: Suppose we go ahead along the lines we agreed upon last night at Joe's house. Call me up if you need anything." (This is not what Mr. Byrnes wrote, but it gives you the idea.)

The Long Way Up

He will be sixty-four years old in May, a fact that concerns him very little. His father, a Colleton County, South Carolina, farmer, died just before he was born, and his mother took to sewing and directing the church choir. The combination failed to produce more than a mere living for herself and her two children. At the age of fourteen, the lad quit high school for a job or rather a series of jobs. He studied stenography at night. This brought him to a court-reporter job, and, having that, he studied law in his spare time. Then came the newspaper. And then he was elected county solicitor (district attorney).

In 1910, he ran for Congress, winning by 57 votes. After seven terms of that, he ran for the Senate against the famous Cole Blease—and got licked. For six years he practiced law in Spartanburg. And then in 1930 he challenged the Honorable Mr. Blease again—and won. He was re-elected in 1936. Then the Supreme Court. And now this. He is an Episcopalian. His wife was the former Miss Maude Busch of Aiken, South

Carolina, whom he married when he was editing the Journal and Review and absorbing wisdom from the lamented Biz.

A devout party man, he was far from being good news to the New Deal program as a whole while he was in the Senate. He was an outstanding member of the so-called Economy Bloc. Unlike the President, he believed that the states should assume a much larger share of the cost of relief. He voted to override the President's veto of the soldiers' bonus and to repeal the Administration's corporate profits tax. He supported his Senate colleague, the Honorable Cotton Ed Smith, when that gentleman was marked for purging by Mr. Roosevelt. But he supported the President's Supreme Court revision bill, even going to the extent of burlesquing the indignant outcries of those senators who accused Mr. Roosevelt of having foul designs upon the cornerstone or equally necessary segment of our republic. It happened on a train shortly after Mr. Byrnes was appointed to the court. Several senators were his audience.

Tongue in Cheek

"The President was all wrong," cried Mr. Byrnes, his voice trembling with emotion. "It was one of his greatest mistakes. His approach was all wrong. Instead of forcing a man off the court when he reaches the age of seventy, he should not appoint him to the court until he is over seventy."

The order creating his job as Director of Economic Stabilization provides for an advisory board of fourteen. They have no administrative power, merely advisory. But when you've read their names and then learn that such a board can convene every two weeks and adjourn with no casualties, your admiration for the Byrnes system becomes slightly hysterical.

Read them and reflect: Harold D. Smith, Director of the Budget; Henry Morgenthau, Jr., Secretary of the Treasury; Claude R. Wickard, Food Administrator; Jesse Jones, Secretary of Commerce; Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; Marriner S. Eccles, chairman of the Federal Reserve; William H. Davis, chairman of the War Labor Board; and the Director of the Office of Price Administration, whoever he may be at the moment.

In addition to these are two representatives of management: Eric A. Johnston of Spokane, Washington, and Ralph E. Flanders of Springfield, Vermont; and two laborites, Philip Murray, president of the C.I.O. and William Green, president of the A. F. of L. Just to be sure that the argument could be a public affair, the board includes also Edward A. O'Neal, president of the American Farm Bureau, and James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers' Union.

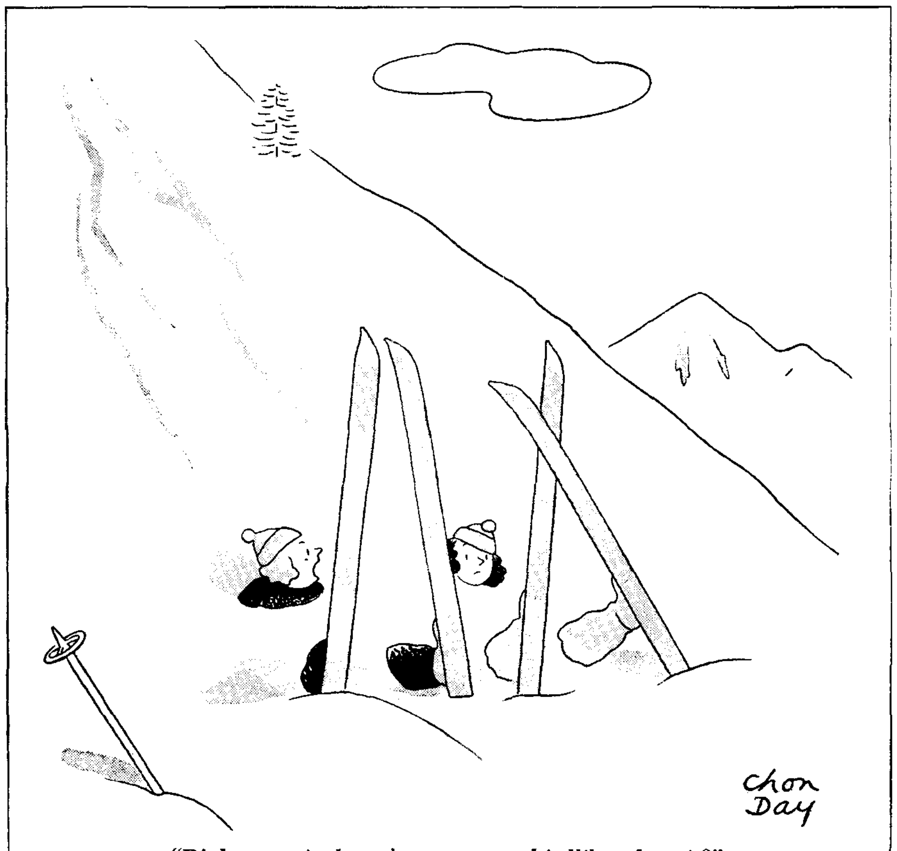
Thus far, no one has been hurt, although several of these gentlemen have complained of "having felt a somewhat rapid drop in the temperature before the meeting adjourned." But all of them say the Byrnes urbanity never wears thin.

In no more than two minutes, Mr. Byrnes thinks, you ought to be able to learn definitely whether a speaker knows what he's talking about or is merely talking. He cites the rule in the House of Representatives which limits to five minutes the remarks of any member speaking on amendments. In two minutes, the member speaking has to sell his audience on the value of listening to him. In those two minutes, the House knows whether to give ear for the remaining three minutes or to go back to reading the newspaper.

We did a bit of inquiring. On Capitol Hill we found no one who ever took to his newspaper two minutes after Mr. Byrnes started talking. However, the general opinion was that he rarely talked for more than two minutes. He is no orator and, better, nobody knows this better than he does.

While we were in his office, he was on the telephone nine times. Among those who called him up were Harry Hopkins, Leon Henderson, Donald Nelson, Senator Barkley and several others, including the President of the United States. The Byrnes brevity was completely un-Washington. To none did he talk more than two minutes. But after talking a minute to the President, he arose, left his office and disappeared into the long well-lighted tunnel which connects his office and Mr. Roosevelt's.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Right now it doesn't seem very birdlike, does it?" CHON DAY

Skinless
TRADE MARK
"We're in the Army Now!"

Food Power for fighting Men!

Our Armed Forces continue to demand more and more SKINLESS frankfurters, and you workers on the home front also need the nourishing FOOD POWER that SKINLESS frankfurters provide.

We want you to know that the packers who make SKINLESS frankfurters are straining every production effort to take care of this tremendous two-front increased demand. But our boys in Service must come first—you'd want it that way.

So, if your dealer can't give you all the SKINLESS frankfurters you want today, please come back tomorrow. Chances are he'll have them for you. Okay with you?

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BACKSTAGE BEAUTY

BY PEGGY LE BOUTILLIER

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENCE MONAHAN

Not content to be the first woman to stage-manage a musical, Betty Arnold picks the most unmanageable show on Broadway

ONE of the prettiest girls on the pay roll of the wild and ripsnorting musical called Sons O' Fun, now reverberating through the Winter Garden Theater in New York, is never once seen by the audience. Her name is Betty Arnold and she's the first female ever to stage-manage a musical show on Broadway.

Musicals are nothing if not tricky, and tops in screwball wackiness is any Olsen and Johnson brain wave. Every night from 8:20 on, the lush-eyed, raven-tressed Betty, wearing practical slacks and wedgies, stands by the flash box in the southeast corner of the stage, her right arm held high. Around her is a crazy whirligig of prop men trundling pink baby carriages, electricians coiling lethal Medusa wires, stagehands setting up ninepins or poop decks, newsboys peddling their "extree-extrees"—not to mention the on-again, off-again Sons O' Fun cast, which totals eighty-five members.

Suddenly someone hurls down a gun on the stage. Suddenly the girl backstage snaps down her arm, yells in a voice that is at once soft and masterful, "Okay, Bumpy." And suddenly the flash box flashes and a violent explosion rocks 1,575 people in their 1,575 respective seats, not including S.R.O.

"Go ahead, Skip," cries Betty. And on goes a phonograph record that whirs like an airplane engine. She counts silently up to eight, then waves her arm like a discus thrower and shouts, "Now there, Uli." And the thunder of cannons ricochets off the four walls of the house, straight to Seventh Avenue and Broadway.

"Things happen too darn' fast around here," complains Betty, laughing. "But I finally learned the ropes and threw out the cue sheet. Now I never use one—by the time I've looked at the sheet, I've missed the cue. I just yell 'Go' from instinct."

When Betty yells "Go," there's a snowstorm at the Winter Garden: or a cow drops out of the sky; or live white homing pigeons fly across the stage; or a trap door yawns; or a white plaster Venus blushes to show the impact of Olsen's kiss; or there's a total blackout and 5,000 dried beans, giving the illusion of spiders, tickle the audience's unsuspecting cheeks and jowls.

The 450 cues Betty must memorize are at least twice the number any reasonably sane musical would require, and the show's twenty-eight scenes are cluttered with about five times the usual number of props. In addition, Betty must know the names of the thirty-five stagehands and exactly where each one stands and what each one does at 8:31, 10:20 or 11:16½.

"It's tough sledding," she admits, "'cause if we run over the dead line we have to pay every stagehand and musician a buck a minute extra, and it's up to me to count that nightmare out. I used to eat dinner at 7:00. Now I eat a night lunch after the show. Even then I have to sit around unwinding myself until 4:30 A. M. before I can relax enough to go to sleep."

The Housewife Takes Over

Betty's debut in the strictly male stage-manager field began with a lot of double talk. Until a few months ago, she was keeping house and cooking Hungarian paprikas for her husband, one Milton Stern, then stage manager of Sons O' Fun. Faced with the prospect of early induction into the Army, he looked up from a copy of Variety one night, with a strange gleam in his eye.

"Uh-huh," he said to Betty. "Well . . . perhaps."

Then he said, "Sure, why not . . . why not?"

"Hey, what's going on here?" asked Betty.

"Sure," continued Milt, "look at all the different jobs women are taking over now that their men are going to war." He stood up. "I'm giving you my cue sheet, sweetheart," he announced, and before she knew it, Betty was getting ten weeks' initation to madness in a road company of Hellzapoppin.

In one way Betty has it all over male stage managers because, a dancer herself, she can learn the dance routines in a flash and check them by ear.

"Listen, kid," she admonishes the blonde, front line left, "don't you miss that beat again, or else!"

"Oh, I know you're human," she says to another girl. "But couldn't you wait till *after* the clinch to scratch your back?

"And boy," she laughs, "do they jump when I give them a blast! They know I'll call them in for rehearsal. Rehearsal's the big boogy word around here. I call it at the crack of dawn—around 10 A. M.—and they have to get up on a bare stage and do their stuff."

One of Betty's biggest responsibilities is checking props for safety. The threat of accident is omnipresent. The heat cracks a reflector and splinters it into a million pieces on the head of a chorus girl. A rope splits, and an iron table lands on a principal's shoulder. A gabbing stagehand opens the trap door too late and the wrong actor falls in. Betty must be there, ask questions, soothe nerves, call the doctor.

Not until 11:27 when the final curtain falls is there a letup in the strain and anxiety. Then Betty leans up against the Seventh Avenue door and lights a cigarette. "This show's a madhouse," she says contentedly, "and death on arches." ★★★

Betty Arnold, left, talking with a couple of Sons O' Fun chorus girls, is responsible for the show's innumerable cues, props, bedlam, split-second timing

A Case of
LESS SCRAP, MORE FIGHT

THIS sleek and polished example of superfine machining is a propeller shaft for a Buick-built Pratt & Whitney aircraft engine.

It used to be cut by slow and painful whittling from a forging made from a 184-pound bar of steel.

By changing the forging method, Buick found a way to get the same results from a steel bar weighing only 165 pounds.

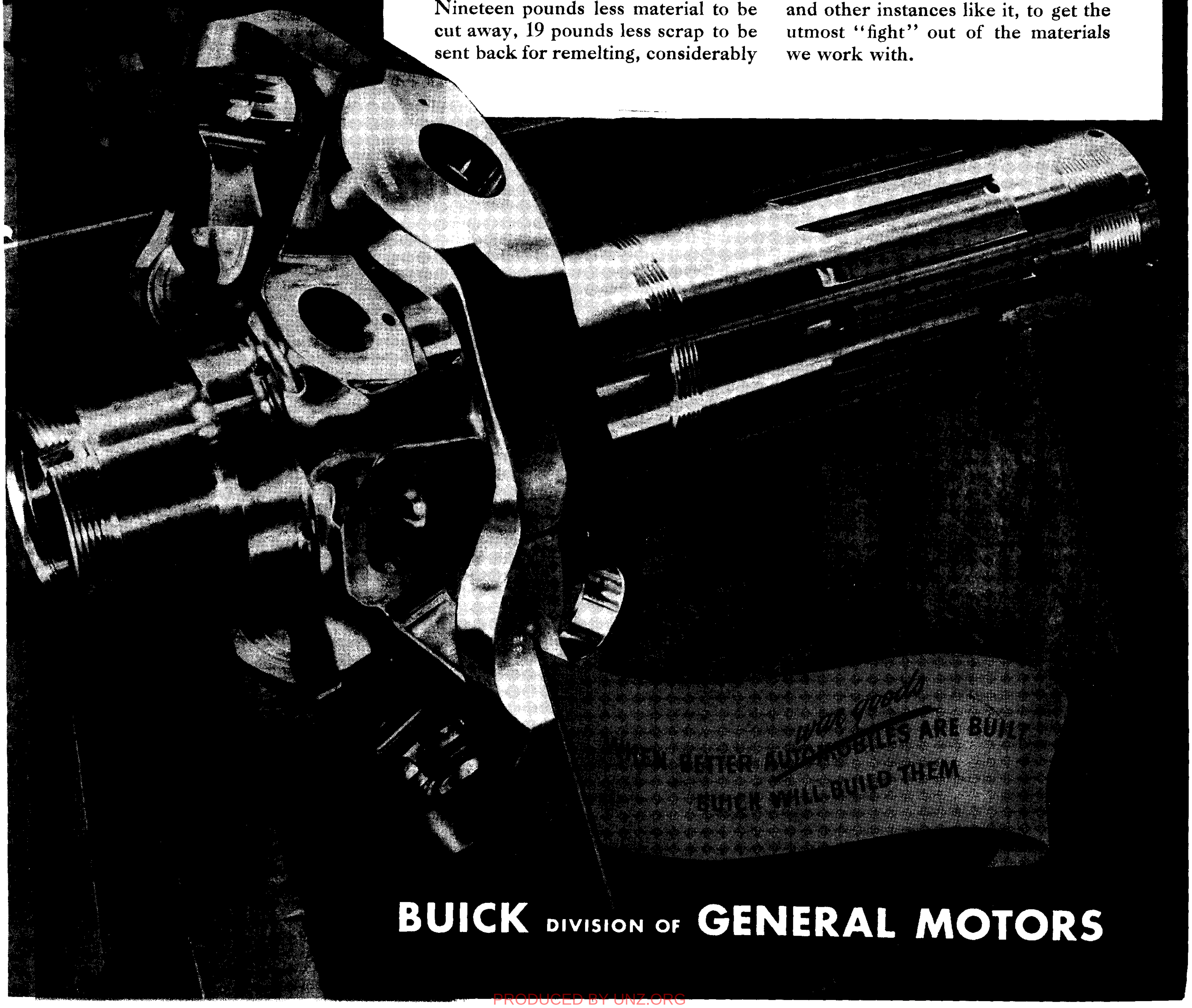
Nineteen pounds less material to be cut away, 19 pounds less scrap to be sent back for remelting, considerably less expenditure of precious machine tools and—*111 propeller shafts from the same material that used to deliver only 100—in less time per shaft!*

The country needs scrap metal—all you can dig up.

It also needs to *avoid* waste of materials in the making of fighting tools.

So we'll strike a bargain with you.

Do your share in "getting in the scrap"—and we'll do ours, in this and other instances like it, to get the utmost "fight" out of the materials we work with.



BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

Civilian Pilot

Continued from page 15

of three hundred a month. If you make the grade you'll go into the Army Air Forces as a service pilot, if we think you're suitable officer material. Otherwise, you'll remain a civilian pilot. Any objections to a commission as second lieutenant?"

"That's a pretty low rating for a man with my experience."

His head came up and he stared at me again, hard. "Any objections?"

I snapped, "No!"

"Very well."

HE CALLED someone on the telephone and I leaned back against the wall and had a cigarette. The great Ferrying Command, I thought. Nuts! Slicing the whole world into Great Circle bits; hopping the so-called Big Drink practically hanging onto one another's tails, like a parade of circus elephants; setting down Liberators in Australia, cargo in Alaska and in China, night fighters in England and attack bombers in Africa, with tank-busting cannon. Space measured in terms of fuel consumption. Time measured by the ticking r.p.m.'s. The great Ferrying Division of the A.A.F.—a bunch of kids. Infants. Babes.

When the check pilot came in, zipping his flight jumper, I was glaring at the lieutenant and really steaming. I wasn't the biggest shot in the flying world, but I had done a little test pioneering and smashed plenty of records in my time. I wasn't used to being treated like something that had just crawled out from the pages of a log book. The Army, I thought; the same old Army. It never changes.

The check pilot nodded at me and asked, "This the man?"

Lieutenant Leslie winked at him and said, "Right. Mr. Jenkins, Lieutenant Hal Wallace. Take him up in a BT first, and if he checks out okay, try him on twin-engine. See you later."

That was about the first thing I liked that day. They wasted no time. You were either good or bad and they found it out then and there.

We went into another room and I had to sign releases to the government, in case of accident. Then we picked up some chutes, headphones and other paraphernalia and walked out to the line, where there were thirty or forty planes of all types and sizes standing about.

The BT is a low-wing, two-place ship built for basic training, which is what BT stands for. I had never flown one of that type, but was used to similar ships of equal horsepower. It should have been a push-over and it was.

WALLACE dished out instructions over the Gosport for a certain flight pattern, but in ten minutes knew he was wasting time. We came back to the field and walked over to a beautiful twin-engine Lockheed standing on the line. I had about five hundred hours on DC-3s, so Wallace said, "You won't have trouble with this crate."

We climbed in and went through the preliminary check of starting and warm-up, take-off, flight check, prelanding, overshooting procedure, simulated forced landing and after-landing procedure. Then we set her down and taxied back to the line.

Wallace and I had a cigarette while walking back to Transition and he said, "You're in, Jenkins. How do you think you'll like it here?"

I was still nervous about making two check flights in a row and said, "I don't know. Something funny about the place. I thought you fellows would be tickled stiff to get experienced pilots."

"We are."

"Then why all the big noise about commissions and that sort of tripe?"

He gave me a funny glance, but made no reply.

We went into Transition and back into the office. Leslie glanced through Wallace's check-flight reports and looked up with a pleased light in his eyes. He reached over the desk and shook hands with me. "You're the kind of man we want, Jenkins. Sit down. We'll try to get you through this Civil Service stuff as quickly as we can."

Wallace went out with a frown and Leslie started shoving papers at me and, brother, I mean papers! We went to other offices and there were other questionnaires to fill out. At the provost marshal's, I was fingerprinted and photographed.

Just before noon I found myself back in Transition, dizzy, reeling with the heat and wondering what had happened to me. But I knew one thing; I was in the Ferrying Division—solid.

Leslie finished bawling out someone on the telephone and got to his feet. "Come on. We'll hop over to Operations and get you started."

Operations was in a California farmhouse type of building on the other side of the road. Behind a smooth desk was another young officer, but with two silver bars on his shoulders. He was talking to a major slouched in a chair across the room.

Leslie introduced me all around and dumped a mass of papers on the captain's desk. While Captain Dunham was studying the reports, the major scratched his head and said, "Burl Jenkins. Why, I remember you." He got up and shook hands with me again. "You were really a racing fool, sir. Glad to have you with us. How do you like the layout?"

I was still thinking of Wallace's frown and said, "It keeps getting bigger and better—in spite of the Army."

There was dead silence in the room for a moment and they all stared at me. The major's smile disappeared and he said, "It's even bigger than that, Jenkins. Any four-engine time?"

"Never had a chance at it."

"You'll get it now." He turned to Leslie and said, "Put him down for one of the B-17s as soon as you can."

Just like that. For years I had been wanting to fly one of those babies and here it was dumped into my lap as a gift. I began to feel pretty good, but that faded in a hurry. The attitude of the officers toward me was as warm and friendly as a chunk of ice.

DUNHAM finished the reports, shoved them aside and nodded at me. "Okay," he said. "You work out of this department from now on—Operations. It means what it says. We do the delivering. You are now a civilian pilot in the 69th Ferrying Group, 138th Base Headquarters. If you're officer material we'll have you before a board to commission you as soon as possible."

But there was a light in his eyes that plainly said, "Maybe."

He continued, talking as if he were pressed for time, "We'll show you the ropes in a couple of minutes. But the main thing to know is that your job is to deliver. Every plane you wash out is a victory for the Japs, with no expense to them. To prevent that, we give you the best of everything. A factory turns a plane over to us and they say it's okay. We don't think so. That plane's got to go through our own acceptance before we turn it over to you. When you get it she's all right. It's your private property. Understand? Just as if you owned it, which you literally do till you turn it over at destination."

The telephone rang and he paused to answer it. "Seven Lockheeds? Okay. Cleared. Okay. Right away."

He looked into the other room, spotted Wallace and called him in. "Will you show Mr. Jenkins through Control, Hal?"

"Sure. Glad to."

I got up and we started through the door and Dunham called, "By the way, Jenkins, you're On Orders. Stand by."

We went into a hangar marked GROUP OPERATIONS and walked down a long hallway. There were weather offices, map rooms, chute counters, radio facilities and, in general, everything for a pilot about to take off on a flight. Wallace stopped behind a counter and handed me a sealed Flight Envelope and a radio facilities chart covering the whole country. He said, "You get a new one each month. We keep up to the minute on everything."

We walked on to the end of the room. On our right was an enormous flight map of the United States and on our left a long counter. That was the control office from where pilots were dispatched to every quarter of the globe. A young lieutenant was just marking down my name on a large blackboard behind the counter.

When he was finished he walked over and Wallace introduced him as Lieutenant Silvers. Wallace said, "Do you mind taking over? I got a flight check. Just show Jenkins the routine."

"Sure. Run along."

Leslie came in munching on a sandwich and joined us. "Well," he said, "I see you're On Orders."

"Yeah. Probably for the next two years."

"Not in this outfit."

"Look; the Army's the Army. I just walked onto this field a few hours ago."

THERE was a flame of anger beginning to show in his eyes and he said, "We've checked you out already, haven't we? You proved you were a capable pilot. That's all we're interested in. Already you're in Operations. You'll be flying even before they have your name in Washington."

While he finished his sandwich, a loud-speaker blared in the room; but I had leaned over to talk with Silvers and wasn't paying attention. Leslie tapped me on the shoulder. He was grinning.

"You're wanted in Operations. That call was for Civilian Pilot Burl Jenkins."

Silvers was grinning, too. I walked out of Control and past the Pilots' Loft and went over to Captain Dunham's office. He hung up his telephone as I came in and casually nodded to me.

I sat down and he barked, "On your feet, Jenkins. No time for that. Have you ever flown the route between here and Seattle?"

"Are you kidding? I still hold the speed record from border to border."

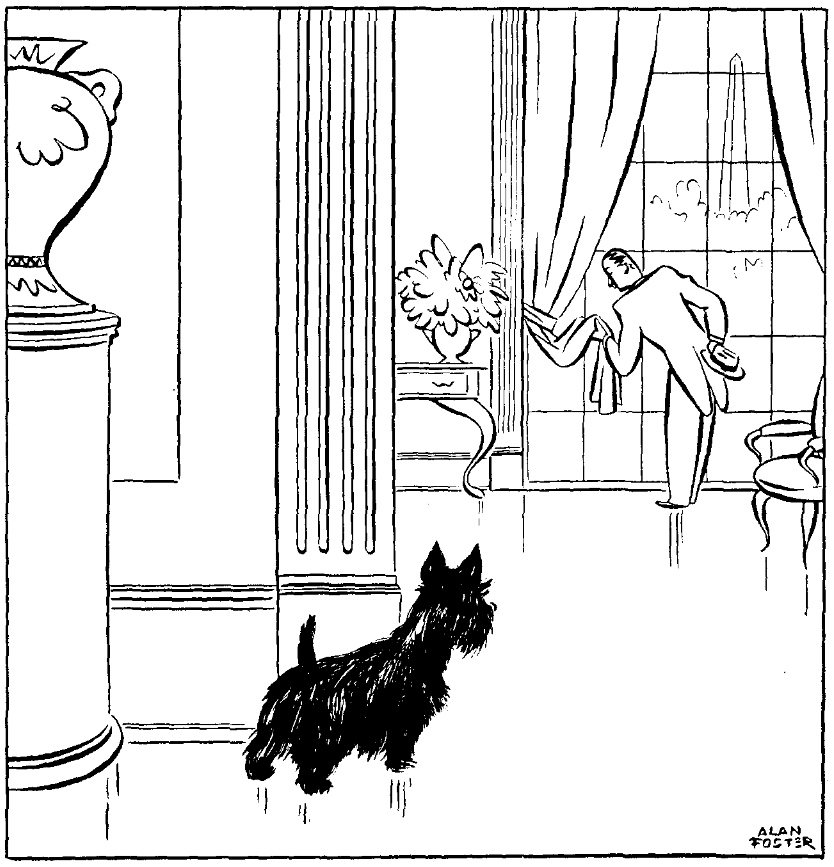
Lights danced in his eyes and he said, "Unofficially, Jenkins, we smash your record almost every day, and at less than cruising. But the important thing is that you know the route."

"Every inch of it."

"So we thought from a look at your logs. Okay. Report to Control. Now. And good luck."

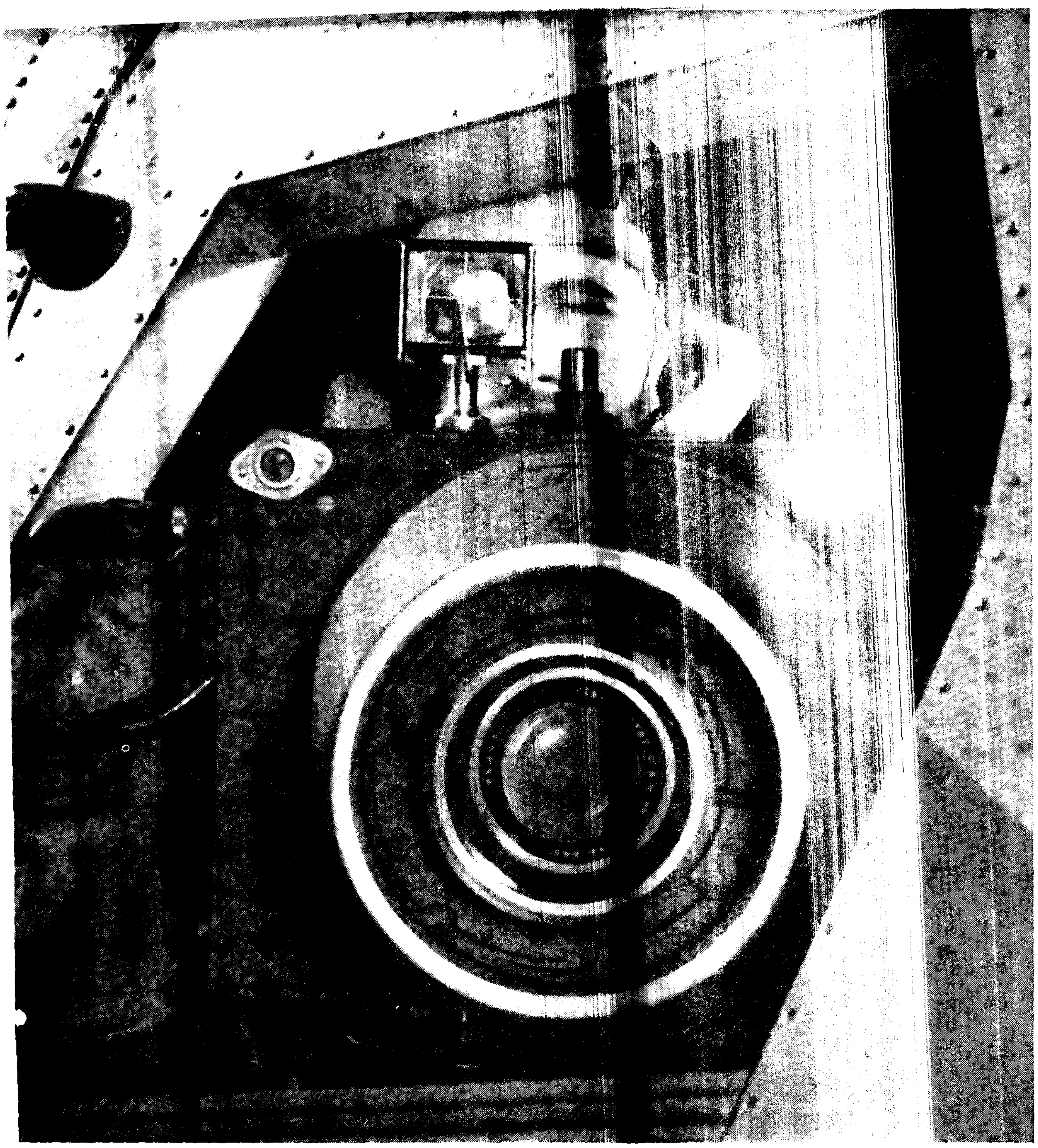
He held out his hand and I shook it,

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by **ALAN FOSTER**

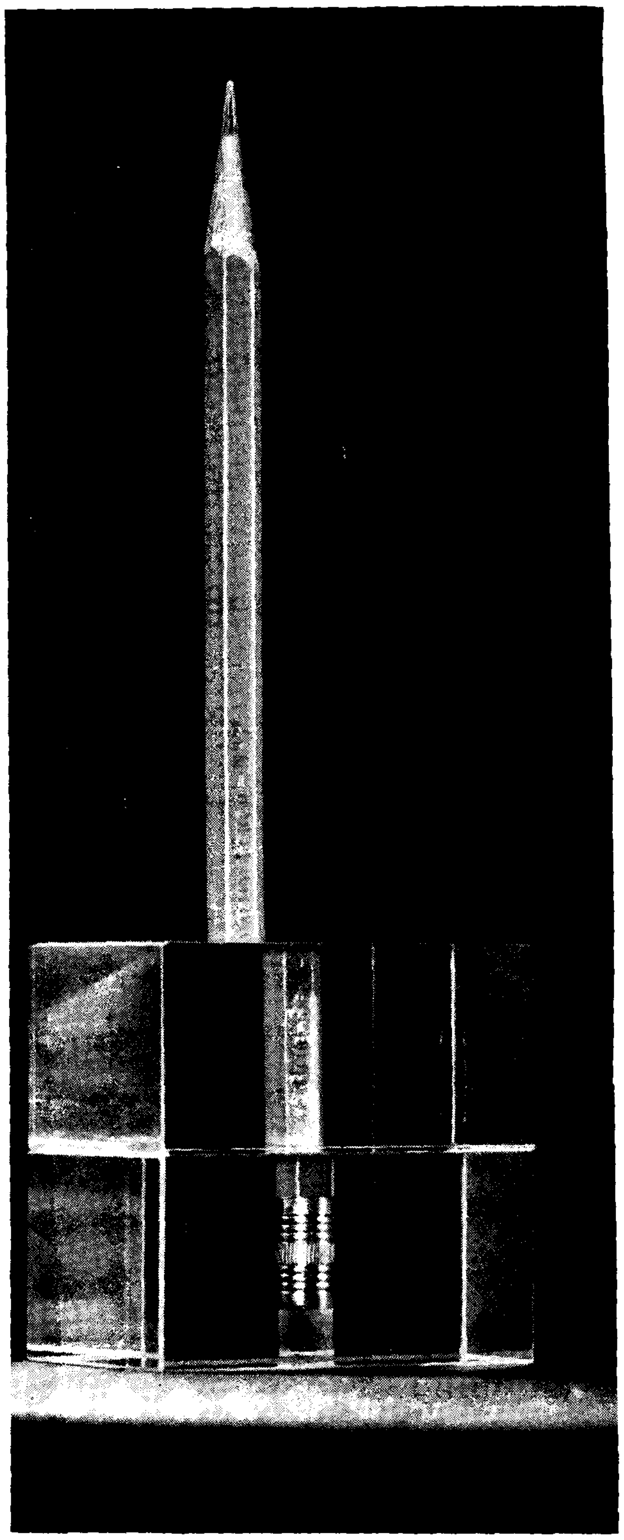


"Governors seem to act more like prospective tenants than visitors"

COLLIER'S



RPLANES MADE TO FLY FASTER and [illegible] s to [illegible] with nuch higher refractive index [illegible] lable in [illegible] rsion. now being applied to aerial lenses [illegible] tiveness [illegible] e new is now in use has twice the speed [illegible] our Army [illegible]



THE POSITION OF THE PENCIL'S IMAGE shows that Kodak's new glass (below) has greater light-bending power than old-type optical glass (above). These two blocks have the same dispersion.

Kodak's aerial lenses, made with new rare-element glass, —"first basic discovery in 55 years"

SAND has always been a basic ingredient of optical glass. Now, for the first time, Kodak is making optical glass of "rare elements"—tantalum, tungsten, and lanthanum. No sand—to the optical scientist, it's "almost as revolutionary as discovering how to make steel without iron."

There would be no point in it, of course, without the result which is obtained: *A lens which gives greater speed without loss of definition and covering power.*

The U. S. flyer equipped with an aerial lens made by Kodak, incorporating the new glass, can carry out his mission from a safer height—and, as a consequence, with a much better chance of bringing back his pictures.

Faster, Farther, Clearer

Before this, the fastest lens used by U. S. Army flyers was *f*/3.5. Now our night flyers are being supplied, as rapidly as possible, with an *f*/2.5 lens. This is twice as fast, and gets pictures of better quality—with the same size flash bomb—at a greater height.

The greater light-bending ability of the new glass means that the lens can have less curvature—and this also means much better definition at the edges of the picture.

Prior to Kodak's new glass, in 1941, the last basic discovery leading to radical improvement in optical glass was in 1886.

After the original work on the new glass, done by Kodak scientists in collaboration with Dr. G. W. Morey, of the U. S. Geophysical Laboratory, four additional years were spent in perfecting its manufacture—and computing the new formulas necessary for the grinding of lenses.

Fortunately the work was done in time, and the new optical elements are now in many cameras in the service of democracy... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.

Serving human progress through Photography

more puzzled than ever. "You mean I'm going on a hop—"

He dropped back to his desk and shuffled some papers. "Control will give you the dope. Better get moving."

"Yeah. Sure."

I stumbled out of the office and made my way to Group Operations. Silvers, behind the counter of Control, was still smiling. He handed me a mass of papers and pointed to a route sheet. "You'll follow the inland route; Bakersfield, Fresno, Sacramento, Medford, Portland and Seattle. Better lay over at Medford this evening. Not much daylight left. Our rules—and these are very strict—are that a pilot must set a ferry plane down one hour before official sunset with not less than forty-five minutes of gas in the tanks. But, as you've been told, you own the airplane."

"What airplane?"

"Lockheed. Deliver it at the Municipal in Seattle. When you get there send us a collect wire advising time of arrival at destination. Send the same sort of wire, too, at the close of your day's flying. Precede all messages with GOVERNMENT MESSAGES—PRIORITY. Okay. Make out your flight plan and turn it over to me."

I said, "You mean I'm to be first pilot on my first run?"

"First! You're the whole crew. Customarily, we'd send along a copilot with you, but the Lockheed's an easy ship to handle, you know the route and, what is more important, we're pressed for time and men."

I WALKED away and picked up a chute at one place, weather reports at another, the latest information on prohibited areas, maps and an aircraft clearance report, for the benefit of the Interceptor Command. It would be no fun being shot down by an American gun crew. Then I made out all the necessary papers and brought them back to Control. Silvers had me sign the route sheet and nodded.

I said, "What now?"

"Now?" he echoed. "Why, you can go out and climb in your ship and get out of here. See you *mañana*."

I walked out to the field and looked at a mess of Lockheeds standing there and found the number of the one I was to take. I climbed in and went through the preliminary stuff, then started the engines and warmed them up. After taxiing to the designated take-off point I tested the brakes again and tried to call the control tower. Someone started cussing the living daylights out of me on the air.

This person finally calmed down and said, "We don't call this the Long Beach tower, you jerk. If we did a Jap submarine could lie offshore, pick up our calls on their radio and know exactly how much traffic is moving at this field. So we continually change the call name. How long have you been here, anyway?"

"About a half-day."

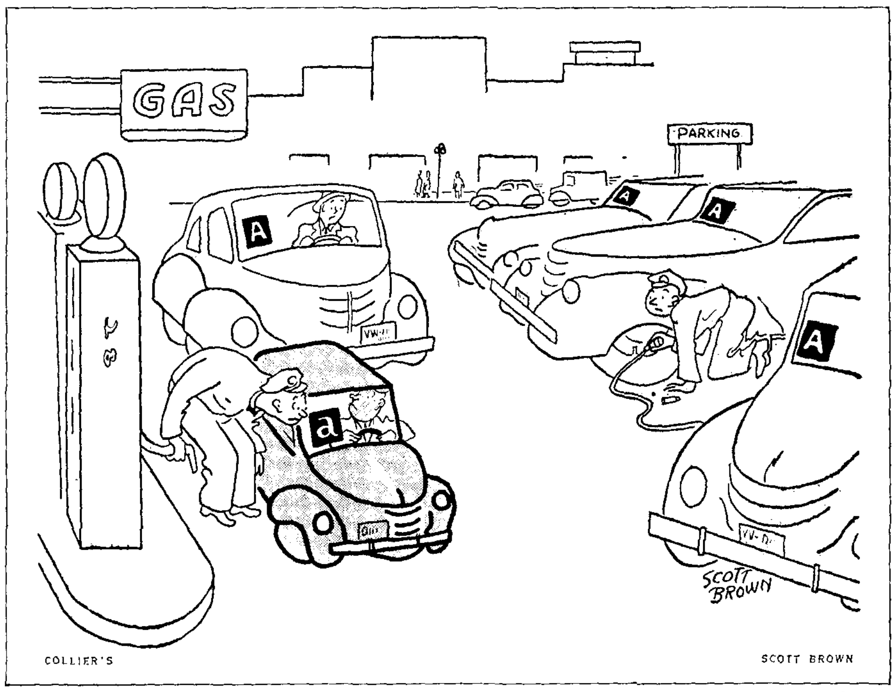
"Oh. Well, get going. You're clear."

It was something to think about, being there only a half-day. I turned it over in my mind and then there was that guy on the air cussing me out again. I gave the proper call, which was Apple Tower, and opened the throttles.

THE great range of the Sierra Nevadas kept pace with me on my right and the lowering sun on my left. The Cascades came into view and then I spotted Medford, Oregon, dead on the nose. There would be a night ahead of me in some dinky hotel and then a hop up to Seattle in the morning. Well, that would be all right. I eased the nose down, located the landing field and swung around for a straight approach.

While still about two miles from the field, I put the gear handle in the "down" position—and nothing happened. The retractable wheels stayed where they were, tucked up in the engine nacelles. I sat there for a moment, not thinking, and ran the handle up and down. There was no reaction. The wheels would not budge. Then I really sat up with a start and checked the engine pumps. There was no pressure and only one answer for that—a leak in the pump lines.

I grabbed a Transition Instructions report that was part of my kit, pulled the ship back to level flight, and read through the emergency wheel-lowering procedure. The part that was of importance to me read: ". . . have copilot go behind his seat and open small valve on floor to the left of silver emergency hydraulic can, and then pump handle on silver can until pressure builds up. This will move wheels forward approximately 8″. During process of landing and taxiing into the line, copilot will continue to maintain pressure on this emergency hydraulic pump. If sufficient pressure is not maintained while taxiing, and until such time as engines are shut off, landing gear will fold up under airplane."



COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN

I put the paper down and thought, "That's nice. Have the copilot do it. And where the heck am I supposed to get a copilot?" I could see the emergency gear from where I sat, but it was a physical impossibility to reach it and fly the airplane at the same time. A pretty kettle of fish on my first flight, though there was nothing really dangerous about it. I could make a belly landing and smash up a good ship, but I would be able to walk away from it, still sound in wind and limb. Only, of what possible use to the Army could a cracked airplane be on a field in Oregon?

I circled around and around the field and checked over the whole situation as I went. It was about six hours flying time from Long Beach to Seattle. I was supposed to have enough gas for that much flying, with a few minutes over. But, on the other hand, if I went on I would be breaking every regulation in the book, and the Army would not like that. I thought it all over and then decided to go on. There would be better repair facilities in Seattle and the plane would, at least, be at its destination.

As soon as the decision was made I thought, "The devil with it," and headed north for Seattle. I started climbing again to get over the mountains and reached for a lot of altitude. In a short while the sun sank below the horizon and there was a pale sunset and the purple-velvet land below. When it got sticky dark I went onto instruments and said to myself, "Let's face it, brother. Those mountains are hard." I climbed up to 16,000 and went onto blowers. I like altitude and plenty of it in a strange ship. You have more time to work out an emergency landing—just in case.

But the flight was smooth enough and nothing else went wrong. Seattle, even in the dim-out, was easily spotted. I came down low, circled and went on the air calling the tower with the proper code. Field lights suddenly blossomed into life under the port wing and I looked down at them and thought, "This is it, brother. Hang onto your hats, kids, here we go."

I dropped back for the longest possible approach and was about to call the tower again for the crash-squad to stand by, when I automatically reached for the gear handle and shoved it into the "down" position. There was a sharp whine in the cabin of the ship, and the plane slowed down another few knots. I blinked at the instrument panel and could hardly believe my eyes. The gear indicator registered Down and each wheel light was shining into my face. The gear was down and locked.

I sat back, let out a great sigh and relaxed. A belly landing is no joke, even if you can walk away from it. But now everything was all right. I got the flaps down, throttled back and came in at ninety knots for a baby-carriage landing and taxied over to the Army hangars.

WHEN I jumped to the ground and shook hands a pink-cheeked lieutenant walked toward me out of the darkness. "I'm taking over," he said. "We had reports on you all the way through, so I waited around. This is to be my ship."

I looked him over, a combat pilot, an infant, and said, "She's all yours. Let's get the paper work over with."

We made out the forms against the side of the plane and he remarked casually, "Aren't you ferry fellows supposed to be nested down before dark?"

"Yeah, we're supposed to be on the ground. But I ran into some trouble. The gear wouldn't come down over Medford. Leak somewhere. Evidently the pressure built up between Medford and here. Better have it checked."

He said, "That's a pretty good alibi. You got some babe you're supposed to meet here tonight?"

I felt like smacking that smooth chin of his, but controlled myself and said, "This plane is still my private property, chum. You sign on the release that you'll have the gear checked or you don't get the ship."

He appraised me through narrowed eyes, then shrugged and signed on the release. He said, "By the way, I can't make out your name."

"Burl Jenkins. Means nothing to you? I flew the Atlantic."

"Who hasn't?"

I didn't like that kid. I walked away and sent a wire to the Command, giving time of arrival. I could just about picture the blow-up back at the field. Then I inquired about an airliner back, but there was a bad front closing in, so I checked into a hotel and killed time drinking beer.

That front closed in, all right, with fog and rain and a little hail thrown in for good measure. It lasted for three days. On the fourth morning it cleared and I went out to the field and was placed on the first transport leaving for Los Angeles.

Late that afternoon I stood in Captain Dunham's office, again dripping perspiration from every pore. Lieutenants Leslie, Silvers and Wallace were also there, in addition to the deputy commander, the youngest lieutenant colonel in the Army. All of them were gravely blinking at me, the Army stare. I could already see myself on the way out.

The colonel said soberly, "Your show, Dunham."

"Yes, sir." Dunham fixed me with a glassy stare and said, "Well, Jenkins, I suppose you have some good reason for this. You landed in Seattle one hour and twenty-six minutes after official sunset with about four minutes of gas left in your tanks. You know the rules."

I FELT like I was caught in a trap and that my explanation was altogether too simple, but said doggedly, "If I had set that plane down at Medford it would have been a crash landing with a nice new bomber washed out. To be truthful, I figured the same thing would happen in Seattle, with the difference that they would be able to take care of it better up there. So I went ahead. Something, I don't know what, stopped the leak, pressure built up and I was able to land okay. That's the whole story."

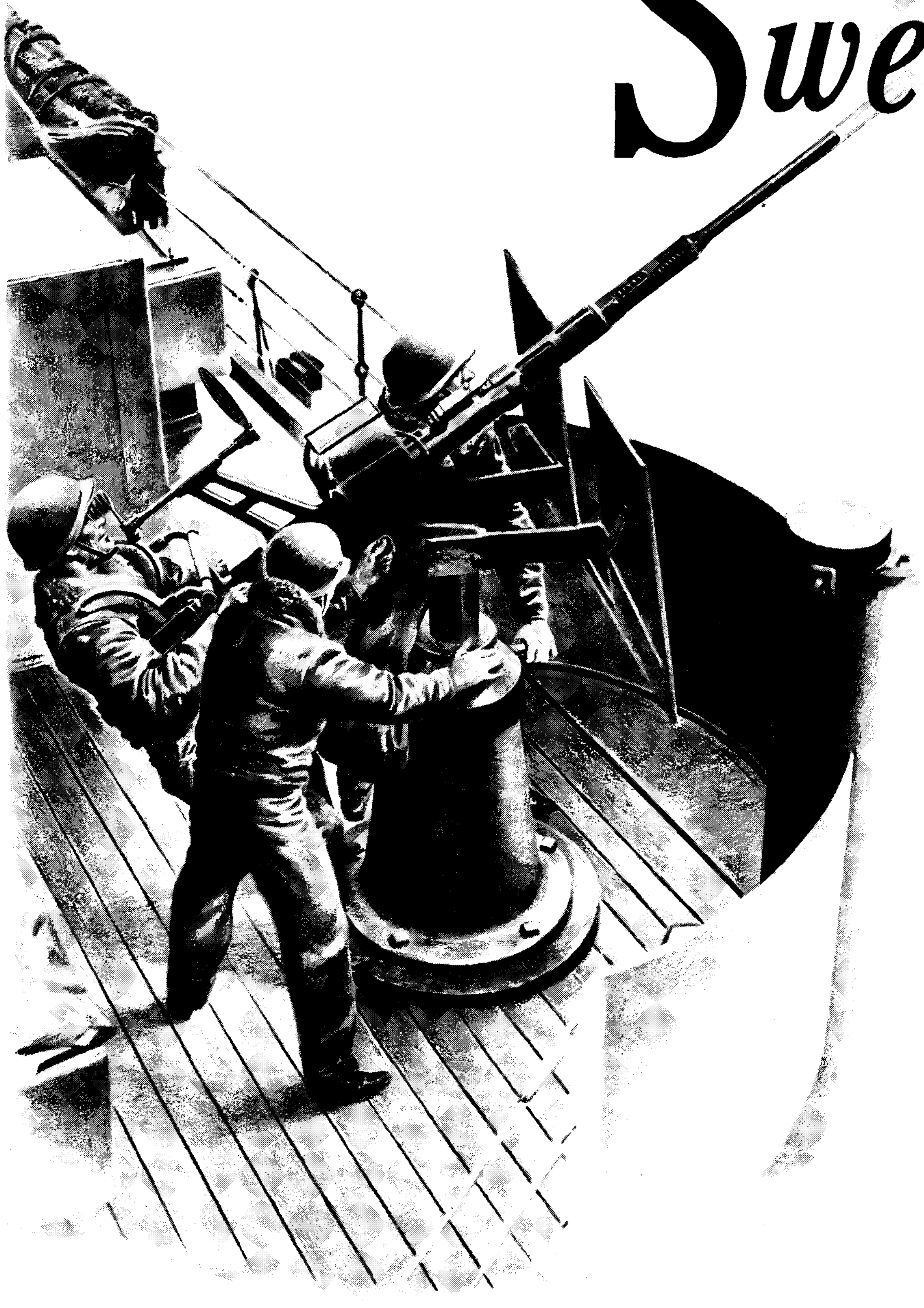
Dunham drawled, "Great day in the morning, man, that alibi's been used a dozen times." He leaned across the desk and his eyes were as cold as ice. "Even so," he said, "we would be inclined to give you the benefit of the doubt, except for one thing—your attitude. You came to us already convinced that the Army Air Forces were no good. You wanted no part of the Army. So you figured that if you broke a couple of rules on your first flight you'd be able to evade a commission and remain with us as a civilian pilot. The whole thing is pretty obvious." He paused a moment, while the hot blood mounted to my head, then said, "You might have lost that plane. Night flying does have certain perils. Have you seen the papers today?"

"No."

He shoved a newspaper across the desk and there in bold type was the story of an AAF raid over the Aleutians, coming out of Alaska. I looked up and said, "That's the kind of news I like to read."

Dunham leaned back and his eyes narrowed still further. "Yes," he said. "You took part in that raid, Mister Jenkins. The plane you delivered was a unit of what's now known as the Nip Project. That plane, the plane you owned when you left here, probably did a heap of

SAILOR'S Sweetheart!



She isn't big as naval guns go. And she isn't particularly pretty, either. But she's won the hearts of sailors wherever the Navy fights . . .

. . . because she does what's got to be done like nothing else in the world—when dive bombers come screaming in to attack, she simply blasts them to bits.

Firing seven explosive shells a *second,* this 20 mm. automatic anti-aircraft cannon is one of the most remarkable defensive weapons known to modern military science. Its rapid rate of fire, its extreme range and the size of its ammunition combine to make it, according to high Naval authorities, the "best defense ever devised against the dive bomber."

No man knows how many Navy vessels and convoy ships have been saved to date by the curtain of steel it blasts into the sky. All we know is that the Navy says, "Keep 'em coming—fast!"

And that's what we're doing—at the highest rate these hard-hitting killers have ever been produced—faster even than when we were awarded the "E" banner, *on which date this important war assignment was 11 months ahead of schedule!*

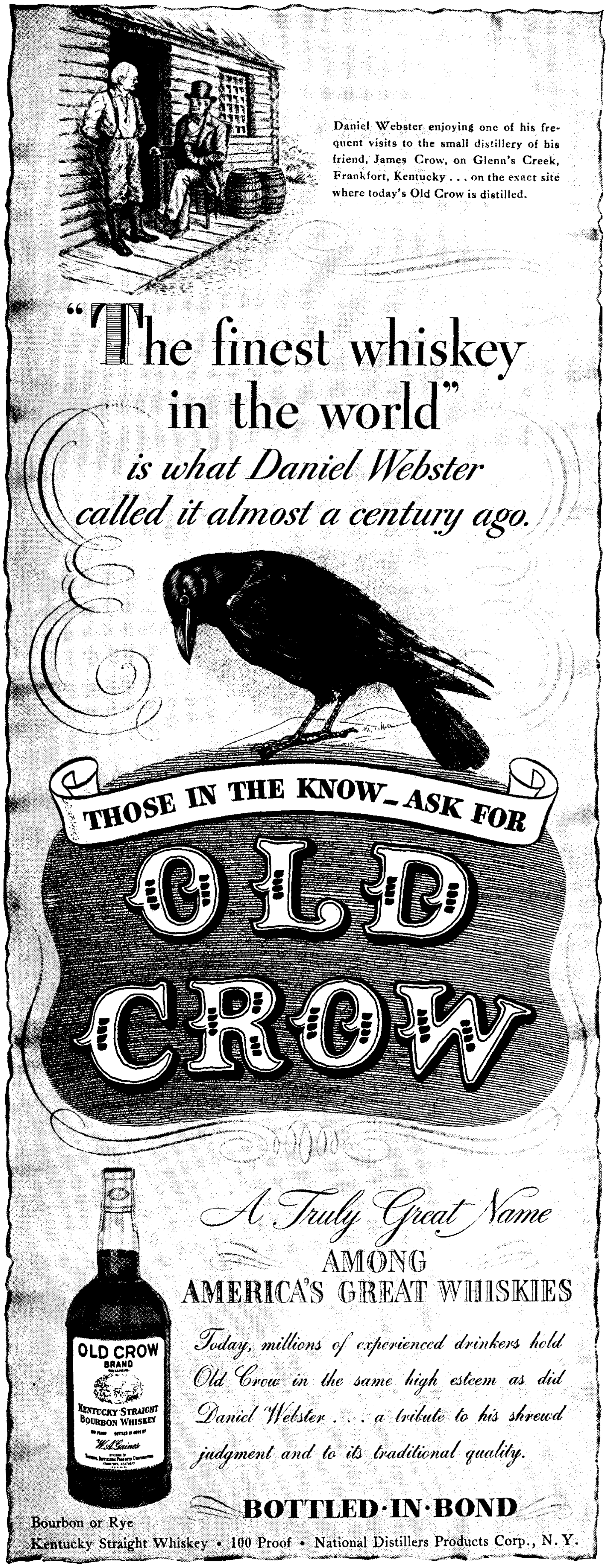
Yet large as it is, our production of 20 mm. cannon represents only a fraction of what we, as a part of American industry, are doing to supply our soldiers, sailors and marines with the implements of victory made possible by your purchase of War Bonds.

Our additional war assignments include Bofors automatic field guns, aerial torpedoes, major components for 13-ton high-speed tanks, Diesel inner-engine assemblies and vital units for Army trucks. Combined, they represent a project of already vast proportions—which is growing vaster every day . . . and which is being kept on or ahead of schedule not only by our own thousands of employees but also those of the *1500 subcontracting companies* who are presently working with us.

IT TAKES A LOT OF MONEY
TO WIN A WAR—*BUY*
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

GM ARMS FOR VICTORY

PONTIAC DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**



Daniel Webster enjoying one of his frequent visits to the small distillery of his friend, James Crow, on Glenn's Creek, Frankfort, Kentucky . . . on the exact site where today's Old Crow is distilled.

"The finest whiskey in the world" is what Daniel Webster called it almost a century ago.

THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

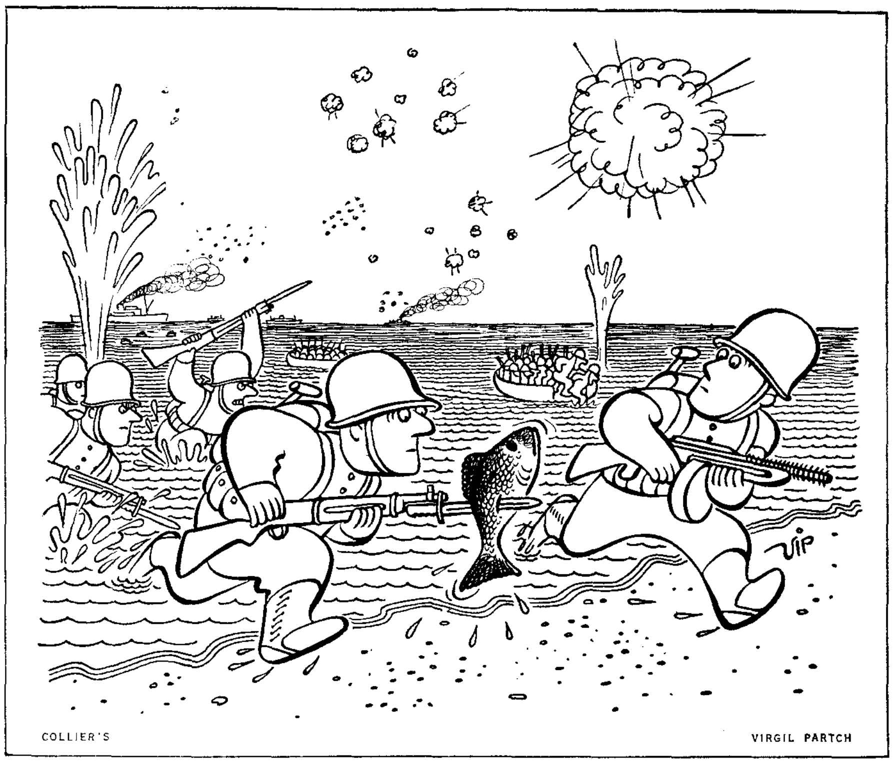
OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Today, millions of experienced drinkers hold Old Crow in the same high esteem as did Daniel Webster . . . a tribute to his shrewd judgment and to its traditional quality.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Bourbon or Rye
Kentucky Straight Whiskey • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.



damage. That's why we like them delivered—with caution."

I looked out the window. That kid, I thought, that infant; the pink-cheeked babe. Why, while I was drinking beer in Seattle he was bombing the living daylights out of the Japs and, with that particular type of plane, strafing their bases as well. My ship. Who was it said the Army blundered about? Me? I said that? But that kid, over Jap bases—

I glanced back at Dunham and that trapped feeling was closing in like a steel band. There was nothing to say and I could hardly blame them for not believing what I had already said. It did seem pretty thin, even to me.

Dunham said, "You disobeyed orders. That's hardly what we're looking for in our pilots, is it?"

HE WAS about to say something more, but Lieutenant Wallace suddenly stepped forward and said, "Begging your pardon, sir, I am partly responsible for that. I could have done something to help correct Mr. Jenkins' attitude. It was my duty to do so, but I kept my mouth shut. I thought I'd let him find out the hard way."

Leslie also stepped forward and said, "I might add, sir, that Mr. Jenkins had a completely misinformed understanding of the Army Air Forces. I should have explained things to him, particularly the rapidity with which we get things done in this new Army. I, too, am partly to blame."

Silvers mumbled, "Me, too, Captain. He made some cracks I didn't like, but I just let them go. I think I can safely say that Mr. Jenkins honestly wants to do a bang-up job."

The others nodded with him and I stared at them. They actually believed me to be guilty, but were trying to help me out, anyway. I didn't get it.

The colonel leaned forward and said, "You seem to have made some good friends, Jenkins, for being with us such a short time. It surprises me." He sharply glanced at Wallace and asked, "Why are you going to bat for this man?"

"Well, sir." Wallace grinned. "I kind of felt the same way he did when I first went in the Army. But the main thing is that he's a pilot and a darned good one."

The colonel ran his hand over his mouth to hide a smile and said, "We have other good pilots."

"We can always use another one, sir."

"H'mmmmm. So we can. Yes, indeed." Then he turned to me. "Jenkins."

"Yes, sir!"

"Uh—well—do you think a thing like this could happen again?"

He was going to drop it. I could see that. All I had to do was to admit that I had made a mistake and assure them it wouldn't happen again. God knows, I am no Pollyanna, but suddenly those two words, "officer material," had taken on a meaning that had never been in my mind before. What to say was a tough problem, the toughest I have ever had to face. If I stuck by my guns I would go out on my ear. But on the other hand, if I lied about it—

A stenographer came in and placed a telegram on Dunham's desk. He read it through, then sat there for a long time staring at me. Then finally he cleared his throat and said, "This is from the combat unit now in Alaska. It reads, 'EXTEND THANKS CIVILIAN PILOT BURL JENKINS FOR INDICATING FAULTY GEAR PUMP STOP UNDOUBTEDLY AVERTED LATER CRASH STOP GREETINGS TO MEMBERS YOUR STAFF FOR SPLENDID CO-OPERATION NIP PROJECT.' "

Dunham spread the telegram on his desk and smoothed it out with his hands. He cleared his throat a few times, glanced sidewise at the colonel, who was carefully studying some detail about the floor, then got to his feet with a hasty glance at his watch. "Well, what do you know about that? It's almost time for dinner."

"Really?" the colonel said, looking up very surprised. "Y' know, the officers' club bar should be open about now. I—uh—could do with a little beer, or something. How about the rest of you gentlemen?"

All of us left the office together, glad to get out of there. We started down the road toward the club and on the way the colonel said, "Jenkins, about a commission in the Army Air Forces—I—uh—would personally like to send in the recommendation, if you don't mind."

Mind? What did he think he was talking about?

You say you want a Liberator in Bombay? A Fortress in Australia? A Lockheed in London? A Mustang in Egypt? You've come to the right man, brother. Second Lieutenant Burl Jenkins, that's me. A shavetail. And tickled silly about it.

THE END

The Man Without Fingerprints

Continued from page 16

agent in charge of the El Paso field office of the F.B.I. what we all, of course, knew: that his unidentifiable fingerprints were not a freak of nature but the result of someone's wholly inexplicable manipulation. But neither this admission nor anything else the prisoner could be persuaded to say revealed the identity of the renegade surgeon who had performed this sinister miracle.

All we had to go on in the more important search which now began was that the operation, however it was performed, must have occurred between March 28, 1941, when Pitts was arrested in Miami, Florida, with his fingerprints intact, and October 30, 1941, when he was arrested near Austin, Texas, with his fingerprints completely nonexistent.

We were obviously dealing with some furtive figure whose alliance with the criminal world had so far been successfully concealed. To find him among the more than 160,000 doctors in the United States was, we had to admit, a large order. For that matter, the operator might not have been a physician.

The F.B.I. Gets a Clue

Pitts himself, as a source of information, remained stubbornly unpromising. The man's past associates, therefore, seemed to be our one best bet. With this idea in mind, we sought out and interrogated hoodlums known to have been implicated in the long list of crimes in which the prisoner Pitts had participated, also the known cellmates with whom he had been thrown into contact during his frequent periods of incarceration. Finally one of the latter broke down and admitted that Pitts had mentioned a name to him in connection with his operation and that the name sounded like Brandenburg.

With this much to go on, special agents of the Charlotte, North Carolina, field office of the F.B.I. (Charlotte was the Pitts family's home town) put the identity question up to Ted Pitts, Robert's brother, an inmate of the city jail. Ted proved a tough customer, too, so far as giving up information was concerned, but finally he did admit that Robert had said that he had had an operation performed somewhere "up North"—he thought, in New Jersey.

Name: Brandenburg.

Place: New Jersey.

Time: Between March 28 and October 30, 1941.

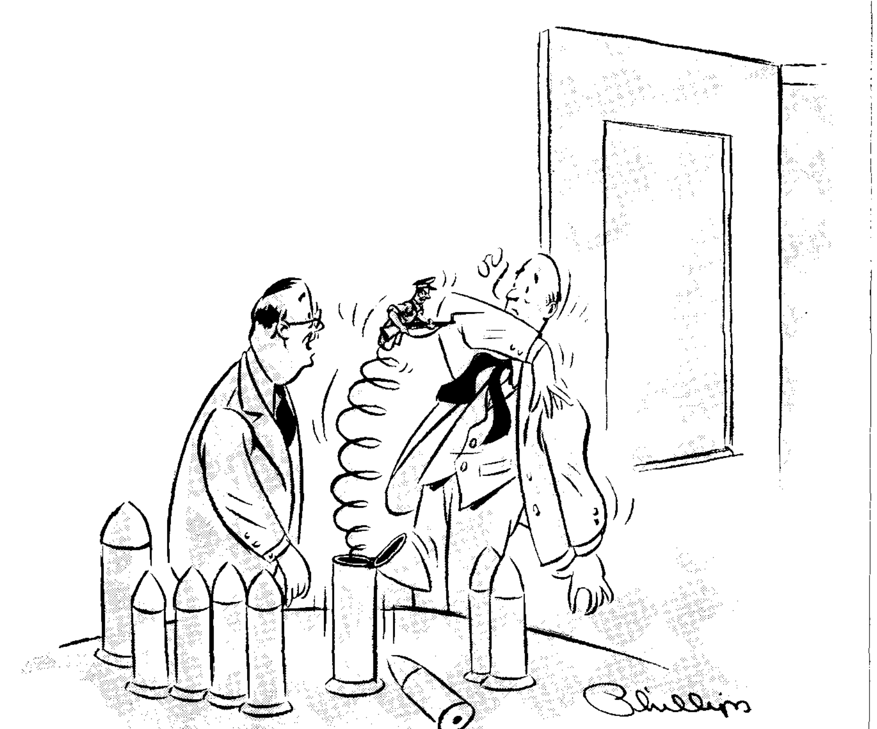
We were getting somewhere. Word was immediately flashed to the Newark office of the bureau, and a Doctor Leopold William August Brandenburg, Jr., was located at an address on Hudson Boulevard in Union City, New Jersey.

He was the big, gusty type of medical man, an obese individual nearly six feet in height and broad quite out of proportion. His huge, fatted body lumbered as he walked, his clumsiness accentuated by a pronounced limp, due, it was said, to an attack of infantile paralysis. Brown, buttony eyes peered out of deep indentations in the flesh of his face, which elsewhere hung in heavy folds from wholly invisible cheek- and jawbones. He wore small rimless glasses, the bowed kind for ordinary occasions and the pince-nez for show. One would hardly say that his manner, bedside or otherwise, inspired confidence. He seemed to lean too heavily on the old theory that all the world loves a fat man. Nevertheless, there was nothing the least bit sinister in his genial, smiling face.

Obviously, we had no case against this apparently respectable physician. We couldn't just barge in and say, "Look here, you performed some kind of illegal operation, we know not what, on a man named Pitts."

Pitts himself undoubtedly would swear that we were lying, and the two crooks who had given us the fragmentary information on which we were acting would most likely change their testimony when the case came to trial.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation seeks to avoid such contingencies. We want every charge we make to stick, and we are proud of the fact that more than 97 per cent of our cases, when they do get into court, result in convictions. So



"We're having a little difficulty getting the Elite Trick and Novelty Company converted for war production"

COLLIER'S IRVING PHILLIPS

DON'T RUIN FALSE TEETH BY BRUSHING

WITH MAKESHIFT CLEANERS

DON'T DO THIS

TOOTHPASTES, TOOTH POWDERS, soap and household cleansers are not intended for dental plates, which are much softer than natural teeth. Many of these makeshift cleaners scratch, wear down, ruin dentures.

PLAY SAFE...SOAK THEM CLEAN IN POLIDENT

Soaking plates and bridges in Polident, *dissolves* the daily accumulation of cloudy film and ugly stains . . . cleans those hard-to-reach corners without the dangers of brushing; maintains the original natural appearance of dentures.

DO THIS EVERY DAY!

Put one capful of POLIDENT in ½ glass of luke warm water. Stir briskly. Place plate or bridge in this solution for 15 minutes, or over night if convenient. Rinse well—and it's ready to use!

No Brushing — No Scouring

Plate Wearers Often Worst Breath Offenders

The film that collects on plates, bridges, soaks up odors and impurities. This often causes offensive "Denture Breath." You won't know you have it—*but others will!* Yet POLIDENT, used regularly, dissolves film—leaves plates odor-free, sweet. Millions call Polident a blessing.

Soaking in Polident cleans plates *better*—and it is *safer* than brushing. Less handling, less chance of dropping. Soaking in Polident avoids the danger of brushing away the important "fitting ridges" of your plate—avoids brushing invisible scratches into the plate, causing stains to collect faster, cling tighter.

Polident is recommended by many leading dentists and approved by the leading makers of modern denture materials.

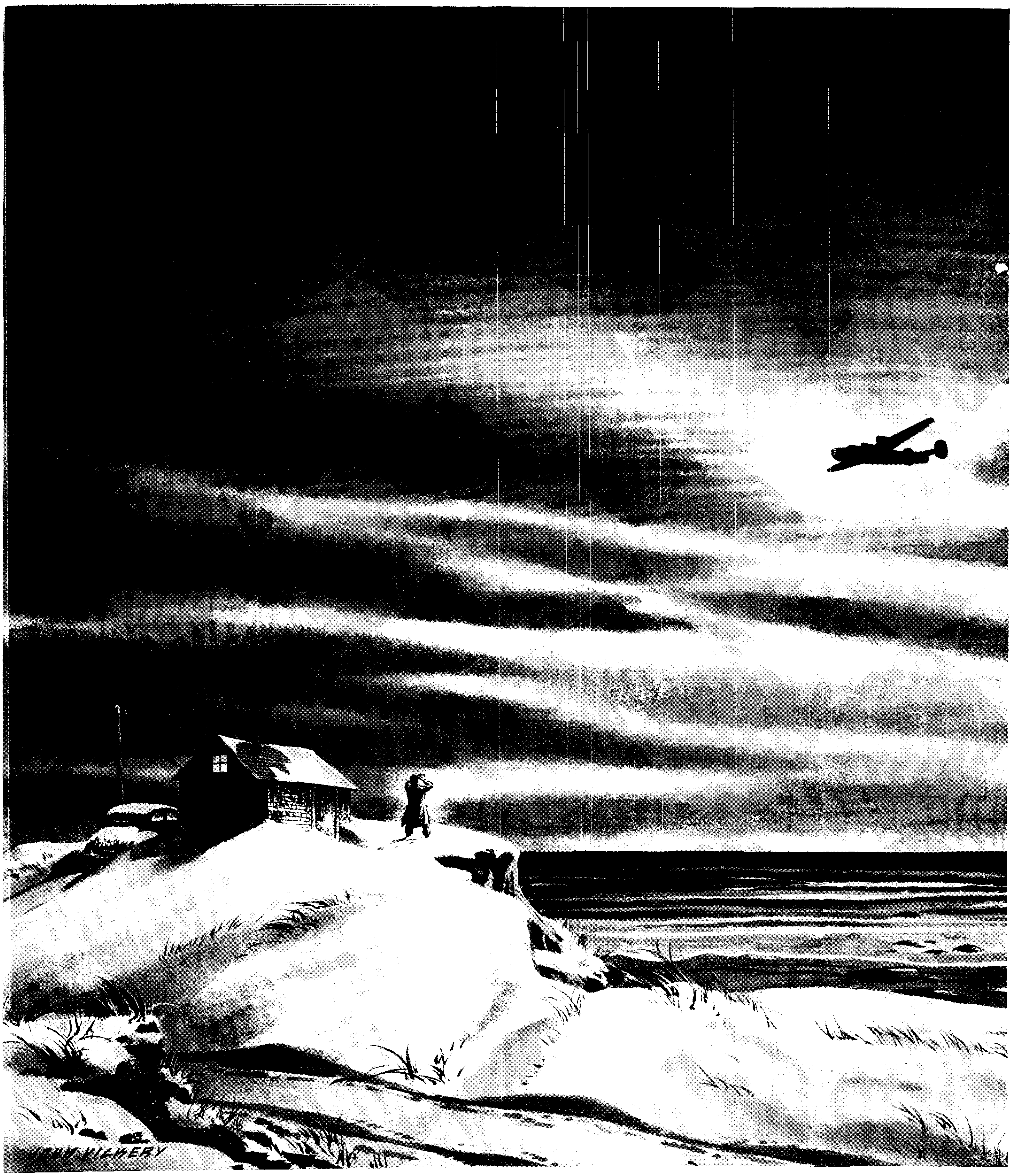
LESS THAN A PENNY A DAY

Generous 3 oz. size—30¢. Economy size, 7 oz. —60¢. At all drug, dept., variety stores. Less than 1¢ a day for safe cleaning of dentures. Today—get Polident.

POLIDENT

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

The Safe Modern Way to Clean Plates and Bridges


JOHN VICKERY

CONSOLIDATED

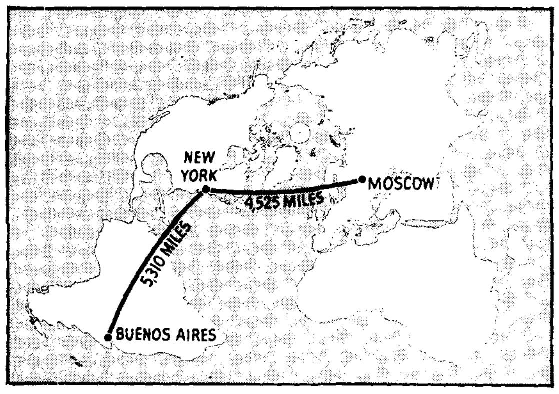
TO AMERICA'S FIRST PLANE SPOTTER

We don't know who you were.

But the night you went on duty marked the end of the world, as most Americans had always known it.

You were a symbol of the realization that oceans are merely hours across by air. You were an admission that the barriers of land and water had been lifted. You were our first bow to the new global geography where distance is reckoned by the skyways as well as by nautical miles.

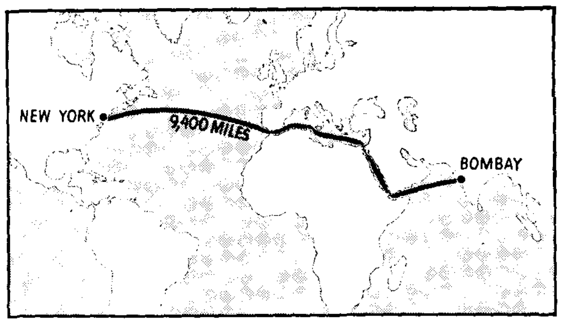
We are fighting the war today on that new global geography. We're fighting for remote pin-point islands in the Pacific because they can be potent air bases. We're fighting in the Aleutian fogs because from Kiska a bomber could strike at Detroit almost as easily as at San Diego.



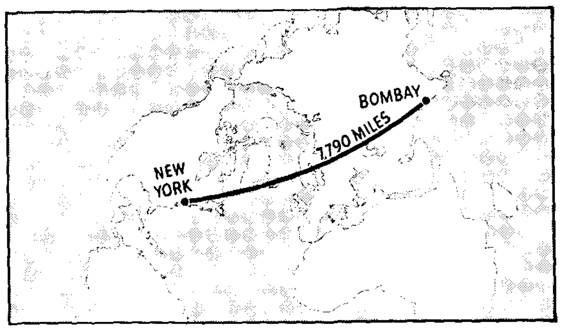
New York is closer *to Moscow, by plane, than it is to our South American neighbor, Buenos Aires.*

There is no need to labor the point that this is an air-minded war. The newspaper headlines never let you forget it. And as you read them, remember that we must remain equally air-minded in victory.

The countries of this new, sky-linked world will be bound together more closely, geographically and physically, than our own states were at the turn of the century. Today, wherever you may live, no spot on the once-wide globe is farther than 60 hours away from your local airport.



The sea route *from New York to Bombay is about 9400 miles. It is a 3-week voyage.*



Today's skyward route *from New York to Bombay is about 7790 miles. Flying time: 39 hours.*

Realization of how the plane has shrunk our world is vital to straight thinking about the kind of peace that *can* last. With this new conception of global geography, you see the world as it is—a clustering of nations whose nearness makes them inter-dependent and inter-related. Without this new conception, you are looking at a world that used to be—a world where nations lived in the safety of remoteness, protected by distances that no longer exist and seas that have been narrowed to millponds.

FROM	TO	SURFACE TIME		AIR TIME	
New York	Chungking, China	11,300 M	31 days	7500 M	38 hrs.
New York	Moscow, Russia	5700 M	8 days	4525 M	23 hrs.
New York	London, England	3700 M	5 days	3462 M	17 hrs.
San Francisco	Brisbane, Australia	8200 M	21 days	7050 M	35 hrs.
Chicago	Fairbanks, Alaska	4090 M	8 days	2730 M	14 hrs.

Approximate traveling time *and distances as you have known them in the past and as you will come to know them in the Air Age.*

But understanding alone isn't enough. If the global community is to live together in freedom and enduring peace after the war, the nations which deeply believe in freedom and peace must possess air supremacy.

To bring this supremacy about, first in war and then in peace, is the aim of the tens of thousands of men and women who make up America's aircraft industry.

• • •

Consolidated Aircraft Corporation

San Diego, California • Fort Worth, Texas

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

In 1929, Consolidated was already building America's biggest planes. The company is 20 years old this year.

• • •

Today Consolidated is building: the B-24 Liberator, (*4-engine, long-range, land-based bomber*)—PB2Y Coronado patrol bomber, (*4-engine long-range flying boat*)—PBY Catalina patrol bomber, (*twin-motored, long-range flying boat*)—the C-87 Liberator Transport, (*cargo-plane version of the Liberator bomber*).

In Fort Worth, Texas, where nothing but grazing land stood a year and a half ago, one of the world's longest aircraft assembly lines is now delivering a steady flow of 28-ton C-87 Liberator Transports. These planes are daily spanning both oceans with military supplies and personnel for our global fighting fronts.

• • •

Consolidated was one of the first aircraft manufacturers to establish a training school for Army Air Forces mechanics and ground crew. "Camp Consair"—complete with barracks, officers' quarters, mess halls, laboratories, classroom buildings, and hospital—adjoins the Consolidated plant at San Diego.

Winston Churchill used a Liberator for his flight to Moscow. General H. H. Arnold flew in a Liberator from Brisbane, Australia, to San Francisco in the record time of 35 hours and 53 minutes.

It was a Consolidated Liberator, dubbed the "Gulliver," which carried Wendell Willkie on his round-the-world flight. The "Gulliver" was the first plane in history to span Siberia and cut across the Gobi Desert and Mongolia, the first to fly from China to the U.S. via Alaska.

The 31,000-mile route blazed by this globe-girdling Liberator will probably become one of the regular skyways of post-war aerial travel and commerce.

• • •

Ford and North American are also building the B-24 Liberator under license from Consolidated. Similarly, in Canada, Boeing and Vickers are building the Consolidated Catalina patrol bomber.

• • •

Turning out great numbers of long-range bombers like the Liberator, is Consolidated's major wartime job. But we are not doing this job single-handed. More than 2000 sub-contractors and suppliers, in many parts of the U. S., are working round the clock to provide many of the materials and parts for this giant bomber.

AIRCRAFT ***DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF THE LIBERATOR, CORONADO, CATALINA, C-87 TRANSPORT***

we resolved to leave our rotund doctor in the full enjoyment of his obviously complete sense of security while we conducted a thorough investigation into his professional and personal life.

There had, it seems, been two arrests on charges of criminal abortion, one in 1928 and one as late as March, 1942, but the community had apparently accepted the nol-prossing of the first charge and the failure of the grand jury to indict on the second as sufficient evidences of the physician's innocence. We also discovered that Brandenburg had been arrested in 1934 for writing prescriptions for narcotics without having registered under the Harrison Act, but since this was a first offense, he was let off with a nominal fine.

The real Mr. Hyde under the mountainous flesh of this oversize Dr. Jekyll did not begin to emerge until we found that he had been arrested and convicted in 1934 as an accessory in a $100,000 mail robbery which occurred—of all places—at Charlotte, North Carolina. (This is not to be confused with the recent warehouse robbery for which the prisoner Pitts was wanted by the North Carolina authorities.) The rough work was left to four notorious hoodlums—Ike Kostner, Ludwig "Dutch" Schmidt, Basil Banghart and "Ice Wagon" Connors. Brandenburg's own reported role was strictly financial.

Five days after the robbery, using the name of George A. Scofield, he deposited $10,000 in new five-dollar bills in the Rutherford Bank of Rutherford, New Jersey. Subsequently he claimed that he had deposited the money under an alias because there were outstanding judgments against him. The authorities, however, had little difficulty in proving that these bills were part of the loot taken from the mail shipment of newly issued money from the United States Treasury, and the doctor escaped the fate of his fellow defendants—a long stretch on the Rock at Alcatraz—only when his conviction was reversed on appeal, on the claim that the government had not proved Brandenburg *knew* the money he handled was stolen from the mails.

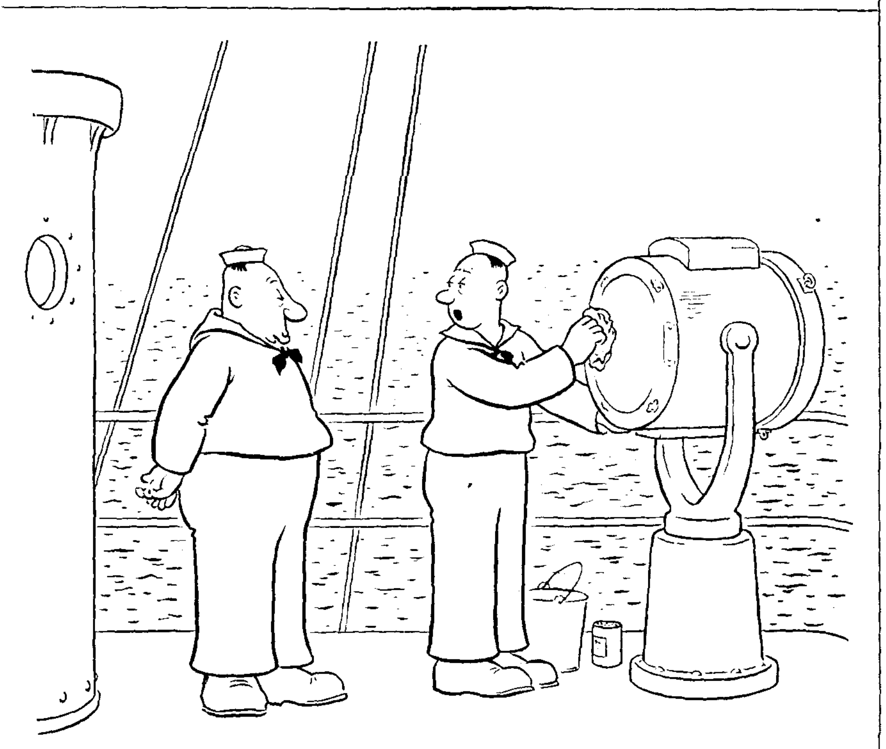
All of which tended to show that Leo Brandenburg had been a bad boy but did not prove that he had made Robert Pitts' fingerprints disappear or indicate how he had done it.

Trail of a Criminal

Meanwhile, our nation-wide hunt for associates of Pitts had reached the Rock at Alcatraz. Officials remembered the man very well. He was normal enough then as to finger tips; they couldn't help on that; but they recalled that he seemed to be on chummy terms with some of the prison's most notorious inmates, including Carl Rettich, boss of the so-called Rhode Island mob, the latter's associates, Tommy Dugan, Charley Harrington and Sonny McClone, and likewise three hoodlums allegedly associated with Brandenburg as a result of the North Carolina mail robbery, especially Dutch Schmidt.

Here was the first definite link, and the special agents tried their best to forge it into the chain which would lead to the doctor's arrest and the discovery of his method. Dutch Schmidt, leader of the North Carolina mail-robbery gang, we learned, had told Pitts that if he ever got into trouble, Doc Brandenburg was the man to see, but Dutch professed to know nothing of the latter's adventures in criminal surgery. Once more, the evidence against Brandenburg was not sufficiently conclusive to assure a conviction, especially since it came, as before, out of the mouth of a known crook.

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred, that was six months ago you beat me at checkers, and it's time you quit following me around and gloating about it"

COLLIER'S

One thing, however, the investigation had accomplished: The conviction of Pitts for his part in the North Wilkesboro warehouse robbery and the imposition of such a severe sentence—sixteen to twenty years—that this hardened criminal was induced to take the step which led indirectly to the unmasking of Brandenburg and the divulging of the fingerprint secret.

Pitts might have taken a shorter stretch in his stride—he had done it many times before—but sixteen years as a minimum was too much for the 32-year-old man to accept without a struggle. He must have money to hire lawyers to get his conviction reversed or his sentence reduced. For the second time he recalled Dutch Schmidt's advice: When in trouble, try Brandenburg.

From the Raleigh State Prison, Pitts dispatched a typewritten communication addressed to "Mr. Bob Everett, Beach Haven, New Jersey," which fell by mistake into the hands of a woman who opened it and found, inside the outer envelope, another on which was typed:

"Bob, please rush this letter to Doc Brandenburg as it is important and don't send it by mail. . . . Bob.

"Rush rush rush rush rush rush rush!"

The letter demanded that Brandenburg send $800 at once in $100 bills to a woman in Charlotte, North Carolina, told the purpose for which the writer wanted the money, stated that the F.B.I. had been to see him, and concluded with the rather pointed suggestion that the authorities would give a great deal to have him identify the doctor who had tampered with his finger tips.

Inquiry revealed that there had been frequent contacts between Brandenburg and one Robert Everett in Beach Haven. Meanwhile, the technical laboratory of the F.B.I. made the necessary examinations to make sure that the typing on the letters and envelopes were identical with the type of the machine Pitts had had access to in the Raleigh prison.

"I tell you this is a stick-up! You can't just brush me off by saying 'har-r-um-mph!'"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

The evidence linking Brandenburg and Pitts and identifying the former as the surgeon who operated on the latter's fingers was now complete—and, at last, in indisputable documentary form. Confronted with it and the realization that he could no longer hope for aid from his doctor accomplice, the prisoner agreed to tell the whole story.

Following the North Carolina warehouse robbery in May, 1941, Pitts fled north and obeyed Dutch Schmidt's instructions to place himself in the hands of Doc Brandenburg. The latter took him to another physician, the head of a Union City hospital, introduced him under the name of Jack Cline and told him that Cline would like to have the scar on his face removed. The doctor admitted performing the facial operation without charge as a professional courtesy to Brandenburg.

Then followed the more serious operation on the finger tips, which Doctor Brandenburg performed at his own residence. Pitts, having made up his mind to talk, did so in all the gruesome detail that most people employ in telling about their operations. For readers with weak stomachs we will make the explanation as brief as possible.

The Agonizing Operation

First, the flesh at the ends of the fingers of his left hand was cut away right down to the bone, a procedure which he described with indubitable veracity as "extremely painful." Then, he said, his left hand was taped to the right side of his chest and allowed to remain in that position for three weeks, with his mangled fingers digging into the flesh of his body.

Later, the same procedure was adopted with his right hand and the left side of his chest. In each case, when permanent physical adherence had been achieved, a scalpel was used to cut his fingers loose, with a portion of the flesh of his body clinging to the tips, or, more accurately, forming new tips entirely devoid of fingerprints.

Five hitherto unexplained scars on each side of the prisoner's torso attested to the accuracy of this statement. So did the careful check made on the individuals with whom Pitts had boarded throughout the nearly seven weeks occupied by the operations and convalescences.

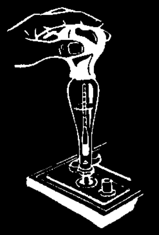
As a result, Doctor Brandenburg was convicted on August 4, 1942, in the United States District Court at Newark, New Jersey, before Judge William Barker, who denied a motion to set aside the verdict and immediately sentenced Brandenburg to serve three years in a federal penitentiary. Counsel for Brandenburg have made the usual appeal, but it can be stated that his career as a crime doctor is definitely ended. Even if he survives all threats to his liberty, he will be a marked man whose opportunities for evil deeds will be strictly limited.

Likewise, the demonstrated futility of either performing or suffering an operation, which, from its very nature, makes the patient for the rest of his life an object of the gravest suspicion, will probably prevent any other apostate surgeon from attempting to walk in the Jersey doctor's footsteps—which led, we have seen, to speedy and certain retribution.

THE END

★

Ask Your
DELCO BATTERY DEALER
to



CHECK WITH HYDROMETER to determine if battery is in the proper state of charge. Should be checked at least once a month.

ADD WATER to prevent damage to plates and separators, thereby prolonging life of battery. Electrolyte level should be checked every month.

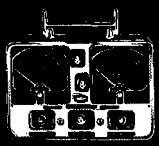
CLEAN TERMINALS

to prevent corrosion and to secure good electrical connections. Insures full power from battery for cranking, winter or summer.

CHECK FOR WORN AND CORRODED CABLES

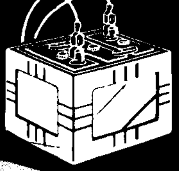
to guard against electrical failures due to short circuits and high resistance. Damaged cables should be replaced when needed.

CHECK GENERATOR CHARGING RATE



to prevent overcharging or undercharging of battery. Either shortens battery life. Overcharging is indicated by excessive need for water.

RECHARGE BATTERY



(if needed) to prolong life of battery. Dealer will determine and correct the cause of the run-down condition.

★

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This winter, under wartime mileage rationing, your battery is "up against it!" Those short trips at low speeds probably won't put as much charge back *in* as you take *out* for starting, lights, heater, radio and other electrical equipment. On top of that, starting will be harder, since engine and engine oils will become cold and stiff during the stretches when your car is not in use. To help protect your battery against these conditions, have it checked once a month, and recharged when necessary. See your local Delco battery dealer, whatever the make of your battery.

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IT PAYS TO LISTEN

—By Helena Huntington Smith

They're known as the Screwball Division, these 60-odd linguists who listen to all the world's radios for Uncle Sam. But there's nothing screwy about the job they're doing. Information they pick up from our loquacious enemies is helping to win the war

QUITE a long time before last November 7th—the exact date has not been disclosed—a man in the Office of War Information had a phone call from an Army officer. Did he happen to know of anybody, the officer asked, who knew Arabic? No reason was given for the request, and you don't ask questions of the Army these days.

"We haven't got anybody around here," said the OWI man. "But why don't you call Harold Graves at the FBIS? They've got all kinds of people over there who talk all kinds of languages."

The FBIS—short for Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service—is the organization that listens to the world's radios for Uncle Sam. Its monitoring station in Washington has, besides editors and analysts, some sixty fantastic linguists on its staff—people who are fluently at home in anywhere from three or four up to a couple of dozen languages apiece. Their job is to intercept and translate the short-wave broadcasts of Rome, Berlin, Vichy and a score of lesser stations, which daily pour out Axis propaganda in more languages than were ever spoken in the Tower of Babel.

Among the monitors is Dr. Habib J. Awad, an Oriental savant who was born in the republic of Lebanon, near Syria. Dr. Awad holds Ph.D.'s from institutions of learning in Brooklyn, in Beirut, in Buffalo, N. Y., in Rome and quite a few other places, and he speaks twenty-five languages, most of which are Arabic when they are not Turkish or Persian or Hindustani or something else. His ordinary task is listening to propaganda broadcast daily by the Axis to the peoples of the Near East. He and the Army officer were duly introduced to each other.

Then, curtain. Until, on the night of November 7th, American forces landed in Africa and the little affair of Dr. Awad became one more "Now it can be told." At the Army's request he had made recordings in seven Arabic dialects, spoken in as many parts of Africa. As a result, on the morning of November 8th, London heard a voice coming from Radio Rabat in Morocco. *"Habitants du Maroc,"* it said. *"Ici le poste Américain, Secteur du Maroc"*—which was a queer way for the American Army to talk and which, freely translated, meant: "People of Morocco: You are listening to a U. S. Forces transmitter in the Moroccan sector." Then followed the Roosevelt and Eisenhower messages to the Moroccan people.

As another result, American troops are now able to address to the people of Morocco, Algeria and other countries, such useful and touching phrases as "How are you?" "Speak more slowly, please," and "Where is the movie?"

This modest contribution to the second front was a little off the usual FBIS line, which is radio intelligence. The shabby old building in Washington—it's a converted apartment house—is part of a listening network that covers the world. The United States has monitoring stations in San Francisco; in Portland, Oregon; in Kingsville, Texas; and in Puerto Rico. San Francisco and Portland listen to Russia and the Far East, with particular attention to Japanese Empire broadcasts. Kingsville listens to Latin America. Puerto Rico picks up medium- and long-wave broadcasts in the Caribbean area, which would not otherwise be heard here, and gets a few from Africa besides. Washington, of course, hears London, as well as Hitler's Europe. Much of our effort, in fact, is directed toward catching the broadcasts of our allies.

But whether we are listening directly to Berlin and Tokyo, or to what comes over from Moscow or Mexico City or London, the fundamental object is the same: to catch every scrap of information which may be flying through the air in any part of the world, about the enemy.

The real receiving station in Washington is outside the city and is connected by telephone with the old building. Twenty monitors listen in relays around the clock, and as they listen they type out summaries, which are put on the tele-

Here at the State desk of the FBIS David Goodman checks latest Nazi radio claims on a map. The desk monitors, edits foreign broadcasts for State and other government departments

type for the Army, the Navy, the State Department, the White House and other interested customers in the government.

The monitor's job is to catch the possibly epoch-making words of Hitler or Laval through the shrieks, crackles, sputters, whistles and roars of static. At the same time he must type, translate and summarize, and his summary must hit the high spots. As a trick it is rather like the one you tried as a child rotating one hand on your tummy while patting your head with the other. Forty translators work along with the monitors, turning out complete texts of important broadcasts.

The translator can take his time, relatively speaking, but he has to work from a record playing it over and over to catch doubtful phrases. Berlin puts out a program called, in English, "Hot Shots from the Front," which is the particular *bête noire* of translators. It purports to be a genuine program of close-ups of the front and it probably is, in most cases. What with the announcer yelling, planes roaring, shells and bombs exploding, and the static, every translator who hears it for the first time has nightmares.

The enemy is not quite so smart as we have been led to believe him. Nor are we ourselves so dumb. We labor under the delusion that the democracies do all the talking. Actually, the enemy talks plenty, trying to sell his "glorious New Order" to the world. And when he talks he gives himself away. Day in and day out a careful check of his utterances, comparing them with what he said a month, a year, two years ago, gives a clue to his weaknesses and his intentions. This checking is done by the Analysis Division, composed largely of transplanted college professors. In fact, the whole FBIS organization is rife with Ph.D.'s, one of whom, Robert Devore Leigh, is the head of it. He is an ex-president of two colleges, Bennington in Vermont and Bard College on the Hudson.

The job of the Analysis Division is to point to such things as the gradual deflation of Hitler in his three October speeches, from the high of 1940 to the low of 1942. There is also the matter of inadvertencies. Most of the story of these "slips" can't be told until after the war, because most of it is military, but a few hints have been dropped. Once, an item picked out of the air in the morning had by midafternoon saved military equipment of more value than the maintenance cost of the listening post for a year—to say nothing of lives.

A Slip of the Tongue

Another time, quite recently, the Berlin radio was heard to say that the Luftwaffe had bombed Schluesselburg, a fort on the outskirts of Leningrad. A routine item, apparently—unless you recalled that a year ago the Nazis claimed the capture of Schluesselburg. Those closemouthed Russians have evidently taken it back.

The monitors could, if they wanted to, get out a column of news and gossip about the enemy. For instance: "Here is Hans Fritzche back on the air in Berlin. He is the slickest propagandist of all the Berlin commentators; a while back they moved him out to bolster the sagging spirits of the soldiers on the Russian front. But now they need him to do some explaining to South America. . . . Fred Kaltenbach, the Iowa Lord Hee-Haw, seems to be doing right well for himself over there. He's used for important stuff lately, could almost be called a mouthpiece of Goebbels. . . . On the other hand Robert Best, the renegade American newspaperman, is slipping, his Southern voice has been recognized in English broadcasts to North America, reading routine station news announcements *anonymously*—which is pretty clear evidence that they don't think much of him.

"And what in the world has come over Impertinax, ace commentator of the Rome Radio? Since the landings in Africa he has let slip the queerest things: that the Italians must be ready, in their time of trial, to show the fortitude of the British after Dunkirk; that Churchill is 'not without greatness.' It almost looks as though the Italians had some regrets."

London has been monitoring foreign broadcasts since near the close of the last war, but the idea of an official U. S. monitoring service, to give greater coverage and more detailed service than was possible through private radio chains or the newspapers, was not born until early in 1941. Its godfather was Breckinridge Long of the State Department, who foresaw that we might one day be cut off from accustomed sources of news in foreign countries. He took it up with Chairman Fly of the FCC, who set to work to

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT FENN FIX

Glorina Paniagua, of Caracas, translates broadcasts beamed from Europe to Latin America. Her father was in the consular service and she has lived most of her life in various foreign capitals

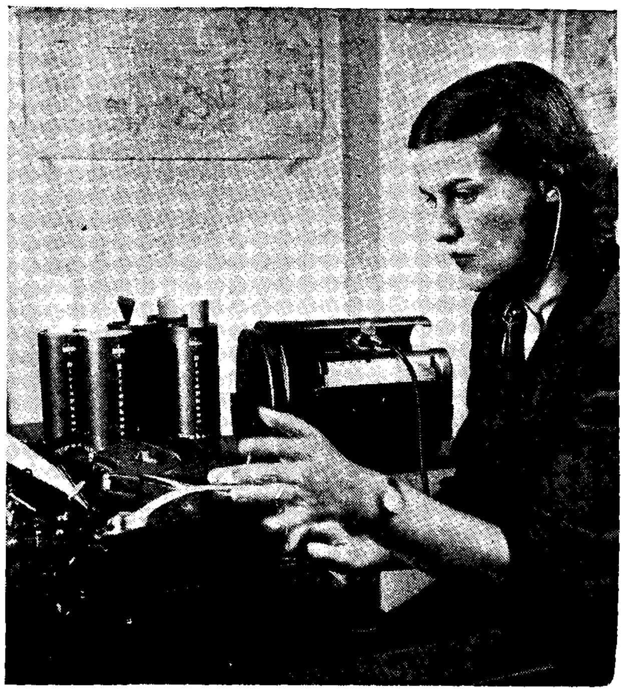
Jacques Davidson, son of the sculptor Jo Davidson, heads the French translators in the FBIS. Right now he is translating a speech by stooge Laval which you can bet follows the directives of Berlin

An Oriental scholar who has studied from Beirut to Brooklyn, Dr. Habib Awad speaks twenty-five languages. Prior to invasion of North Africa, he made recordings to teach our men common Arab phrases

Raiko Ruzic, Ph.D., is a Serb who has mastered the philology of the Balkans. He has just been listening to a report of the murder of 200 of his countrymen. In his way he's fighting too

Jerry McWilliams in the late hours has a cup of coffee at desk where he edits foreign broadcasts for the Office of War Information. His leads are valuable in preparing our answer to the enemy

Frances Lane monitors French broadcasts, has lived half her life in France, only escaped from Paris as the Nazi hordes occupied the city. Because her husband is still there she uses an assumed name



organize a unit. Right away there was the problem of finding a staff.

The Civil Service rolls were chockablock with translators so-called—cold linguists who could read and write a foreign language immaculately, but were hopelessly swamped when it came to catching the spoken word on the fly amid the difficulties previously mentioned. When a staff was finally assembled it was the greatest collection of individualists, international rolling stones and slightly batty geniuses ever gathered together in one organization. To the rest of the FBIS the foreign-language contingent is referred to, with sweet simplicity, as the Screwball Division.

One of its leading spirits is a black-eyed Serbian who holds a Ph.D., wears a beret and was, until recently, professor of Sanskrit, Indo-European philology and Slavic languages in the University of California. He also edited Serbian and Croat language newspapers in San Francisco, and in his odd moments he did anthropological field work among the Indians of the Southwest. He had arrived in this country in 1929 and had surprised the first girls he met by referring to them as "wenches." They didn't know he had learned his English from Shakespeare. He says: "I do not know any languages. But I have studied twenty-five."

One of his co-workers questioned the first part of this statement and said that anyhow he was wrong in his count. It should have been higher.

His main job is to listen to the Nazi-dominated Croat and Hungarian stations enlightening conquered Balkan peoples about the New Order. A Chetnik himself, he would like to listen to the hidden freedom station that broadcasts to Mikhailovitch's followers from somewhere in the Serbian mountains. But the Chetnik radio station doesn't reach this country. Instead he hears, over and over again, the Nazified stations promising to exterminate his people, the Serbs.

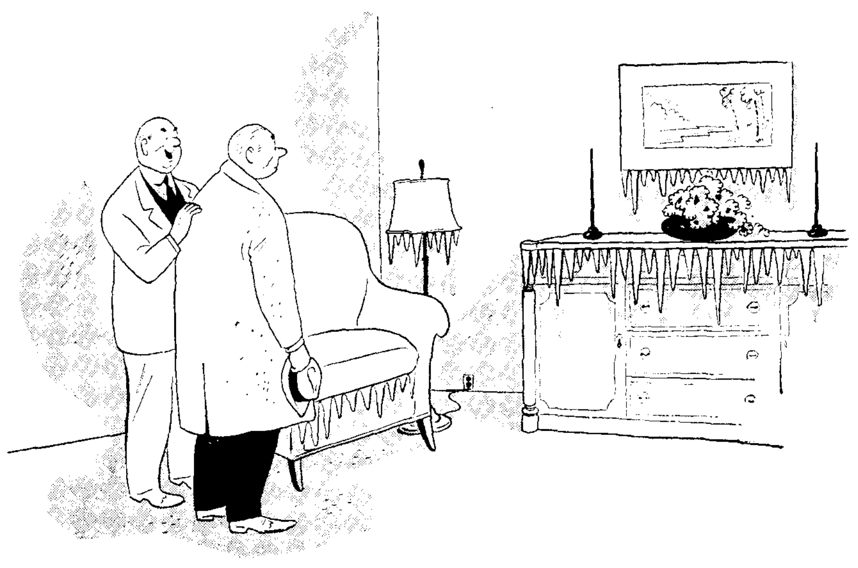
All of the monitors, and there are several, who left ties in occupied countries have had some bad listening to do, but none has had worse than Ruzic, who came from a city called Novi Sad. Once he heard the Nazi-Croat announcer boasting that ten thousand inhabitants of Novi Sad had been massacred and thrown into the Danube.

Our International Monitors

Some of the listeners are foreign. Others are much-traveled Americans, or girls who as children lived with their families in far places. One of them is Reuben Fine, seven times American chess champion, who learned German and Dutch and French abroad. One girl is half English and half French, and was brought up in China by a Russian nurse. The Portland, Oregon, station has a monitor named Bill Pollock who listens to Russian broadcasts, and to the French and German put out by Tokyo. He was born in this country of Russian parentage and spent most of his life in China, where he was correspondent for a French news agency.

For the most part, the background of the listeners is international. But there are exceptions. Leon Litvin, in the San Francisco station, knows six languages and learned them all in Brooklyn. And in Washington one of the ace monitors of the German section is David Goodman, who was a schoolteacher in Philadelphia, and has never been in Germany in his life. He listens to the Chief.

The Chief is the mysterious voice of one of the very few German clandestine stations heard since the war began. He seems to be an old-line army man, apparently of high rank; whoever he is, he hates the Nazi political gang almost as much as he hates the Russians, the British, and the Italians; though he walks warily around the subject of the Fuehrer himself. The Chief is a hobby with Goodman, who never misses one of his short, pungent broadcasts. He certainly has access to some inside information.



COLLIER'S "They're cut out of paper. It's just my wife's way of reminding me to watch the furnace!" GEORGE WOLFE

Tip-off on Nazidom

News of promotions, demotions and intrigues in the Hitlerian high command often leaks out first through the Chief; he was the first to break the news of the typhus epidemic in the German army in Russia last winter; and he mentioned a revolt among German submarine crews landing in Portugal that was not only interesting as to the submarine crews but revealed for the first time that submarines were basing in Portugal.

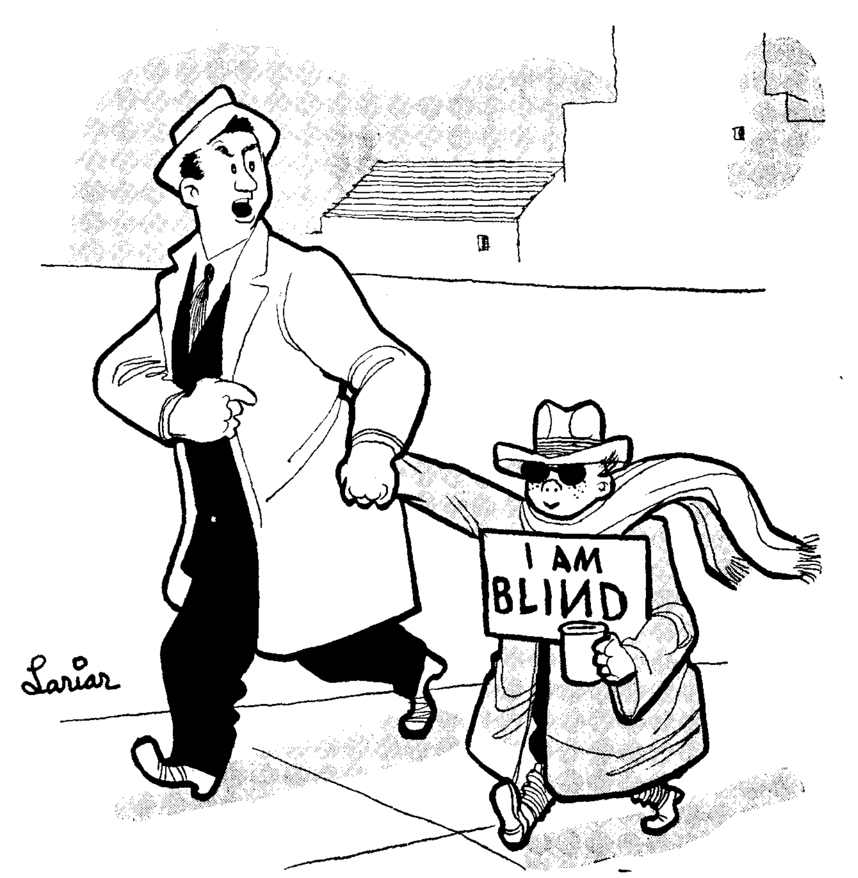
So he's very important. But also his language is very obscene, and this has caused complications in the FBIS office.

Mothers of sweet young translators have called up, protesting because their daughters had read the transcripts; and a chivalrous editor has been known to sit down and peck out some of the Chief's more flavorful broadcasts himself, to spare the blushes of the teletype girl.

It was Goodman, fiddling around with an engineer one night on a hint dropped by the Chief, who discovered the second German clandestine station, Army Transmitter North. ATN purports to be a regular army station in Norway, broadcasting to the German army of occupation there. It goes through the motions of being a loyal, official army station giving news and greetings to soldiers; but every so often it jabs in with some item of heavy losses in the Luftwaffe—industrial accidents—scandalous expenditures by prominent Nazis; which makes it the radio discovery of the year.

Monitoring is all right when your own side is winning, but when it isn't, the most hardened listener will hear something occasionally that gets under his skin. There are individual ways of reacting to this. Big Victor Volmar, who was born in Germany but hates everything German, takes both hands off his typewriter and shakes his fists above his head, exclaiming, "It's a lie!" Ruzic swears in Serbian. One of the French monitors is an American girl who lived half of her life in France, and left a dearly loved home in Paris just one jump before the Nazi army came in.

When she heard the shame of Laval's speech, telling Frenchwomen that they could go to their husbands who were prisoners in Germany if they would work for Hitler, she went out for a long walk by herself in the night.



COLLIER'S "All right! All right, Junior! Come on home and I'll raise your allowance to fifty cents!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

The Enemy Listens, Too

One night last fall, the monitor taking Berlin was a little surprised to hear the announcer on the other side make a sarcastic reference to the "highly paid monitors of the Foreign Intelligence Service, in their building on K Street in Washington." There followed a fairly good description of the building. Information of all kinds gets over there. An article in an American newspaper will often come back over the air waves, in the shape of quotation or comment, within twenty-four hours. If the American public could only realize how much does get over there, and how quickly, it would be more careful.

The Washington monitoring station is organized like a newspaper office. For its "customers" in the government, it operates three wire services and a daily publication, containing news of the air wherever monitored in the United States. The staff is made up of old newspapermen with foreign experience; young ones, too. Maybe it's the unique combination of newspapermen and Ph.D.'s that gives the listening post its color and its crackle. Maybe it's other things, too—the banging of teletypes, the global maps on every wall, the casual kidding in seventeen foreign languages; the feeling that something big may come over at any minute.

On November 7th it did.

The opening of the second front, as Washington heard it on the air, was a drama of Europe's radios—little stations, many of them, that had seldom if ever made the front pages of history before. This country, out of reach of Europe's long-wave, got the story flash by flash from London.

It began before the invasion itself. For days Axis-influenced radios over there had been buzzing like angry hornets, with reports of big convoys; with wild stories of Allied landings here, there and everywhere. Nobody here became much excited. It was thought that another convoy was going to Malta.

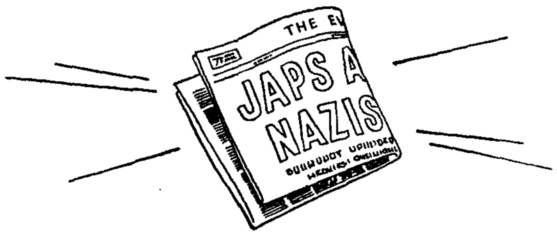
By a few minutes after 9 on November 7th, the official news was all over the world. Thereafter and for the next forty-eight hours, the monitoring rooms became a seething madhouse; but everybody had time to cheer when the flash came that the guns of Casablanca had ceased firing. Before that, for a few moments on the morning of the 8th, the radio drama and the drama of the African beaches came together. At 1:48 A. M., Eastern United States time, London heard the American voices previously referred to, coming from Radio Rabat, in Morocco.

At 2:15 London flashed the news over here. Five hours after the official announcement of the landings, this was the first direct word received from the invasion forces themselves.

A monitor's life has few dull moments, but even a monitor's life has few moments like that.

THE END

PEACE OF MIND...
in time of war?



Today no one can buy *complete* peace of mind for love or money. That must wait until the price of Victory is paid—in the mortal currency of blood and sweat and tears.

But every one of you who longs for present and future security—for your family, your country, your business—can and should do two things to help achieve that security. And to lessen today's worries.

With an eye to tomorrow . . .

Invest every dollar you can in War Bonds. Not simply for the immediate purpose of helping to pay for fighting tools—but because you can not make a better investment for your own future protection. After they've helped Uncle Sam to win the war, your Bonds will help *you* to educate the children, or remodel your house, or do whatever is nearest your heart.

With an eye to today . . .

Insure yourself against all risks of potentially serious financial loss through fire, accident or someone's dishonesty.

You probably have fire insurance on your home—an automobile policy for your car. But is that *enough* protection in these extraordinary times?

Naturally you don't need *all* the kinds of insurance offered by the Two Hartfords—there are more than 70 of them. But if you have a family—property—a job—a business of your own—useful eyes and hands—you almost surely need *some* forms of protection that you do not have now!

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Only a qualified insurance man can tell you *which* forms of protection you need—*why* you need them—*how much* you ought to have. Talk it over with your local Hartford agent* or your insurance broker. Two or three additional premiums are a lot easier to pay than one serious loss!

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Children play with colored blocks, make friends at day nursery in New Haven. Their mothers are war workers

Minding the Children

By Ruth Carson

Who'll take care of Sister and Junior when Mother goes to work in a war plant? Foster homes and day nurseries have provided the answer, but thousands more are needed

SCHOOL hours are long in the Scranton district of New Haven, Connecticut, but that's no punishment. Mothers can go about their business with free minds—operating machines in some of the war plants of New Haven. They know their children will have a good hot lunch in the middle of the day, and after school will be kept too busy for mischief. They will call for the youngsters at 5:30, and no back talk about early supper and early to bed after such a day.

That goes for the six- to twelve-year-olds. They used to bring their kid brothers and sisters along, too, for Teacher to mind, until a nursery opened in the neighborhood. Now there's room for forty-five children, ages two to five, in the nursery. Their mothers deposit them at 6:30 in the morning, pick them up at any time up to 6:30 in the evening. In the twelve hours between, the children play in the big, sunny room that was the living room, and outdoors in the back garden. They have a quiet time in the former library with crayons, picture books and storytelling, have naps on canvas cots in the big upper room, have their midmorning fruit juice or milk, eat noon dinner off gay pottery dishes in the dining room. A nurse is on the lookout for colds and such, and there's an isolation room upstairs for sick children.

Twenty kindergarten children from the Scranton School, besides, are brought over each day after their school for lunch and naps and play. Between the school and the nursery, it's a perfect setup for over a hundred children and their working mothers. The cost to them is an average $1.35 a child for play school, $3.25 for the nursery, for a five-day week. The rest of the money comes out of federal funds, with volunteer work cutting costs.

This is a pleasant and popular answer to the plaint rising louder and more widespread: that something must be done about it—the delinquency, the crowded nurseries and not enough of them—now that mothers have had to go to work.

It will be repeated as often and as fast as defense-area communities can make the necessary arrangements. They need to apply through their local boards of education for the money, already voted under the Lanham Act. When they prove themselves eligible, they'll get enough to cover the cost of teachers, helpers and materials, except food. Fees from parents take care of that. Many of the 1,500 former WPA nurseries will carry on this way. Besides, established nurseries in war-crowded towns are already filled beyond capacity, and more are being opened whenever mothers themselves or communities can swing them.

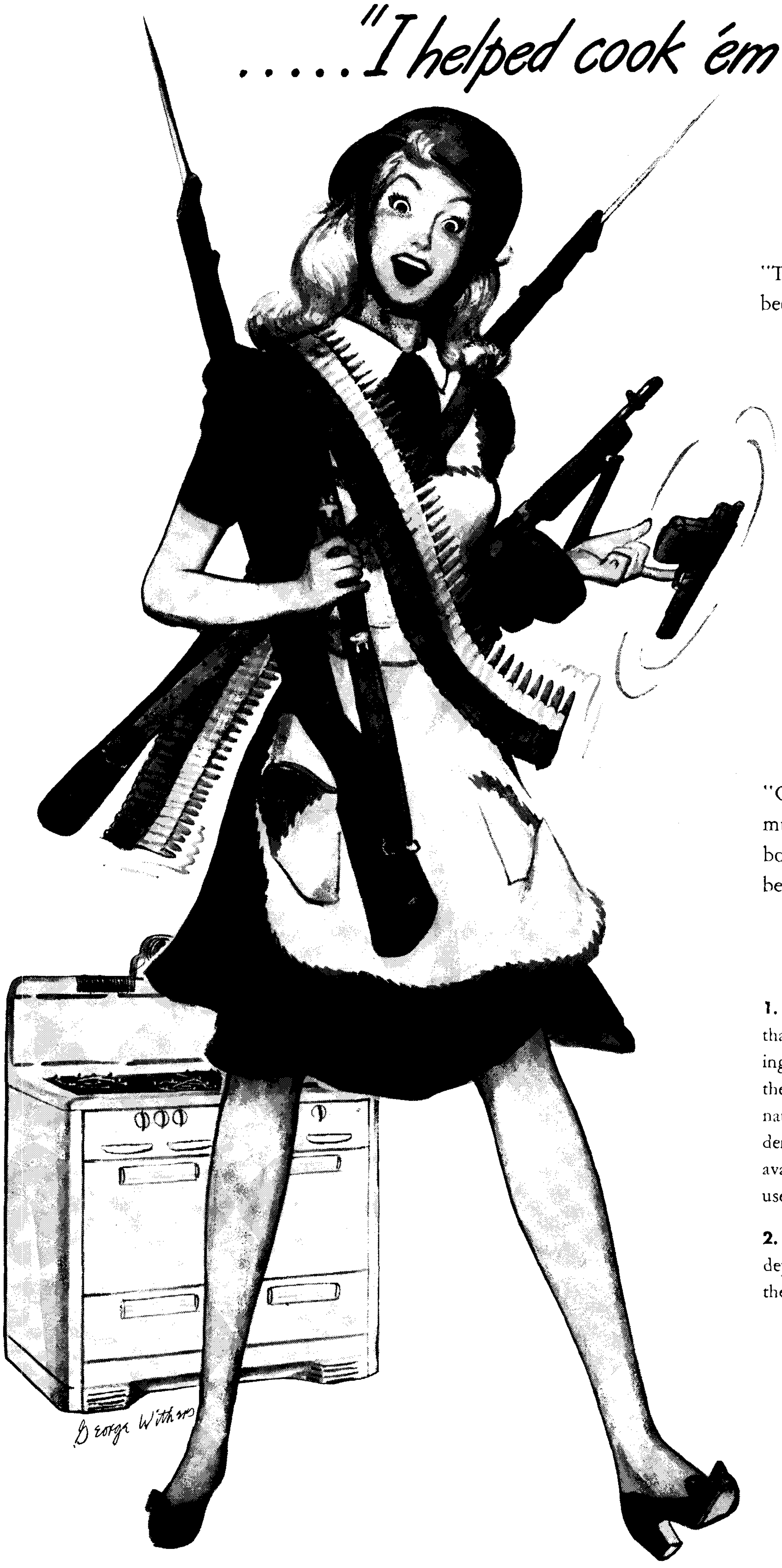
There is too much confusion, rapid change and makeshift arrangement for any accurate figure on national need, but there are plenty of indications. Seattle alone has 1,431 children registered and waiting for care by the day, and at least 10,000 more need it. San Diego, packed to its roofs with war workers, wants one day-care center within a radius of every three blocks. It has eleven former WPA nursery schools and expects to open more nurseries at the rate of one a week—as long as the facilities and trained personnel hold out. They have 430 foster homes registered, where 1,200 children are cared for by the day or full time, and the number mounts each day as pleas go out via press, radio, church and labor unions. And they want to treble it at that.

Washington has three recommendations to make besides urging mothers of small children to stay home if possible. One is nurseries. Second, play schools. Third, foster homes by the day, which means something like leaving the children with the neighbors, only under an organized, supervised scheme that can make the system work on a big scale, among strangers.

“What we need,” says Mr. Howard

PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY MONAHAN

....."I helped cook 'em in my kitchen!"



"This is more of a woman's war than any war that has ever been fought!

"From the heroic nurses of Bataan . . . to the women at home faced with the problem of preparing nutritious wartime meals for their families . . . we're all playing a vital part in helping to win this war.

"But there's another way we can show our patriotism that many of us have probably never considered . . . and that is by avoiding wasteful use of Gas . . . in cooking and especially in house heating and water heating.

"Most people think of Gas only as a household fuel . . . the truth is, it's also used in making nearly every kind of fighting weapon that goes to our men . . . planes, ships, tanks, guns, bombs!

"Gas makes them faster . . . and that means lives saved! It's much more economical . . . and that affects all our pocketbooks. It's easier to control . . . and that means finer planes, better equipment for our husbands and sons!"

MEETING WARTIME NEEDS

1. For Gas fuel. Today the Gas industry is producing more Gas than at any time in history. Yet because of the difficulty in transporting fuel oil and coal to make manufactured Gas—and because of the shortage of materials with which to enlarge plants or build new natural gas pipe lines—there may be times in some sections when the demands of war production will reduce the amount of Gas normally available for household use. It is for these reasons you are urged to use Gas wisely—don't waste it!

2. For nutrition information. If you are one of the 85 million who depend on Gas for cooking, feel free to ask your Gas Company for the latest information on preparing nutritious wartime meals.

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

GAS

is vital to war production
. . . use it wisely!

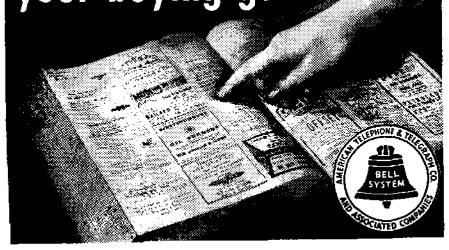
CP *Buy War Bonds today—save for the Certified Performance Gas range of tomorrow.*

"So sorry, Mr. Trowbridge. We'll look in the Classified for a plumber."

When you need a plumber, carpenter, auto mechanic, beauty shop—just "look it up!" in the Classified section of your Telephone Directory.

The Classified lists the names of all local tradespeople, and their advertisements give detailed information that will help you in selecting the one best fitted to do your job.

Make the Classified your buying guide



Hopkirk, director of the Child Welfare League of America, which heads up much of the privately organized child care in the country, "is to crack the tradition that schools should stay closed all summer and dark after hours. Communities need to learn new ways to organize play schools and foster home care."

Some of them have. In Seattle, the public schools now supervise two after-school play programs till six each day. A church runs and finances another. In half a dozen cities, including Boston, New Orleans and New York, the Play Schools Association has for years supported day-long summer play schools, using public-school buildings and grounds, hiring its own teachers out of privately contributed funds. Now Public School 169 in New York, for one, stays open after hours each day. At five, block mothers, taking turns, call for the children.

It's a help to have an association to foot the bills, but it isn't essential. At the Scranton School in New Haven, for example, the $1.35 which is charged the parents by the week covers only the cost of lunches and one paid director. The school donates the use of its building, and students from New Haven State Teachers' College make up the rest of the staff, free.

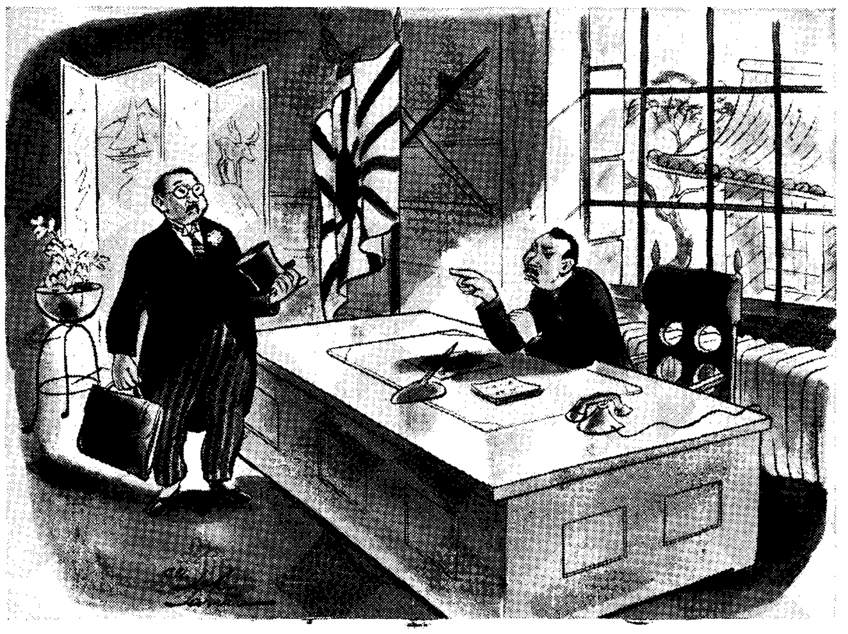
One of the most important jobs that trained social workers can be spared for is the finding and supervising of foster homes. Three quarters of the children of war-working mothers, if they get care at all, probably will get it in private homes. This is the system most mothers have always depended on, hit or miss, leaving the children with relatives or neighbors. But now, under the present pressure, it's bogging down. You find mothers reluctant to leave their children in someone else's home.

They need a check on homes where they might leave their children. Some states give it to them by licensing. The homes need careful local supervision as well. That foster day care can work with such supervision, the First and Sunnyside Day Nursery in Philadelphia, acting as a foster home agency, has been proving for years. They put up safeguards like these: Foster families must furnish references and certificates of health, be congenial, have their own income, so that profit is not the main aim, and be willing to take supervision. Only families with similar enough backgrounds, even to grammar, are combined. All arrangements about fees, hours, diets, etc., are made through the nursery's social worker. Complaints, suggestions and questions come to her.

To rally all its possible foster mothers, its schools, its possible nurseries, to discover exactly what needs doing, Washington recommends that each community organize, combining the forces of all the local social agencies, boards of education, OCD, etc., etc., so that there is no overlapping, and each has its special job to do.

More than thirty states now have their state Child Care Committees, to give supervision and advice. The Children's Bureau is ready with help on standards and specific advice on what to do. It's under way—the big job of taking care of the children of working mothers. But how well it is finally done comes back to each community, and how much it matters to everyone there. A lot must be done about it, and a lot of people must do it.

THE END



"Yours is far from being a simple task, Nogo. You're to find some excuse to negotiate with the United States for more scrap metals"

COLLIER'S CPL. JOHN JARVIS

Top Billing, No Cooing

Continued from page 14

curse. Verna went on proudly, "Gordy's going to be a star some day—a really big star—and the happiest person on earth will be his wife."

So, they were married in Yuma the following morning. They bought a home in the valley, and everything was peaches and cream for about seven months.

Varsity Stomp hit theater screens about a month before the Japs hit Pearl Harbor. It was the first feature in which Gordon and Verna had been co-featured, and if you saw it, you know it was a honey of a picture. You also know that Gordon mugged too much and that Verna stole the show.

Carl Denman, the producer, invited the three of us to a private screening before the picture was ready for release. When it ended, Denman gave Verna a pleased smile, then said to me, "Mr. High, it looks like we've got a hit on our hands, and if I'm any judge, you've got a star in your vest pocket."

Verna Jason's eyes sparkled. "Oh, Mr. Denman, wasn't he marvelous?"

Denman chuckled, glanced my way to see if I was making the same mistake. I wasn't and he knew it, so he said no more.

I didn't sleep well that night. Both of their contracts expired with Varsity Stomp, and Denman had agreed to generous terms for the renewals, even before the picture was out of the cutting room. But telling the kids was going to be an ordeal I didn't relish.

It was late afternoon the following day when they came into my office.

"Hello, Tenper," Gordon greeted me with a brash self-confidence that made him swagger. "What gives?"

"I've got your new contracts," I announced. A sly appraisal of their expressions gave me a hint of what they expected. Verna settled in a big leather chair and crossed her pretty legs; her soft smile told me that anything I had arranged was okay with her. Gordon's cocky manner was a curious mixture of bluff and apprehension. He was expecting the moon, done up like an Edam cheese, and he was going to be sore if he didn't get it.

I CAME right to the painful point: "Denman is pleased with both of you, and he wasn't hard to do business with." I looked at Verna. "Honey, you get a five-year contract, starting at seven-fifty a week, with increases every six months."

Gordon whistled an exclamation point.

I continued to Verna, "You get top billing, except when you're cast with one of the studio's ranking stars, and you get your name above the title in one 'A' picture the first year." I paused to watch the happy mist come in her eyes, then went on, "Sweetheart, for a little Iowa girl who has hardly got the straw out of her ears, that ain't hay."

With a squeal of delight, she flew out of the chair and threw her arms around my neck, kissed me on the top of my bald head. "Tenper," she cried, "you're an old darling."

"DeMille was right," I said, taking her soft, warm hands in both of mine. "You got no more than you deserve."

Gordon Dykes broke in, "Didn't I always tell you she had it in her?" He stammered a little, working up his courage to ask, "And what juicy plums have you got for the man of the house?"

"You're coming up in the world, too, Gordy," I said as brightly as I knew how. "Denman has given you a hundred-dollar-a-week raise, and he wants you to play the lead opposite Verna in her big picture. It'll be a musical and your part will be a stand-out."

It was a deathly silence that engulfed us. Gordon drew in a deep breath, expelled it quaveringly. "Well, now," he finally managed to say in a hoarse voice with a sarcastic edge, "isn't that just dandy!"

"But, Tenper," Verna said bewilderedly, "that can't be right. Gordy will be getting four hundred to my seven-fifty."

Dykes wheeled on me fiercely. "And what about my billing in Verna's picture? Are we co-starred—with both names above the title?"

I slowly shook my head. "No, it's Verna's picture, but you get top billing above the rest of the cast."

The corner of his lip curled. "And I suppose I'll be billed Mr. Gordon Jason."

It was a cruel thrust that made Verna cry out, "Please—Gordon—don't be so sarcastic. It isn't Tenper's fault."

He ignored her plea, shot out an exasperated hand. "So this is what Denman wants to hand me after the performance I gave him in Varsity Stomp."

"Wait a minute, kid," I reminded him. "Verna was good in that picture, too."

"But it was my hoofing that made it a hit."

"Let me show you something," I said. I had my secretary bring me a sheaf of tear sheets from the key newspapers around the country, showed him ads the exhibitors had run on Varsity Stomp. "There's your answer," I said. "The studio advertising department gave you top billing in the press sheet—but do you see what the theater managers have done? They've lifted Verna's name out of the cast and put it above the title—'VERNA JASON—Sensational new star in Varsity Stomp.' The managers know better than the producers, what the fans want." I showed him some clippings. "Read those reviews. They say you're okay—but they rave about Verna."

VERNA'S hand quivered as she touched my arm. "Please—Tenper—" she almost whispered. Deep hurt in her eyes begged me to say no more. Then she asked, "Where is my contract?"

"In my files," I said.

"Get it for me," she demanded.

"Why?"

"So I can tear it up, of course," she said with finality.

"I can't let you do that, Verna," I said. "This is the big chance you've been working for."

"Please—" she insisted impatiently.

Then Gordon Dykes showed his nasty streak and threw the fat in the fire. He swung around and faced her.

"Don't be so *noble!*" he snapped. "You've made a fool out of me, now take your reward. All the time we were shooting Varsity you used every trick in the book to steal scenes from me, but because you were my wife, I let you get away with it."

Shocked and hurt, Verna could only stare at him in amazement. I half rose out of my chair, wanting to bust him in the mouth, but caught myself in time. This wasn't Gordon Dykes talking to the girl he loved; this was the hardened veteran of one-night stands, slugging it out for bows. Get those bows!—no matter how many dead bodies you must climb over to get them.

"Gordy—" Verna said pitifully, "you didn't mean that, did you?"

No sign of repentance tempered his anger.

When he didn't answer her, I said, "Your day is coming, Gordon. Stop trying to four-flush your way to the top and the sky's the limit of what you can get. You've got looks, you can act, and Astaire hasn't got a thing on you as a dancer; but the close-ups give you away. You smirk and you swagger too much—like a drugstore cowboy trying to pick up a chorus girl." I hadn't intended to give him both barrels, but somehow it came out of me.

For a second I thought I'd driven home my point; he was jarred a little and fear dulled the bitterness in his eyes, but a moment later he was back in character again.

There was violence in his voice as he said, "Under the circumstances, you won't try to hold me to my contract with you, will you?"

Further discussion was useless. "No, Gordon, I don't want any unwilling clients."

Verna ran to him, threw her arms around him, pleaded, "Gordy—darling—"

He roughly tore her loose, a moment later the door slammed behind him.

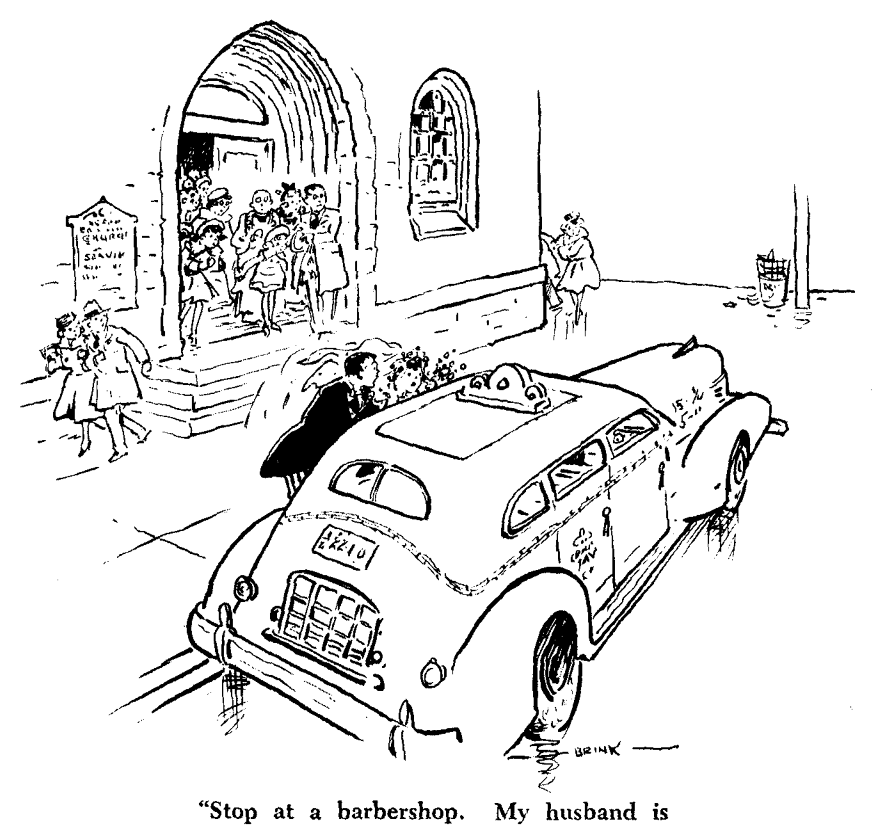
Verna broke down and cried as if her heart would break. She was like a brutally beaten child as I took her in my arms and silently cursed the guy who invented the star system.

"Don't cry, honey," I begged. "He'll get over it."

She tried to rally her composure. "No, Tenper," she sobbed, "he won't." Her eyes accused me. "You've hurt his pride too deeply."

"But somebody had to put the boy wise to himself," I defended myself.

She pulled away from me and dabbed



"Stop at a barbershop. My husband is having his silly little mustache shaved off"

COLLIER'S R. M. BRINKERHOFF

If she's got you in a spot like this...

and you yearn for a spot like this...

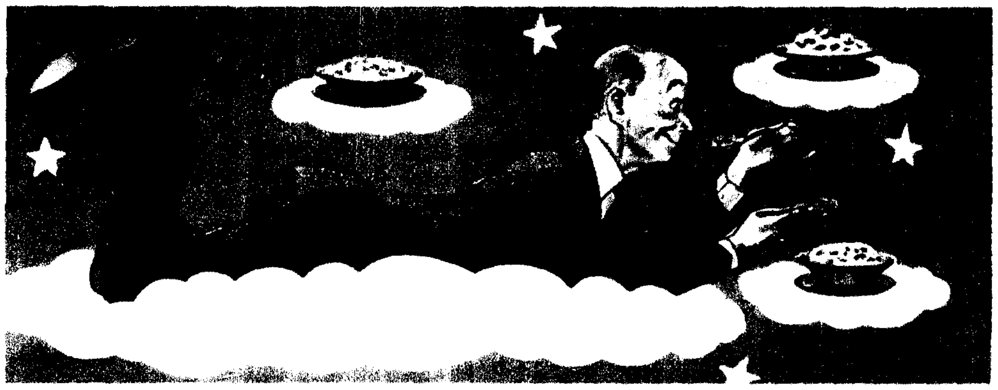
TRY THIS

Everybody's breath offends sometimes—after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Only 5¢.

PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

Today our armed forces are ordering more and more LIFE SAVERS. So... if you have trouble getting some favorite flavor... you will know that some soldier, sailor, or marine is enjoying it somewhere, someplace.

Lovers of farm-fresh SUCCOTASH —this way to HEAVEN!



1. Birds Eye brings you the makings for a *farm-fresh* Succotash! The Cut Corn is *marvelous*—golden, milky, buttery kernels! With Baby Lima Beans, it's *unbeatable!*

2. Yes, this Cut Corn is packed with *country-fresh* goodness that says *"Just picked!"* Which it *was*—and *Quick-Frozen* only 4 hours after! It's *loaded* with *nutrition!*

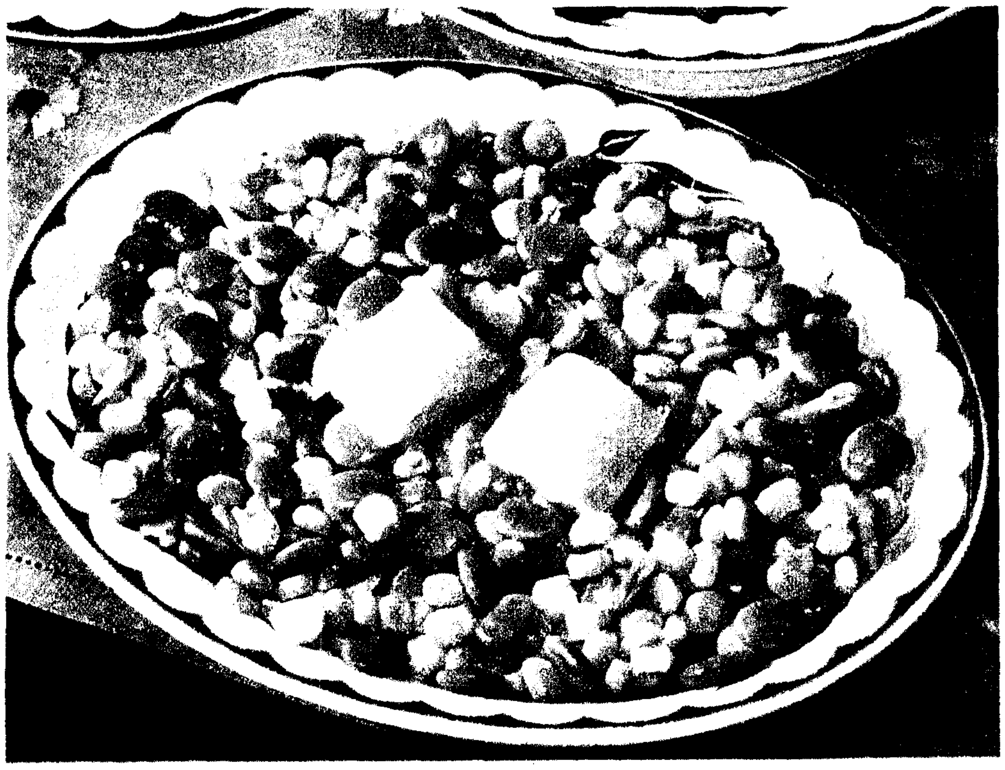
BIRDS EYE
LIMA BEANS

3. The baby Limas (*Featured with Corn this Week!*), are *tender, full-flavored—Quick-Frozen* at plumpest peak! BOTH are *work-free...economical!* 1 box of either serves 4!

Naturally rich in NUTRITION!

VITAMIN	A	B_1	C	G	PHOSPHORUS	IRON	COPPER
THE CORN	1	1	3	1	2	2	2
THE LIMAS	1	1	3	1	2	3	3

1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)



4. With this, serve Birds Eye Fried Chicken! (Find *finer*, and it's MONEY-BACK!) These Grade-A Chickens are *tender, meaty, country-fresh*—thanks to Quick-Freezing!

5. These Fryers are drawn of *all waste*, cut into handy pieces, cleaned, and boxed! They're pinfeatherless . . . *work-free.* Thrifty, too—you pay for no waste!

OUT-OF-SEASON FEATURES!
THIS WEEK! JAN. 25-30
CUT CORN
BABY LIMA BEANS
ANOTHER BIG VALUE!
COUNTRY STYLE FRYING CHICKENS

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
FRUITS · VEGETABLES
MEATS · POULTRY
SEAFOODS
BE SURE IT'S BIRDS EYE
FRUITS · VEGETABLES
MEATS · POULTRY
SEAFOODS

her tear-smeared face. "Did you have to be so brutal about it?"

That gave me the cue! So help me, they'll do it every time! I was going to end up being the villain!

"You can't be subtle with a guy like Gordon," I insisted. "You've got to hit him with a pile driver."

"Well, you did it, all right! And you've smashed my life in the bargain." She started to cry again.

Now, she had me hanging on the ropes! Of all the nice, reasonable people there are in the world, I picked actors for clients!

"Okay, honey," I admitted grudgingly, "so I'm a heel! But I thought it was for his own good. And I don't think it will make any real difference between you two. I don't want to see you split up, so why don't you go on home, the two of you get good and mad at me, then kiss and make up and call me and say you want to sign your contracts?"

I never was any good at being facetious. Without another word, Verna Jason walked out of my office.

Later that afternoon, I called her, but she wouldn't talk to me. Two days later I received a note which read:

"Dear Tenper:

"I've lost all heart for the picture business and I'm going home—as soon as I've completed an unpleasant little chore in Reno. Please be a good egg and tear up my contract. Verna.

"P.S. No hard feeling."

MY CONSCIENCE was soothed a little, but the consolation was as phony as the whole Hollywood racket. Her forgiveness didn't change things any. They hadn't kissed and made up; she was divorcing him—and all because of a crazy worship of big type, and high salaries—most of which goes to the government, anyway.

Ordinarily, the kids' bust-up would have rated quite some recognition in the public press, but it only got a few lines in a couple of columns. Newspapers were concerned with something of far more importance: The Japs!

Carl Denman almost wept when I told him he had lost Verna Jason. About Dykes, he was indifferent; but for a long time he thought I was giving him the run-around with Verna.

Three weeks later, Skolsky's column gave me my first news concerning new developments. The paragraph read: "Gordon Dykes has signed a new contract—with Uncle Sam. Being a morbid little character at heart, we informed his mate by long distance. She is in Reno on a melting mission. Our scouts tell us that two hours later, she checked out of her hotel and took a plane for L. A., but the lady was too late. The Army had poured Dykes on a train half an hour earlier, and he was on his way to Miami for training in the Air Corps. Prediction: The Air Corps will wash him out quicker than filmdom did; they want their struts *on* planes, not *in* them."

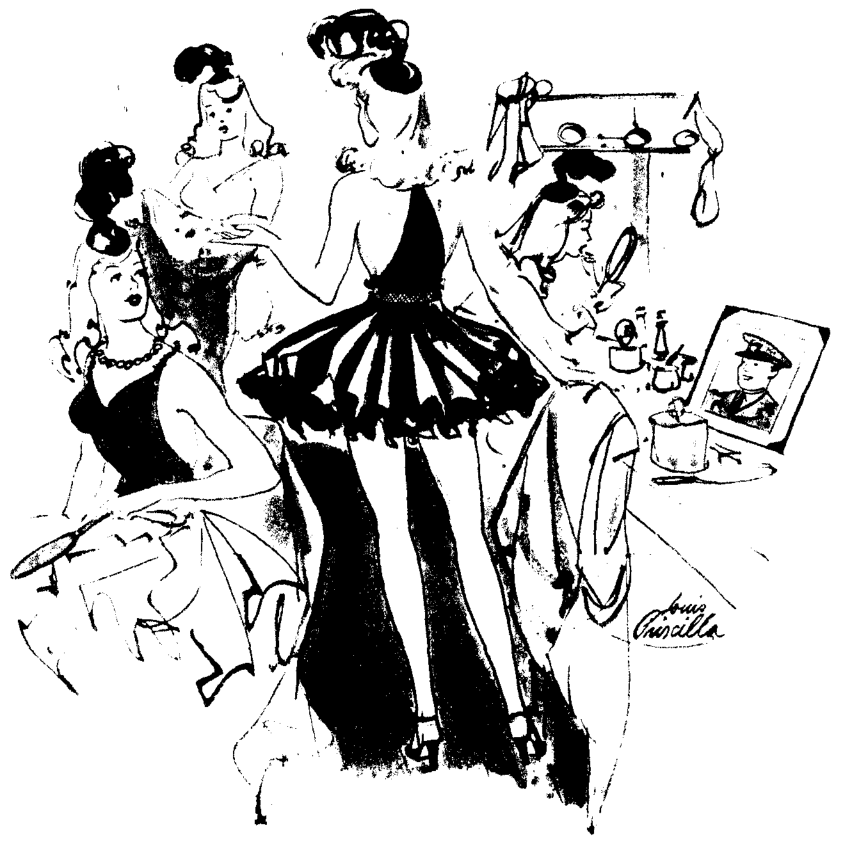
After searching for half a day, I located Verna in a small Glendale hotel. Denman's contract burned in my inside coat pocket—just in case. We had dinner together and she told me everything that had happened.

"Oh, he wasn't nasty about it, Tenper," she said wistfully. "He just said he couldn't play second fiddle to his wife. I offered to give up pictures entirely, but he wouldn't agree to that, either. He said he'd feel like a dog in the manger every time he looked at me. I asked him if our love wasn't bigger than his pride, and—" her voice broke a little, "he said a man who couldn't keep up with his wife, was not entitled to her in the first place. He asked me—insisted that I go to Reno at once."

"Why didn't you go through with it?" I asked.

Her eyes took on a bright glow—like any proud wife whose man has gone off to fight for his country.

"I—I thought his going into the Air Corps might make a difference. He's out of pictures, now, for the duration. No matter how great a star I might become, I could never have a chance at a real hero's role." She sighed as if the stanch heart inside of her had lost its hope. But—well—judging from what I hear



COLLIER'S "I must be bad for his morale. Every time we have a date he hates to go back to camp" LOUIS PRISCILLA about his conduct the week before he left, I guess we think differently about that, too."

"What are you going to do, now?" I asked, as casually as I knew how. It wasn't casual enough.

She reached over, patted my hand, smiled. "Well, one thing I'm not going to do, darling," she said, "is sign that contract you've got in your pocket."

I laughed. "You and Superman—with your X-ray eyes!"

It did my heart good to hear her laugh a little.

"I'm going home to the folks," she announced, as if the decision eased her mind, put things straight.

"Not going back to Reno?"

"Not for a while at least."

"Still hoping?"

She nodded. "I love him, Tenper—desperately."

MONTHS followed with very little news from either of them. Verna wrote once or twice, but said very little. The columnists had an item or two about Gordon Dykes—all bad. Shortly after he landed at the Miami training camp, some Air Corps wag hung a sign over the mess hall entrance: "HOLLYWOOD'S FINEST UNCURED HAM IS SERVED HERE THREE TIMES A DAY!" Any day, I expected to read that he had been washed out, decided finally that I had just missed the item.

It was late in September that I ran into them again. I got a long-distance call from Phoenix, Arizona. It was Gordon Dykes! Pardon me, it was Second Lieutenant Gordon Dykes, U. S. Army Air Corps.

"Hello, Tenper," he said. "I'll have three days' leave in L. A. starting the twenty-third, and I'd sure like to see you. Suppose you could let bygones be bygones and have dinner with me some night?"

"Why, you're darned betcha," I said, and I felt like a sentimental old fool.

"And—Tenper—well—" he stammered.

"Yes?"

"Uh—by any chance—uh—do you know where Verna is? I've got to see her, too—I've got to."

I promised to do what I could; ten minutes later I was typing out a telegram to Verna in care of her folks. She wasn't at home after all, but they forwarded it to her, and I got an answer the next morning, saying she would be in Los Angeles the evening of the twenty-third—and the wire came from Des Moines. That should have tipped me off, but it didn't.

Gordon came right to my office as soon as he arrived. It was late in the afternoon, and he was a sight to see.

Hollywood's make-up boys can perform some rare miracles of transformation, but they're a lot of amateurs compared to Uncle Sam. The handsome, straight-backed young officer who stood for a moment in my doorway before he entered was no more the fresh punk I'd known as Gordon Dykes than Hitler is an angel. His loose, swaggering frame had been knit into a uniformed figure that had smartness and dignity. The hammy haircut was gone, his face was lean and brown, and—well, he truly had the look of an officer and a gentleman. I'd have been proud to be his dad.

He allowed a bare five minutes for conventional greetings, then an eager gleam came into his eyes. "Tenper—did you—Verna—?"

I smiled, nodded slowly. "She'll be here at 7:40 tonight."

The grip of his strong fingers pushed together all of the bones in my hand.

He insisted that we go to the depot half an hour earlier than the train was scheduled to arrive. Then twenty minutes late, the train arrived and passengers began to stream through the doors.

"Watch all of the funny hats," Gordon said nervously. "Verna goes in for crazy hats."

We were still watching the door when a familiar feminine voice spoke at Gordon's elbow. "Good evening, Lieutenant."

The voice was wearing a funny hat—sort of like a coffee can with a bill like a Ubangi's lip. But on Verna, it looked wonderful!

Gordon swung around, a little annoyed that he had to take his eyes off the crowd. Seeing vaguely the trim figure of a girl in uniform, heels clicked together and right hand snapped upward in a crisp salute, he remembered his military manners well enough to start his own arm upward in answer.

His hand never reached his forehead. "Verna!" he cried. "You—a Waac?"

The next instant, a couple of soldiers were in each other's arms. Well, the clinch is old stuff in Hollywood, but not the way that one was handled. Doug Shearer would give his eyeteeth to shoot a scene like it—then Will Hays would throw out the whole sequence because it was too long and fervent.

Lying in bed that night, I got to thinking about all of the things that had happened to those two kids. Why, it was like a tale by Ripley. Then I snorted and turned out the light. What was odd or different about their story? Why, Hollywood has been making that same yarn over and over again for years. Boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl! Nuts! It didn't even have a good sock finish!

But then, those thoughts came to me before I accompanied Gordon and Verna to the depot three days later. Gordon was on his way to a destination which the censors wouldn't let me tell, even if I knew.

The lieutenant was carrying a small handbag and a roll of magazines. Verna clung to his arm proudly as if she knew he was off to win the war singlehanded. As for her personal happiness, I could see it was complete; their three days together had been heaven—and she had a memory tucked away in her heart that would last for the duration—or forever.

THEIR farewell kiss was fond, but not mushy. Then, just as Gordon was about to go to his train, he faced Verna, clicked his heels together, his frame went rigid, and he gave her the snappiest salute she'll ever get.

"Goodby, Captain," he said.

For a split second, Verna's face paled and fear gave her eyes a startled look. Gordon was grinning broadly.

He said, "Still getting top billing over me, aren't you, darling?" Then he laughed as he folded her in his arms again.

Relieved but bewildered, Verna asked, "How did you find out I'm a first officer?"

He handed her a national picture magazine from his collection.

"I skimmed through this while I was at the newsstand. There's four pages in it devoted to the Waacs. One of the pictures shows you with double bars on your shoulders. Put them back on, my sweet, and don't ever again take them off."

"I hoped you wouldn't find out," Verna said, guiltily.

"And why not?" he asked. "You always were a better man than I am." Then he kissed her again—and in a way that told her, as far as he was concerned, she could be his superior officer for life.

THE END

ALL RIGHT AMERICA—
YOU ARE SMOKING MORE*

*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

And you're SAFER Smoking

PHILIP MORRIS

A FINER cigarette—scientifically proved less irritating to nose and throat . . .

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared up completely or definitely improved!

—findings reported in medical journals by a group of distinguished doctors.

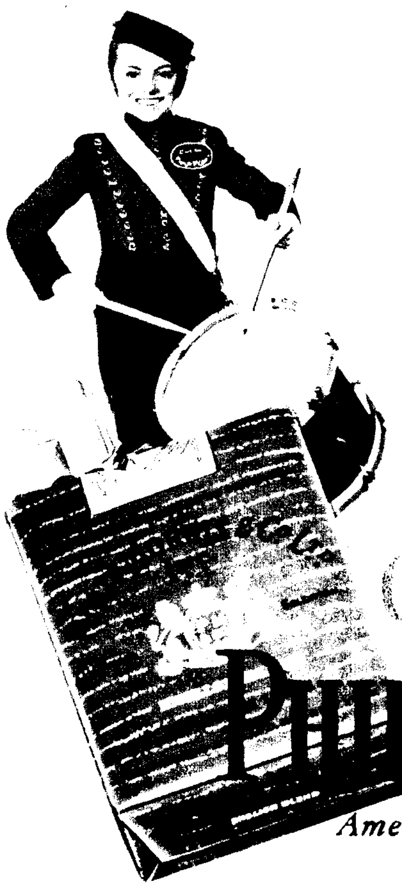
We do *not* claim curative powers for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence proves they are far less irritating for your nose and throat.

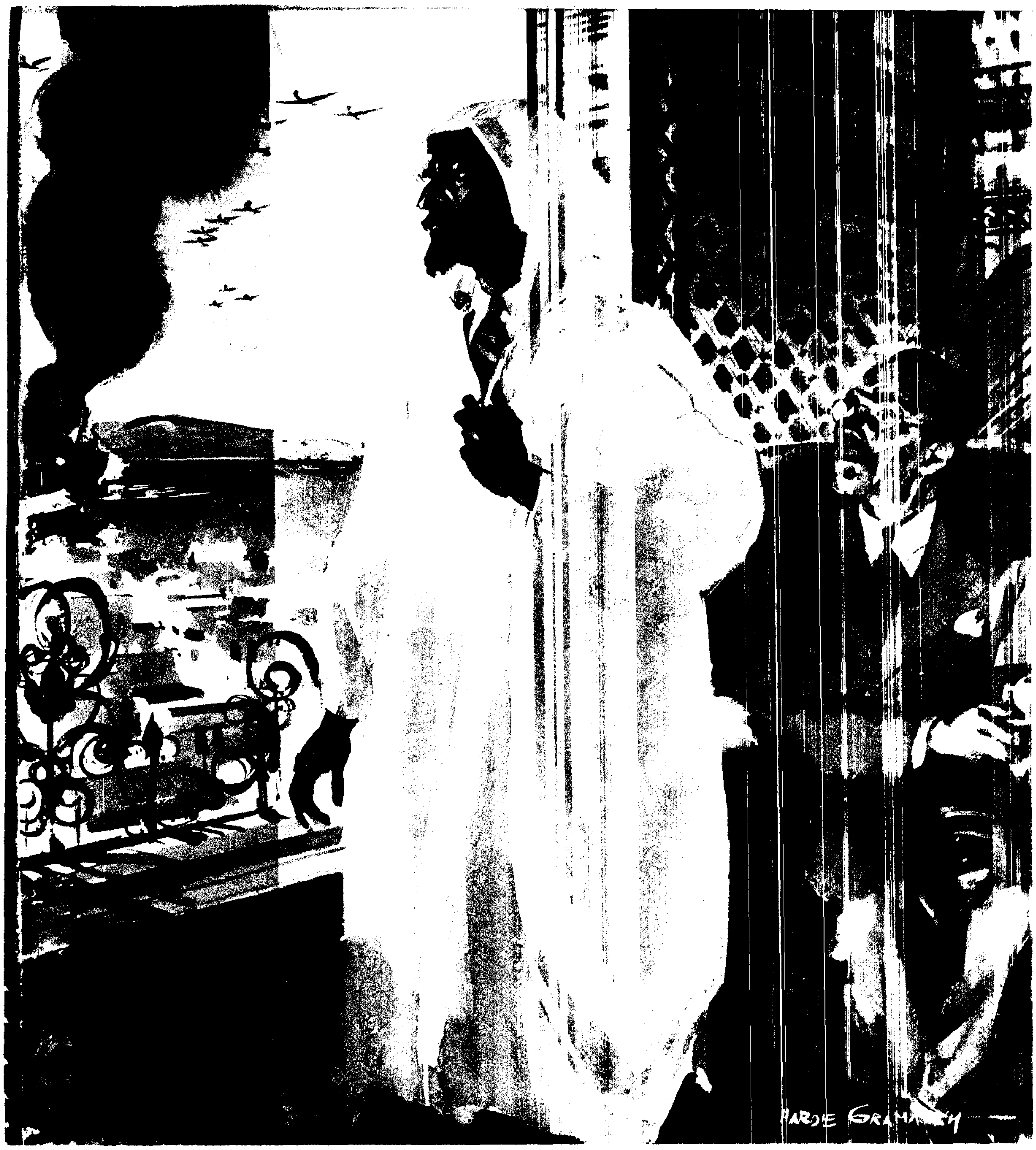
PROTECTION ADDED TO FINER SMOKING PLEASURE

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette





The Berber peered out at the harbor. Without turning, he said, "Your destination won't be Marrakech or Tetuán, or even Rabat. You'll stay in Casablanca"

The Jean Bart Hoists the White Flag

By Kurt Juhn

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARDIE GRAMATKY

THE battle for Casablanca was raging. Like thunder, the powerful voice of American guns spoke to the town. French guns answered back, but the guns of the huge battleship Jean Bart, which lay majestically in the harbor, roared the loudest.

The discharge of the French and American guns shook the air and rattled the windows of the beautiful houses on the Boulevard des Quatre Zouaves, nine of which belonged to the wealthiest resident of the city, Abd-el-Malek. He himself dwelt in a palace, the most magnificent of the lot.

But Abd-el-Malek had not always led such a sedentary life. In his youth he had been chief of a tribe of Berbers, the most predatory in the Atlas Mountains.

The story of his assuming respectability was common gossip. Twenty-eight years ago, when the French were putting on a great fair in Casablanca, which then was called Dar-el-Beida, the Berber chief rode into town at the head of sixty horsemen. He had expected to spend a few days in seeing the sights but he never returned to his mountains.

Strangely enough, it was not the fair that caught his fancy, but the great cranes at work on a near-by building project.

Riding over to the man who commanded an army of laborers, the Berber questioned him. They were erecting a building of many stories, the man said, each story to house a separate family.

Abd-el-Malek inquired how much rent each family would pay and then he did a little mental arithmetic, at which he was an expert. The result immediately revealed to him that it was much more profitable to be a landlord in Dar-el-Beida than a brigand chief in the Atlas Mountains. A man of quick decisions, he immediately changed professions.

But it was now November, 1942, and Abd-el-Malek was sixty-seven years of age. A white turban on his head, wrapped in a white burnoose, he sat—as was the custom of his fathers—on a rug on the floor of his Moorish hall.

Across from him in a soft leather armchair sat Mr. Heinrich Hoff, who held in his trembling hand a small porcelain cup of steaming Mocha. With folded arms, three huge Arabian servants stood on guard before the three French doors, their watchful eyes on Mr. Hoff.

The Berber listened intently to the dispute of the guns and stroked his well-groomed beard which still was raven black.

"Allah is the Lord of all battles," he said at last. He rose and walked to the window, and at that moment an American bomb scored a direct hit on a French battleship. Fire broke out at once, and smoke enveloped it.

"Allah has spoken!" Abd-el-Malek smiled serenely and resumed his place upon the rug. "Did you see that, Monsieur Hoff?"

"Such successes are but temporary!" retorted the clean-shaven German with the long, avid face. "I warn you of hasty actions, Abd-el-Malek." Then in a shaking voice he added, "When the German fliers arrive, the whole spectacle will be over. The arm of our Fuehrer is more powerful than you realize!"

"NO SULTAN is more powerful than Allah," the Berber said. "But it was not for the purpose of argument that I invited you here, monsieur."

"Invited!" Mr. Hoff said indignantly. "Your three servants forced their way into my residence and brought me here against my will! But you'll regret this action, Abd-el-Malek, for, as a member of the German Armistice Commission, I am inviolable!"

Abd-el-Malek raised his eyebrows. "Why, then, is your car waiting before your house fully packed and ready for flight, Monsieur Hoff?"

"Flight?" the German scoffed. "Ridiculous! I'm off on an inspection trip to Marrakech, that's all!"

Abd-el-Malek smiled indulgently. "Then Allah—praised be His name—has afflicted your chauffeur either with madness or with deafness. He reports that he is to take you to Tetuán. And Tetuán is in Spanish Morocco, monsieur."

"That idiot!" Mr. Hoff paled with anger. "Marrakech, I said, not Tetuán!"

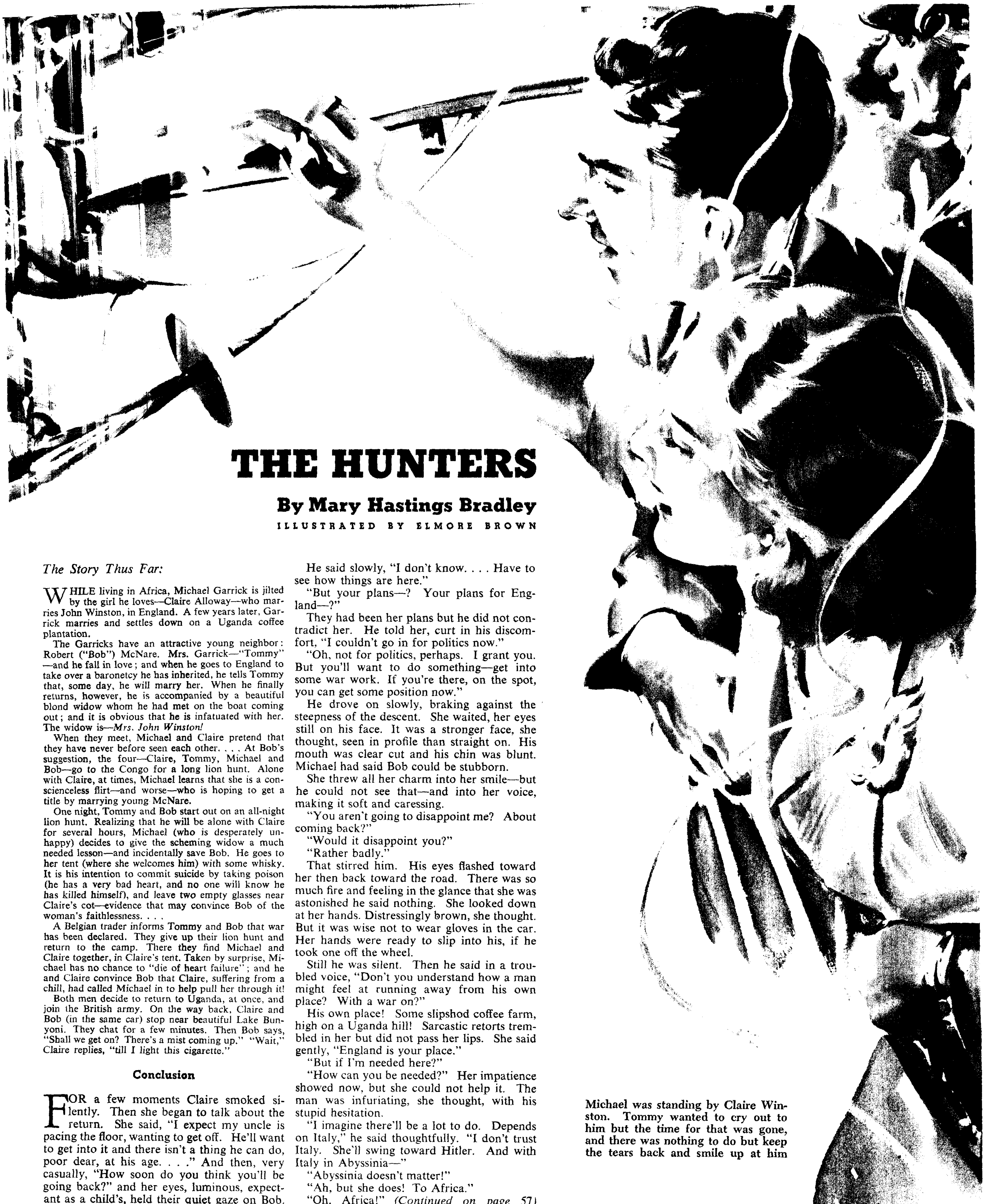
"Marrakech or Tetuán—Allah will decide your destination," Abd-el-Malek asserted calmly. "Anyway, it has no bearing on our present dealings."

Mr. Hoff was about to interrupt, but the Berber silenced him with an imperative gesture. "Today, Monsieur Hoff, I shall talk. For, ever since it pleased Allah to send your elegant figure into the field of my vision and your prudent words into the range of my hearing, you have talked to me, and I have said very little. When you first appeared in Casablanca six years ago, your occupation was to trade in the little pictures with toothlike edges, which give wings to the letters."

"Yes, yes." Mr. Hoff nodded impatiently. "I was then a dealer in stamps."

"It was in this capacity," Abd-el-Malek continued calmly, "that I made your acquaintance. For I myself—grown childish according to the will of Allah—collect these little pictures with the toothlike edges. And each time you visited my humble house, you told me of your

(Continued on page 61)



THE HUNTERS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE living in Africa, Michael Garrick is jilted by the girl he loves—Claire Alloway—who marries John Winston, in England. A few years later, Garrick marries and settles down on a Uganda coffee plantation.

The Garricks have an attractive young neighbor: Robert ("Bob") McNare. Mrs. Garrick—"Tommy"—and he fall in love; and when he goes to England to take over a baronetcy he has inherited, he tells Tommy that, some day, he will marry her. When he finally returns, however, he is accompanied by a beautiful blond widow whom he had met on the boat coming out; and it is obvious that he is infatuated with her. The widow is—*Mrs. John Winston!*

When they meet, Michael and Claire pretend that they have never before seen each other. . . . At Bob's suggestion, the four—Claire, Tommy, Michael and Bob—go to the Congo for a long lion hunt. Alone with Claire, at times, Michael learns that she is a conscienceless flirt—and worse—who is hoping to get a title by marrying young McNare.

One night, Tommy and Bob start out on an all-night lion hunt. Realizing that he will be alone with Claire for several hours, Michael (who is desperately unhappy) decides to give the scheming widow a much needed lesson—and incidentally save Bob. He goes to her tent (where she welcomes him) with some whisky. It is his intention to commit suicide by taking poison (he has a very bad heart, and no one will know he has killed himself), and leave two empty glasses near Claire's cot—evidence that may convince Bob of the woman's faithlessness. . . .

A Belgian trader informs Tommy and Bob that war has been declared. They give up their lion hunt and return to the camp. There they find Michael and Claire together, in Claire's tent. Taken by surprise, Michael has no chance to "die of heart failure"; and he and Claire convince Bob that Claire, suffering from a chill, had called Michael in to help pull her through it!

Both men decide to return to Uganda, at once, and join the British army. On the way back, Claire and Bob (in the same car) stop near beautiful Lake Bunyoni. They chat for a few minutes. Then Bob says, "Shall we get on? There's a mist coming up." "Wait," Claire replies, "till I light this cigarette."

Conclusion

FOR a few moments Claire smoked silently. Then she began to talk about the return. She said, "I expect my uncle is pacing the floor, wanting to get off. He'll want to get into it and there isn't a thing he can do, poor dear, at his age. . . ." And then, very casually, "How soon do you think you'll be going back?" and her eyes, luminous, expectant as a child's, held their quiet gaze on Bob.

He said slowly, "I don't know. . . . Have to see how things are here."

"But your plans—? Your plans for England—?"

They had been her plans but he did not contradict her. He told her, curt in his discomfort, "I couldn't go in for politics now."

"Oh, not for politics, perhaps. I grant you. But you'll want to do something—get into some war work. If you're there, on the spot, you can get some position now."

He drove on slowly, braking against the steepness of the descent. She waited, her eyes still on his face. It was a stronger face, she thought, seen in profile than straight on. His mouth was clear cut and his chin was blunt. Michael had said Bob could be stubborn.

She threw all her charm into her smile—but he could not see that—and into her voice, making it soft and caressing.

"You aren't going to disappoint me? About coming back?"

"Would it disappoint you?"

"Rather badly."

That stirred him. His eyes flashed toward her then back toward the road. There was so much fire and feeling in the glance that she was astonished he said nothing. She looked down at her hands. Distressingly brown, she thought. But it was wise not to wear gloves in the car. Her hands were ready to slip into his, if he took one off the wheel.

Still he was silent. Then he said in a troubled voice, "Don't you understand how a man might feel at running away from his own place? With a war on?"

His own place! Some slipshod coffee farm, high on a Uganda hill! Sarcastic retorts trembled in her but did not pass her lips. She said gently, "England is your place."

"But if I'm needed here?"

"How can you be needed?" Her impatience showed now, but she could not help it. The man was infuriating, she thought, with his stupid hesitation.

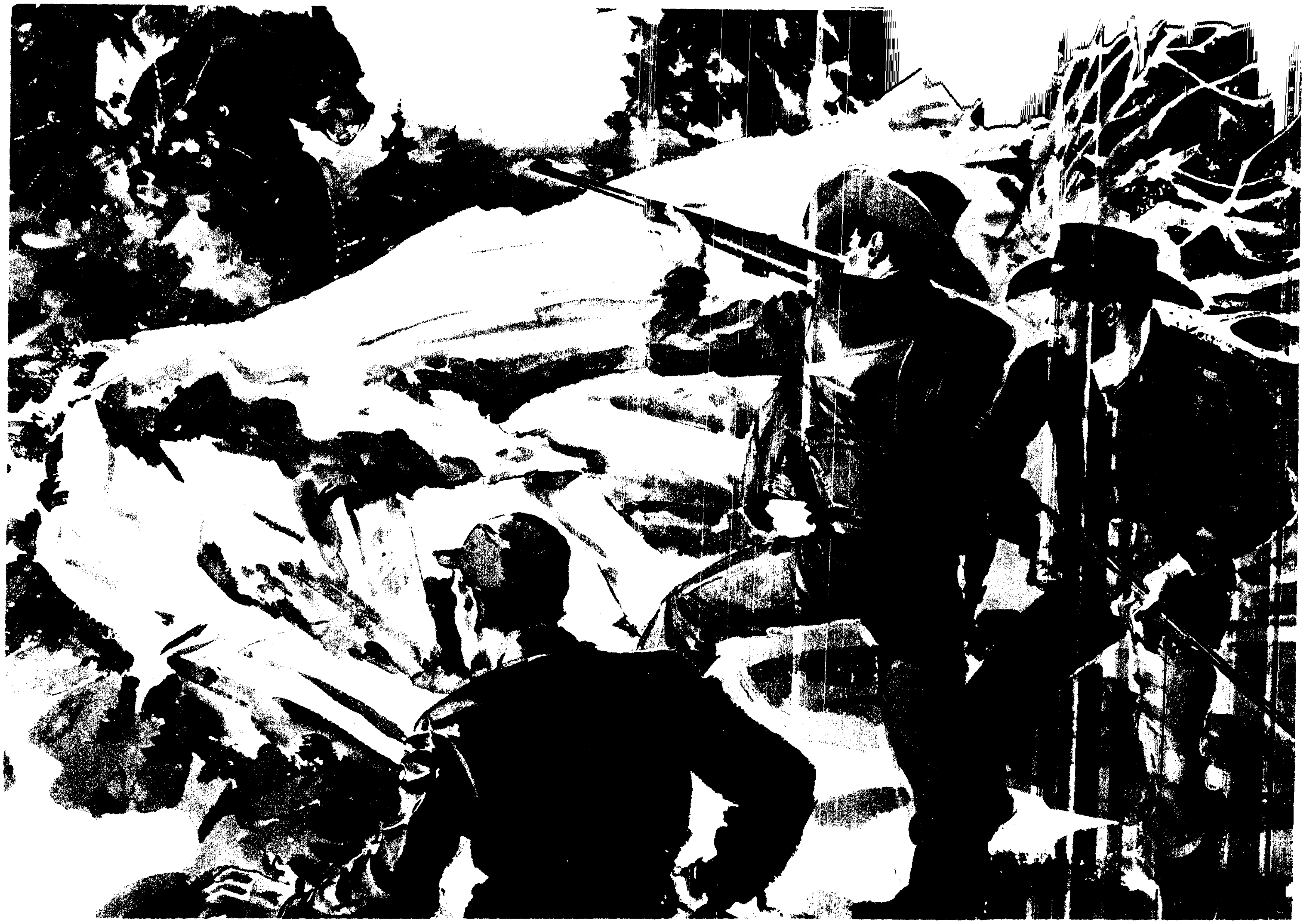
"I imagine there'll be a lot to do. Depends on Italy," he said thoughtfully. "I don't trust Italy. She'll swing toward Hitler. And with Italy in Abyssinia—"

"Abyssinia doesn't matter!"

"Ah, but she does! To Africa."

"Oh, Africa!" (Continued on page 57)

Michael was standing by Claire Winston. Tommy wanted to cry out to him but the time for that was gone, and there was nothing to do but keep the tears back and smile up at him



They were motionless for a moment. It was Chapman, always quick with a gun, who fired first

The Face of Danger

By Harry Sylvester

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

War itself never devised a grimmer test than met these three — young, unthinking and arrogant with a self-confidence they had not earned

THE light hurt their eyes. It had become gradually stronger as their car traveled the road that here passed the bluffs of the Staked Plain, and now that it was full morning, Joe Darrell could see streaks of tenuous blue and pink where the plain rolled a long way ahead of them.

They had passed through Las Vegas in the dawn and now were going into the mountains. They could see them ahead, where the road wound, the east slope of the Sangre de Cristos, and they thought that was an odd name for mountains. They were all young and when they finished college in the spring they were going to be ensigns in the Navy. But now they were driving a fast car into mountains they knew nothing about, and going to a mountain village whose picture they had never even seen, to hunt bear with high-powered rifles they had never handled very much.

The rifles were in the back of the car, carefully packed by someone else in oil and sheepskin, lying there with other, more useless items such as maps, binoculars and vacuum bottles.

It was Mike Chapman, driving the car, who first noticed that the light was making his eyes smart. When he mentioned it to the other two, they noticed it in their own eyes, and Joe Darrell said something indistinctly about it being a strange country.

Eddie Bonham, the third one of the hunters, said, "I bet we get one the first day. I feel lucky."

"I'd like to meet some of these mountain girls," Chapman said.

"It was bears we came here to hunt," Joe Darrell said.

"But I'm not that particular," Chapman said.

"None of us are that particular," Bonham said. "Except maybe Joe. You're that particular, aren't you, Joe? You come to a place to hunt a bear and you'll hunt the bear, won't you? Come blondes or hard liquor." Joe Darrell smiled only thinly.

Climbing, the motor began to knock, and Chapman stopped the car where the road forked and they looked at the small, white wood markers, with the names almost weathered off them. Strange names that meant little or nothing to the hunters. El Valle, Trampas, Vadito and Penasco. They took the road to Trampas. This road was even narrower, and, in shade, patches of fresh snow still lay although the sun was white and strong in the clearings. Big pines rose above them, and against the pines, the now almost leafless aspens were pale like the birches of their Eastern country.

They came on the village suddenly, winding down a little now through a pass, and seeing first the few outlying houses along the road and the empty corrals. Then they were in the village with its mud houses grouped roughly around a shapeless plaza and the surprisingly big, square, mud church rising over them, grave and somehow sullen. The plaza was deserted except for a horse and buggy tethered to a hitching rail, and they could see only one store with the post-office sign out and some beer advertisements on the outside.

They went into the store and a grave-faced woman of thirty looked at them without curiosity from behind the counter. Mike Chapman tried out his Spanish on her: *"Como esta, Señorita?"*

"Buenos dias, Señores," she said, and added, in English, coloring slightly, "I am a *señora*."

"We are looking for Estevan Mirabal," Chapman said. "The bear hunter."

"Estevan is away," the woman said.

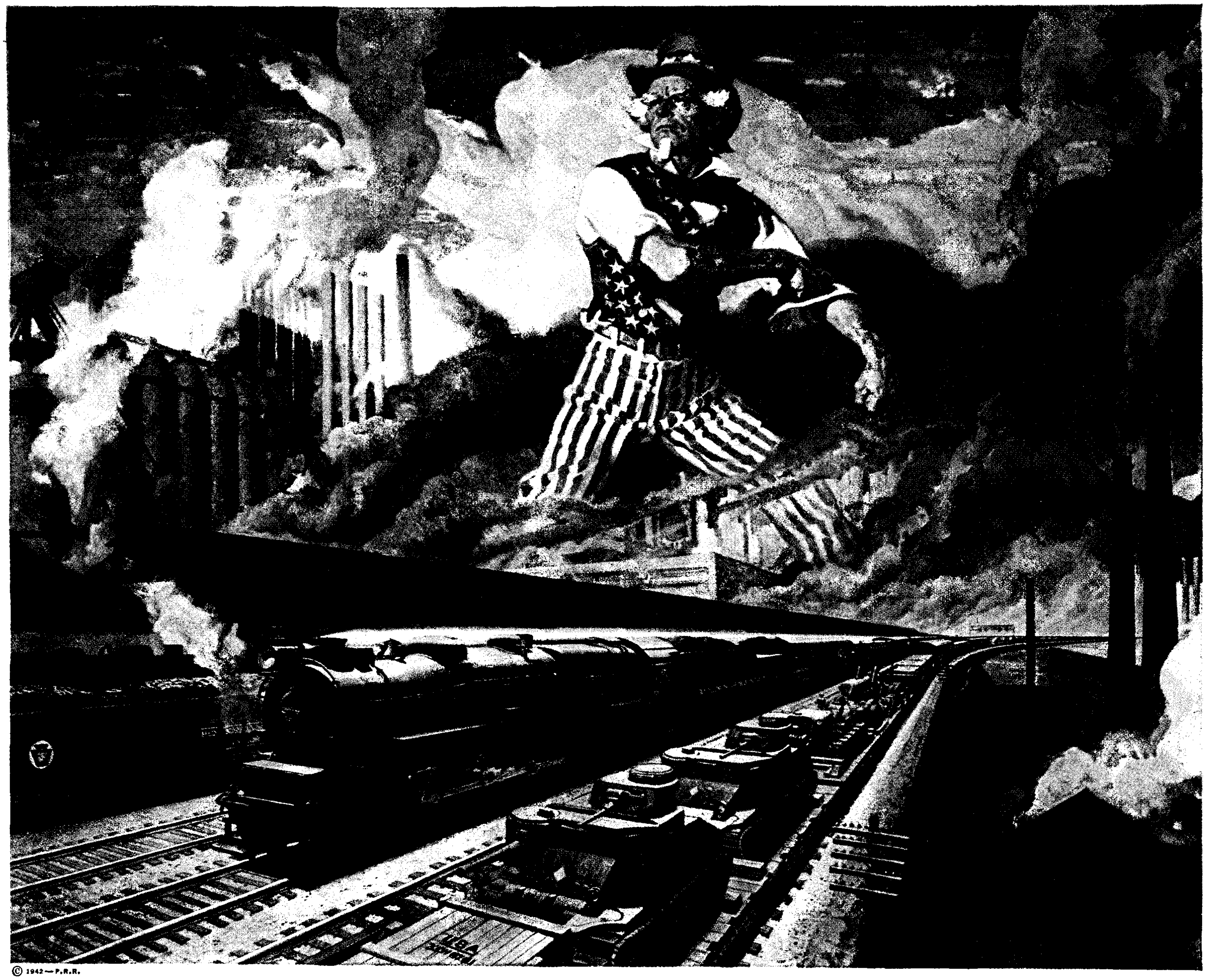
"Will he be back soon?" Bonham asked. "We have only a few days and we'd like to shoot a bear."

The woman spread her hands slightly. "Perhaps tonight, perhaps tomorrow. There has been bad trouble here. And the men are mostly out with Estevan Mirabal, who is also the sheriff."

"What kind of trouble?" Joe Darrell said.

The woman looked at him, appraising him quite thoroughly in a brief glance, and liking, or at least trusting him as she did not trust the other two. "The night riders," she said. "It is not a thing we

(Continued on page 66)



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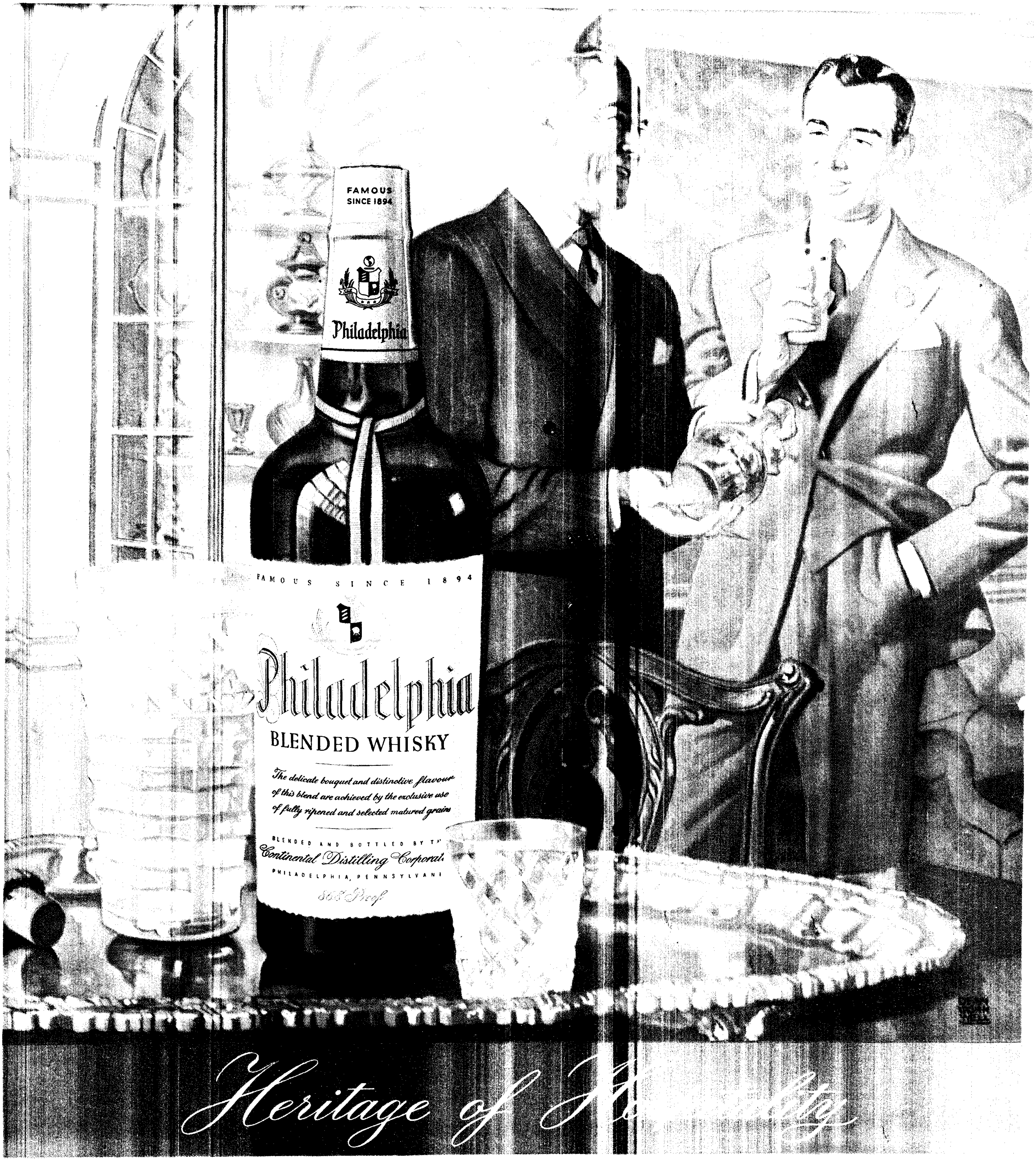
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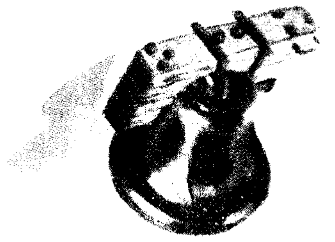

FAMOUS SINCE 1894

The Hunters

Continued from page 53

"You don't think Africa matters?"

She was sweet-spoken again: "Of course. So does India. And Australia. And all the Empire. But London's the place to be. That's the heart of everything. You could help direct things there. Get some appointment. Something that will give you a commission."

"I don't need a commission to fight."

"'Sir Robert' would be quaint in the ranks!"

He grinned, a little ruefully. "Dare say you're right. But I can get a commission out here."

"And do what—?"

He did not answer for a moment. Then he said, quite detachedly, "You don't think much of the life here, do you?"

"Oh, I do, but—"

"I mean—you wouldn't want to live it?"

"I?"

The amusement in her voice was like a mirror held up to him, a mirror in which he could see her beauty and her uniqueness and her delicate, luxurious requirements.

He said hastily, "No, of course not."

"I couldn't—really," she said gently.

Well, that was that. He thought, "Now I know where I stand." At least where she stood. No Africa. He had hoped the war might make a difference. . . . No, he had not really hoped; he had realized, ever since their talk, what her feeling was, and he had been ready, against the grain to be sure, to yield to her—at least, he thought he had been going to yield.

He would have told her so, when he returned from the boma, if he had not come back to that scene in her tent which still gave him a disagreeable feeling to remember. That had put him off, that, and the hurry and work of the trip.

Claire was talking again, very earnestly and eloquently, but he was not going to be rushed. He was surprised at his reluctance to be rushed; out on the plain he had rather wanted to be swept off his feet and have the thing decided. He had felt it was decided the day that Michael had blackguarded her so foully, and all the time in the boma he had been wondering whether to tell Tommy in advance or not.

IT WAS a good thing he had to watch the road, for then he could not look at her; he had only to resist the things her voice was saying, and that was not so hard, for he did not like those things. He did not want a desk job; he didn't see himself as a bureaucrat. He wasn't looking for a chance up the ladder. This wasn't what this war meant to him It was chilling to romantic feeling to find this ambition in her—

She broke off. She had said, "There are bound to be shake-ups. And a new man—" In a different voice she said, "Perhaps I'm prejudiced." She paused and then, deliberately, "Because I'd like so much to have you in London."

The car gave a little jump as his foot pressed harder on the accelerator. He said, impulsively, "I'd like to be there with you." Then his shoulders squared to the antagonism that moved in him, and he reiterated, "But I'll have to see how things are—whether I'm needed, out here."

"And if you're not—?"

She said that lightly, laughingly almost, because, for the first time, she was unsure of her hold over him.

"If I'm not—"

He left that unfinished. "I'll have to see," he soberly repeated.

There is always something triumphant about a safari which returns intact, without injury or disunion, and to have this particular safari, with its elements of antagonism, return in outward accord was an achievement, Michael Garrick thought ironically. The war had done that; concern about the war had bottled up the animosities so near explosion those last days in camp.

Then, too, the motoring had kept them separate. He had felt rather done in, for a couple of days, and he had saved himself exertion by riding with his wife. But he felt all right by the time the cars swept into Kampala and Mrs. Winston and her luggage and her lion skin had been given into the care of her uncle who was again at the Imperial.

THE lion skin, as Claire Winston had foreseen, created little interest now; the world of Kampala had graver things to think about than the shooting of a lion even by so beautiful a woman as this visitor from London. Kampala surged with excitement, with reports from the radio—all disheartening—with talk of enemy aliens and internment, with conjectures about Italy and Somaliland and Abyssinia and border patrol.

The Garricks and Bob McNare stayed only one night, to gather up the news, the talk, the latest papers and radiograms, and then with last drinks, farewells, promises of return, they headed for Masaka.

The safari was over. It was merely one more of the fantastic things that had happened in his life, Michael reflected. It had held, perhaps, the deepest disillusionment of all, but he was not of an age when disillusionment can cut deep—or, if deep, can agonize. The quick in him had atrophied. His last look at Claire Winston had been tinged with knowing laughter.

And — wonder of wonders! — the amenities had been preserved. Bob had not started a brawl in camp. No dismal death scene had taken place in Claire Winston's tent. No accusations had rung out. No recriminations. Bob had battened down his hatches.

To see Bob saying goodby to Mrs. Winston, thanking her for the pleasure of her company on safari, promising to see her again before she left, no one would have dreamed he was a man suffering from sharp enlightenment about her. So thought Michael, sitting on the veranda of his bungalow, in the cool evening dark after dinner, and then, abruptly, he began to think something else.

It wasn't possible—or was it? Claire was touchingly persuasive. There had been all those hours together in the car. . . . By the Lord Harry, that would be a joke on Bob! To see with his own eyes yet not believe—

Perhaps Tommy did not believe, either. Perhaps she actually thought Claire Winston was an innocent invalid and Michael just a helpful aid. Michael glanced down, amusedly, at his wife, sitting beside him.

She was sitting there silently, tiredness in her small figure.

It probably did not matter to her very much, Michael reflected, whether her husband was unfaithful to her or not. What mattered to her was whether Bob McNare was going to marry Claire Winston. . . . That old threat again! Michael

BOWLING NIGHT—
IF YOU COULD ROLL STRIKES AS FAST AS I MAKE BUCKWHEATS WITH AUNT JEMIMA'S READY MIX YOU'D BE LEADING THE LEAGUE!
WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE MY NEW HOOK BALL...IT GOES LIKE THIS!
I SUPPOSE THAT'S ANOTHER ONE OF AUNT JEMIMA'S SECRET RECIPES!
PUT 'EM ALL RIGHT THERE, MOM! WE DON'T WANT ANY SPLITS IN THIS GAME!
PARDON ME, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO WALK AROUND THE TABLE!
YOU CAN PUT ME ON THE FIRST SHIFT 'CAUSE AUNT JEMIMAS ARE SO EASY TO DIGEST!
JUST GIVE ME THREE MORE OF THOSE AUNT JEMIMA BUCKWHEATS AND I'LL BE THE FASTEST PIN BOY ON THE ALLEYS!
IF BOWLING BALLS WERE AS LIGHT AS AUNT JEMIMAS I COULD ROLL 300!
YOU WON'T MIND IF I BORROW THE HEADPIN FOR A MINUTE!

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—Yellow box for Buckwheats;
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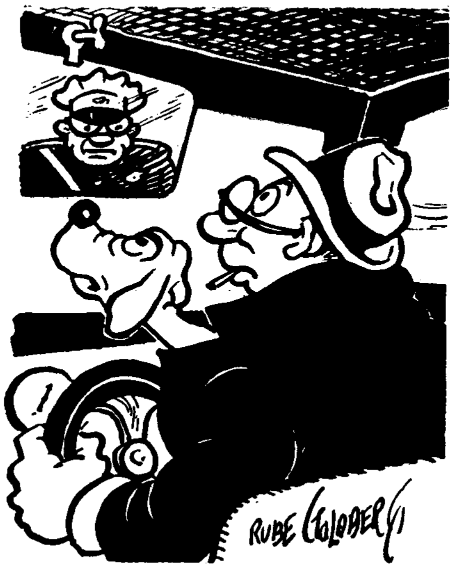
STOP LOOKING!



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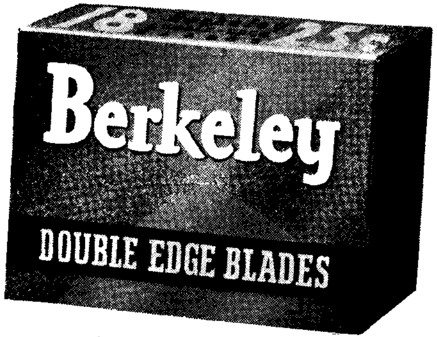

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thought that that had been scotched.

"Look, Tommy," he said gently. "About Bob—"

Her head lifted alertly.

"You don't think he holds any—rancor—do you, for that night? That night you came back from the boma?"

Tommy did not answer for a moment. Then she said, "Why, no."

"Oh, Lord!" said Michael, with almost comical dismay.

"He told me," said Tommy, with a queer, passionless enunciation, "that I mustn't think it was—odd. He said that Mrs Winston had explained that she had called out and that you had been really kind and helpful. He said he would have come running, himself, so I mustn't misjudge you."

AFTER a long moment Michael murmured, "The bloody fool!"

Tommy said nothing. He looked down on her uncertainly. Her face was a glimmer of whiteness in the darkness, its expression hidden, but he could imagine it. A lock of her long bob hung forward against her cheek and he put out his hand and touched it gently.

"I like you, Tommy. I'd have loved you, as I ought, if there had been a heart in me."

She did not speak.

"I'd given it away, long ago. To a girl in England. And she flung me over. . . . That's the way it was. I couldn't stand up to it. . . . She was Claire Alloway. She married a chap called John Howard Winston."

Finally Tommy spoke: "You mean—she was the same one?"

"The very same. She's done you in twice, Thomasina."

Neither of them said anything for quite a while. He could feel Tommy taking it in.

He explained, "She hadn't expected to run into me. She thought I'd stayed in Tanganyika."

"Why do you tell me now?" Her voice was hard and tight.

"I wonder! . . . So you won't think too badly of me, perhaps . . . for that night in the tent. . . . And to put a stone in your hand. One I can't throw."

She did not pretend to misunderstand. She turned it over in her mind.

She brought out painfully, "You mean—tell Bob?"

"Something like that."

"It wouldn't do any good. He wouldn't believe me, would he? And it wouldn't be very—decent—would it?"

"If you told him I had told you—"

She made a little movement of repugnance. He could fancy her feeling of rejection. What was she to say? "Please, Bob, come back to me! I'm the better woman. Michael and Claire were lovers."

BOB would tell her to go to hell. He'd never want to see her again. Because, of course, Tommy would have to do it directly. A clever woman would know how to inject the poison drop by drop, awaking pity for herself in making the revelation. Claire—the baggage!—would know how.

Michael asked, casually, "Do you think he's going back? To enlist? He was dashed mum about his plans."

"He doesn't know. . . I think he'd like to stay. . . . But he may go."

"I'm going, you know."

"I'll go with you, Michael."

"No, Tommy. You stay with the farm. You can make out on it."

"I'd rather look after you."

He reached over and took one of her small hands. Its coldness and its work-roughened fingers touched his pity. For a moment it lay passively in his, then curled tightly about it.

He said, "We've a queer feeling, you and I, for each other."

"Yes. We've had that, Michael."

"You're worth a thousand of her. I always knew that."

"Worth!" she said wryly.

He could not blame her wryness. What had worth got her?—the secret bitterness in her was crying. What had courage and loyalty and cheerfulness and endurance brought? The short end of the stick, every time. What were all the sturdy qualities she had, and the sturdy, clean body, and the clear gray, honest eyes and generous heart against the potency of beauty, touched with charm?

He said, "She wouldn't have been one, two, three to Bob, if he'd been married to you."

A queer comfort for a man to give his wife!

She said briefly, "I know."

"I was too long dying."

"Don't, Michael!"

"He may not go."

"It does not matter."

"If he hasn't said already that he'll go—"

"It doesn't matter what he does," she said harshly. "I'm going with you."

"No, you're not."

"We can sell enough cows to pay for it. The farm will be here—afterward."

"It would be gone to pot. No, you're needed here, Tommy. This war may last a long time. . . . And I don't need you."

"Yes, you do. . . . We'll see it through together."

He gave her hand a squeeze, then took his own away. "I want to be on my own."

"But if you're ill—"

"I shan't be," he said curtly. "I shan't last long but I'll get in the show before I'm done for. If the army won't have me the mine sweepers will. . . . My number's up, anyhow, and that's the way I want to go."

His voice had quickened. Then he said, very casually, "That's all the plans I have. But they're enough. . . . Tomorrow I'll raise the cash. . . . So you be a good girl, Tommy, and run the farm. That's my last word."

"But I want to come," she said, tenaciously. "You're all I have."

"You never had me, my dear. . . . So don't hold to me now. Hold to—what is it the Good Book says: 'Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are of good repute, hold ye fast unto them.' Something like that. . . . No, you stay here. You need the farm to live on. It makes me feel I'm leaving you something. . . . That's the way I want it."

That was the way he wanted it, and that was the way it was decided. Tommy would stay and Michael go. He planned to go on the next boat, the one coming from India, and, by luck, he got a berth on it. "First class, by George!" he said. "I'll do the thing in style."

It had to be first class, for Claire Winston and her uncle might be on that boat. There was some doubt of that now, however; when Bob McNare motored over he reported that Colonel Cunningham was trying for a plane up to Cairo, and over to England across France. A plane could make London in seven or eight days.

"Are you going on that?" Michael asked flatly.

"I'm not going at all," said Bob. "I think my job is here. At least till we know what Italy is going to do. Uganda needs all the men she's got. If there's trouble we may have to borrow from South Africa."

Michael nodded gravely. "I think you're right."

EVERYTHING was all right, he thought, in relief. He would go and Claire would go, flying off in space like the exotic creature she was, and Bob and Tommy would stay, and the sore sense of loss in Bob would be forgotten. It seemed half forgotten now, for Bob was more like his old self again, talking things over with Tommy as he used to do. There was a terrible palaver on, at his farm, over some fracas broken out between a Kikuyu and a Bahima when he had been away, and Bob was anxious to keep it from the attention of the district police officer. Particularly since the wife of the Bahima was rumored to be using witchcraft.

Bob talked this over, and he talked over, too, the problem of his own enlistment. Michael heard him when he, himself, was out of the room.

"Do you think I'm right to stay?" Bob was demanding.

Michael listened, his eyes pricked, one hand on the whisky bottle he had gone to find.

"That's for you to say," said Tommy's quiet voice.

"You're staying?"

"Michael wants me to. I wanted to go with him "

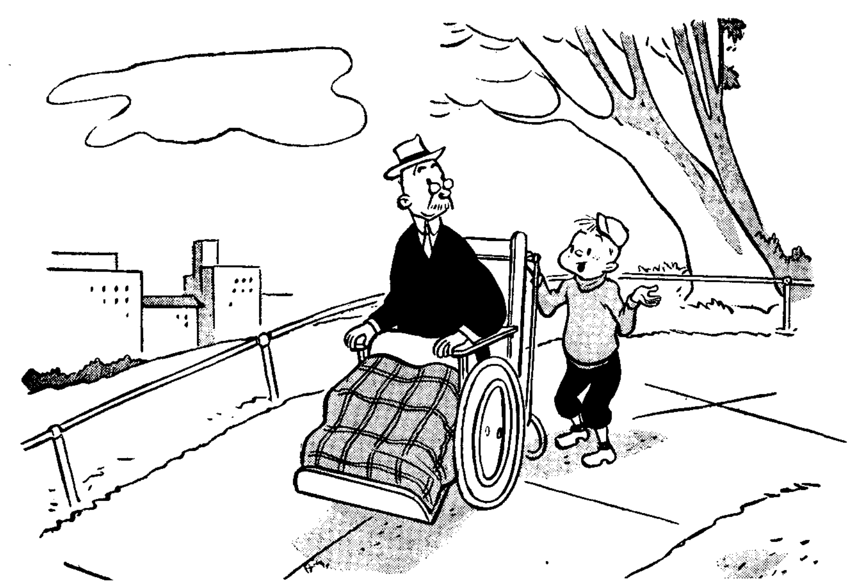
"Michael's right. What could you do?"

"I could help on my father's place."

"What would happen to your own?"

"There's that."

Silence a moment, then: "If you stay that's one more reason for my staying.



"I'm waiting for my friend, sir, who's wheeling another gent. We're gonna have a race down the hills!"

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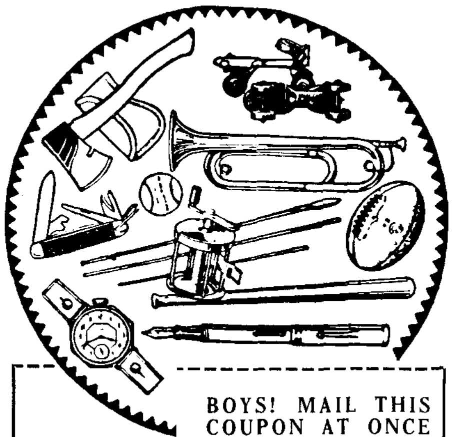

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. . . You'll need help. You're bound to."

Tommy said banteringly, "What good would you be to me if you're on border patrol?"

"I'll be keeping the country safe. . . . At least it seems that way to me. I don't call it slacking. Do you?"

"No!" said Tommy fiercely. "It's doing the job at hand, not going afield for one."

Bob said musingly, "It's so hard to know. . . . Because I hate to leave."

Odd, thought Michael, that Africa did not matter to him as it did to Bob, though he'd lived more than twice the time there. Africa, to himself, had been merely escape. Congenial freedom.

Slowly Michael's hand came away from the bottle it had reached for. If he began again, started taking more than the one allotted peg a night, he'd go off the deep end. One good binge might put him out of commission. He couldn't risk it. One more thing to hate the Jerries for!

It would be hard not to start drinking on the boat. If Claire Winston were there he could trust his pride, but if she went by plane he'd have to watch himself. Well, he could do it.

MRS. WINSTON did not take the plane. She and her uncle left Kampala, but it was for Nairobi, en route to Mombasa. They were at Mombasa, waiting for the boat, when the Michael Garricks came down on the boat train. Tommy had come to see Michael off. "We're doing this in style," Michael said gaily. "Money no object!"

Michael was inordinately gay these days, a lighter-hearted Michael than Tommy had known. The excitement of the war was stimulant to him; that it was going badly served to whet his haste to get into it. "Wait till I get to the front!" he told her. "They need us old-timers to lead the way. We know how to dodge the Minnies." The war, to Michael, was always in terms of the last war.

Tommy had not seen Mombasa since she was a bride. She remembered, with painful distinctness, the whiteness and brightness of the coral rock of which it was built, the glare of the sun, and the fiery color of the red flowering trees. It was a relief when the sun set and they went to Kilindini Harbor, to the steamer.

The ship would sail after midnight. The captain was mysterious about the exact hour—part of the new war secrecy, Michael scoffed—but there would be time aboard for those going-away parties without which no East African boat left port. Already the decks were thronged with passengers and visitors.

MICHAEL'S stateroom was far down in the boat, shared with another man, and Tommy looked about it and thought of the morning she had wakened in a stateroom with Michael's eyes mockingly on hers. Then she thought, "I'm glad there's someone with him. If he should be ill."

She tried not to let herself think about Bob. She did not dare to believe too soon in any happiness. Bob had come to the train to see them off, and she had been afraid that, at the last moment, he would get on the train, he looked so tempted. It was really astounding that he had not come. It was astounding that a man could hold back from the allure of a Claire Winston, from the perquisites of being Sir Robert McNare in England, to stand by his own place and his own convictions. . . . Perhaps thoughts of her had entered into it, too. . . . Bob had been thinking about her, again. . . . His eyes had begun to smile at her.

What was it about Bob that caught so at her heart? Propinquity had helped, of course; propinquity, and her desperate inner loneliness, but there was more to it than that. Something that made him the only man in the world for her. Some queer chemistry in the blood, something in the way he smiled, some trick of the contours of his face? The way their minds moved together? . . . She did not know and it did not matter, she thought; those things were all bound up together. It was just so. Her hands yearned to go out to the straight brown column of his throat and her lips to meet his, and she told herself, staring blindly about the ship that was to take Michael away, that she would have to walk carefully to play the game straight. Bob would feel that, too.

THE Garricks went on deck, and there was Rundell, the planter, red-faced and jovial as ever, with Mrs. Rundell, to see off their two boys going home to enlist. "Glad to get rid of them," Rundell said heartily. "Run the farm better without stumbling over them."

He said it too often, with forced hilarity, and the boys, two strapping youngsters hardly out of their teens, grinned dutifully but winced as at a too-open display of emotion. Mrs. Rundell kept saying, in a small, bewildered voice, "It does seem strange, doesn't it?"

Michael stood them drinks; everybody was standing drinks. But Michael carried his about in his hand and sloshed it on the deck, when unseen. His eyes slanted through the milling crowd, lighted by the deck lights, through the flocks of tourists from India, who had heard of the war at Bombay, at the Taj Mahal, at Delhi, who were telling their stories of the eight-day crossing and the conjectured submarine to the tourists from Africa, telling their stories of abandoned trips, ruined film and unboxed trophies, and then his gaze found and smiled at a high-held blond head, making its way through the throng, and he propelled Tommy forward and said, "Say au revoir but not goodby," in a laughing voice.

"But—how charming!" said Claire Winston. Her wide blue eyes looked amused but not at all surprised. "I heard you were making this boat. And Mrs. Garrick—how nice!" She did not revert to the forced "Tommy."

"Mrs. Garrick's seeing me off."

"Not coming? But that's so sensible. London will be a madhouse. Like this boat." Then she said, "My uncle's at a table in the bar. Won't you join us? All your friends are there."

There was a hint of malicious laughter in her voice.

The bar was crowded. People were wedged about tables, perched on arms of chairs, packing the banquettes. Stewards made their way gingerly, holding drinks high. Singing was starting up here and there above the din of talk. From the open windows came the sounds of loading, the creak of cranes, the thumping of boxes, the shouts of black men carrying luggage and the directing cries of the crew.

Colonel Cunningham sat at a large table in the corner. Major Corcoran was with him, Michael saw, down to see off his young brother from the bank, and Captain Ogilvie — retired — going back for a fresh commission, with Mrs. Ogilvie, and—unbelievably—a shy, stammering boy from a draper's shop at Kampala, who rose, precipitately, as Mrs. Winston appeared.

"I was k-keeping your c-chair."

"Ha! Mr. Garrick!" The colonel was cordial. "And Mrs. Garrick! Sir Robert said you'd be here."

Michael smiled toward him, toward all the circle, toward all the faces, then

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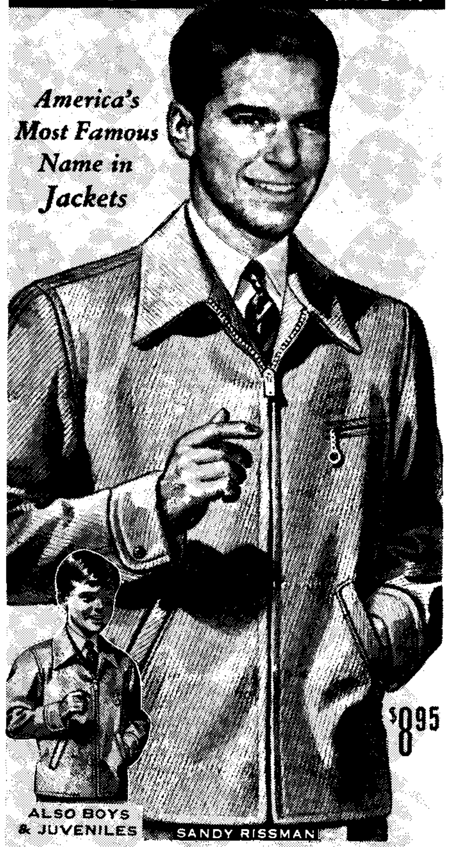

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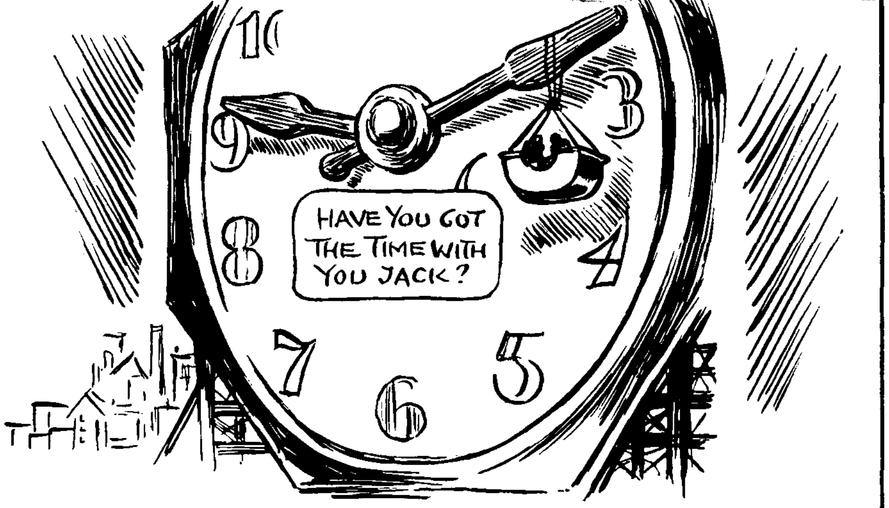
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his smile sharpened, and his brows lifted. Bob McNare was rising to greet them. He had been sitting with his back toward their approach. He had a look of extreme embarrassment as he wrung their hands.

"Came by plane," he told them. "Some people were taking off—room for one more. . . . Had to see you all off, you know."

Michael's smile twisted. "Dashed sporting of you! Looking your last, eh?"

"Won't you sit down?" Claire had taken the chair the draper's boy had vacated, and waved the Garricks to two a steward thrust into the group. She had a look of enjoying this surprise for them extremely. She threw out gaily, "Oh, Sir Robert isn't looking his last at us! I fancy he's changing his mind—we've all been at him. He's coming with us. He knows he's needed."

Her eyes smiled across the table at Bob. He was laughing, confused. "I can hardly do that, you know. I might follow—"

"Why follow? You can buy anything you need on the ship. And there *is* a place—I just went to see about it. They can put a cot in with my uncle."

"Glad to have you. More the merrier," said the colonel. "Whisky and soda? Champagne?" There was an opened bottle of it by him. "What's yours, Mrs. Garrick?"

Tommy's, "Champagne," was dead sounding. Michael thought, "This is the end for her. If he goes now."

He looked at Claire in a cold fury. Her eyes mocked him. She raised the glass of champagne her uncle poured for her. "To England!"

They drank to that; they began to talk, whether they were listened to or not. Ogilvie told Bob, "Forget your farm, McNare. Come in with us." Africa was safe, he insisted. Italy knew on which side her bread was buttered. England needed men. An army on the Continent. Big enough to finish the job in proper shape this time.

That started the colonel on the other time, and he talked briskly against Corcoran, who was trying to tell about the war in Africa, the capture of Mwanza, and the getting of two motorboats up from the Cape to Lake Tanganyika to clear the water of the Germans.

"Place pitted with shell holes—no cover—"

"Kingani!" said Corcoran triumphantly. "That was the boat we sank. And we salvaged her and rechristened her the H.M.S. Fiji and the Fiji helped sink—"

"Wouldn't have thought men could have stood up to it. But they were magnificent."

"The Hedwig von Wissmann. The Fiji sank that with those two cheeky little motorboats—"

"You, Mr. Garrick, understand that terrain—"

BOB McNARE was silent, in the hubbub, staring down at the glass in his hand. How much had he been drinking, Michael wondered. Enough to play the devil with his good sense? There comes a time when caution snaps. A man can stand just so much. . . . A glass too much—a smile too much—Claire was too lovely, too enticing. . . . A man doesn't see a woman like that twice. And to feel her pulling at you. . . .

The light from above shone on her; her hair was spun gold, her lashes tipped with light. She was watching Bob, cat at the mouse hole, waiting her chance. Then her voice slipped softly through the confusion:

"Do come, Robert. It would be splendid."

Michael set his empty glass on the table with a bang. He had emptied it three times running. "Never disappoint a lady," he said loudly. "I didn't—did I?"

He leaned challengingly toward Claire Winston. He said insistently, the hint of a grin on his flushed face, "I didn't—did I?"

Her head reared. The long line of her throat had something serpentine in its slow, angry elevation.

"Did you say something to me?"

Her voice was a cold warning.

Michael laughed. It was overloud, that laugh, with a hint of knowing cunning in its undertones. "Don't you worry! They don't know what I mean."

"I don't either," said Claire haughtily, and turned her head away.

"But Bob does," said Michael, chuckling. "Bob knows I wasn't any 'boy' that night." His tone accented the "boy," played mockingly with it. "Bob wasn't taken in. He only pretended to be. Always the gentleman!"

THEY were all looking at him now. He could feel their eyes on him, and the startledness in them, and the quick memory of those three glasses he had emptied and the conjecture of others emptied before—no one could know those others had been spilled on the deck.

Colonel Cunningham said politely, "I don't quite gather, Garrick—"

"Hot in here, isn't it?" said Mrs. Ogilvie loudly. "Don't you feel it, Tom?" to young Corcoran beside her. "I always say that Mombasa—"

Michael leaned farther toward Claire. "I thought, at first, of going out the back—remember? But those damn' natives. . . . Nothing to do but brazen it out—a chill! Ha ha!"

Claire, white to the lips, said frigidly, "Mr. Garrick is trying to tell the story of a native entanglement he got into. In his early days. He always told that, in camp, when he was—not himself."

That cool lie wouldn't help her with Bob McNare, Michael thought. The cat was out of the bag. . . . But Bob played up quickly. Michael did not know Bob had it in him.

"Yes, that's an old tale of his. I say, Michael, I haven't seen your stateroom yet. Want to show it to me?"

"I know where it is." Tommy stood up. "Let's go, Michael."

Michael got to his feet. He moved very slowly, as Michael always did when he had drunk too much, with careful, graceful precision. He stood a moment, his head flung back, looking down at them; under his narrowed lids his eyes were dark peepholes in a satiric mask. They were all looking at him. Claire was looking. He looked at her.

"Not—tight," he enunciated slowly. He wanted that to be very clear to her. The rest would think it a drunken man's disclaimer. "Not—tight." His eyes and hers exchanged a deep look.

"Come on deck, Michael," said Tommy gently.

"I'll go with you," said Bob. He said, "Cheerio!" to the group, and, "See you later." His face maintained his utter steadiness against the appeal flaming in Claire's dramatic eyes. He walked by Michael to the door, saying evenly, "Watch out for that," when they came to the brass banding in the doorway.

"I say, I'm not tight," Michael protested, as they walked him down the deck. "I didn't give a thing away, did I?" he asked.

"Not to me," said Tommy.

"I'd told you, anyway."

"Michael, hush! You don't know what you're saying." Her face crimsoned, turning from Bob's sharp, questioning glance. "It's fresh out here. Let's walk up and down."

"Coffee's the thing," said Bob. "Hi! Steward!"

"I'm not tight, I tell you. . . . They didn't twig. . . . No gentleman ever gives a lady away. . . . She had a chill, I tell you. Always a chill after a headache. . . . Always a headache after a chill. . . . Why the devil did you come back so soon?"

"Don't talk, Michael," said Tommy. "Bob, get the coffee—that steward won't. The boat's sailing soon."

Michael drank the coffee. He said, "Bet it's that lot they did us down on, Bob." They walked him up and down, through the talking, inattentive groups."

"Why are we doing all this?" he said suddenly. "I'm all right—really." His voice was crisp and rational again. He said lightly, "I didn't make an ass of myself, did I?"

He felt Tommy's hand tighten on his arm. "You had a bit too much."

"Sorry! I won't again. Never more than one peg a night. You can sleep on that, Thomasina."

"All right, Michael."

A GONG was sounding. Saloons and smoking room and barroom began to empty. People jammed the doorways, grouped again upon the decks. The sailor with the gong promenaded, beating loudly, and officers reiterated commands. Visitors began, reluctantly, to file down the gangways.

Colonel Cunningham and his niece were on deck with their group and made their way toward the Garricks and McNare.

Claire said to Tommy softly: "I hope that Mr. Garrick is better now."

"Quite all right," Michael answered her. "Temporary seizure."

"Understandable, quite!" said the colonel. He looked sharply about to rebuke any criticism of a man who was going home to fight for his country, a man who understood the terrain of 1917.

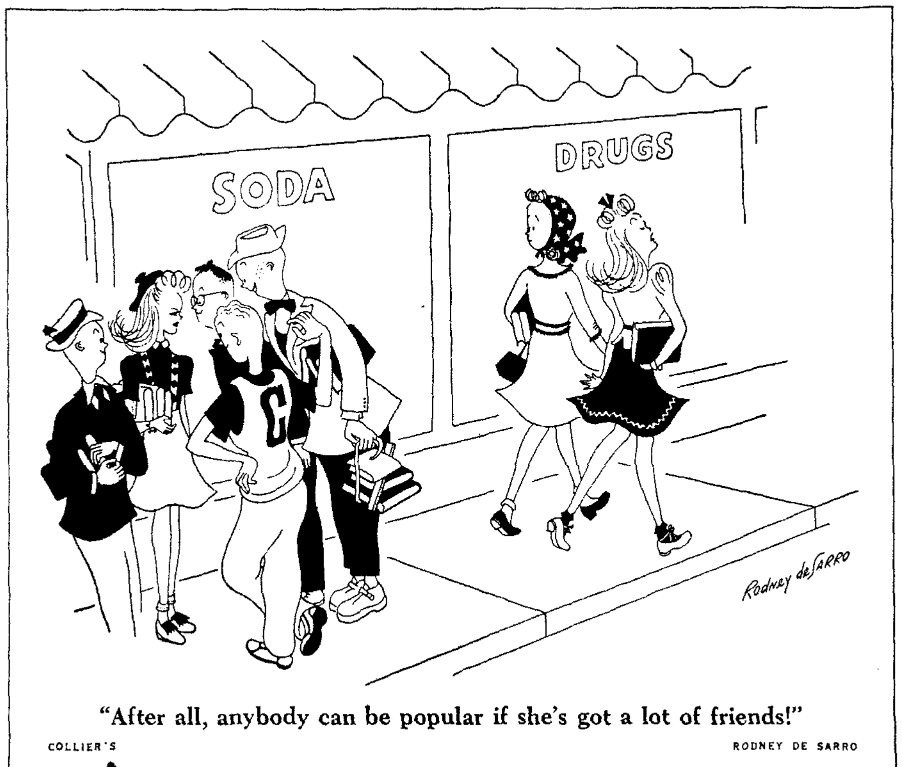
"Goodby," said Bob.

"You're not coming?" The colonel looked surprised, but Mrs. Winston was smiling indifferently before Bob answered.

"I owe a duty here, I think."

Michael said, "There'll be others!" under his breath to Claire. He was laughing at her, at himself, at the absurdity of attaching too much importance to a Sir Robert McNare when she was so lovely and desirable, going back to a world that would have forgotten idle rumors, a world rife with personable young men in uniform. His dancing eyes defied hers to maintain their chill animosity.

Last things were said, hands were wrung. Mrs. Rundell suddenly pulled her boys' faces down to her and kissed them openly. Major Corcoran smacked his brother on the back and said, "Give a good account of yourself, fella!" Mrs. Ogilvie held Tommy's hand in hers and told her, "We'll take care of him for you, Mrs. Garrick."



"After all, anybody can be popular if she's got a lot of friends!"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

Michael said to Tommy, "All the best!"

Then she was ashore, on the edge of the crowd, that was beginning to sing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot," and the band on the ship played Rule Britannia. And the passengers thronged against the rail.

MICHAEL was standing by Claire Winston. He had an utterly gay look, Tommy thought, her heart twisting, an unbelievably gay look for a man with so little chance ahead of him. She wanted to cry out to him, to say some last word, but the time for that was gone, and there was nothing she could do but keep the tears back and smile up at him, to keep unshadowed his laughter and elation.

He was going home to die, as he would surely die, whether he lasted to fight or not, but it was the way he wanted to go and he was going with that lovely faithless creature beside him for the next days, at least—in that going the elements of the fortuitous and the touch of the predestined were strangely mingled.

The ship drew away. Handkerchiefs fluttered. Tommy waved steadily at the blur of faces. Then she felt the touch of Bob's hands on her arm.

"They're gone, Tommy. Let me take you back."

THE END

The Jean Bart Hoists the White Flag

Continued from page 52

wonderful new German sultan with the powerful voice that sounded louder than the howl of a hundred jackals.

"But, in 1939, when war broke out, you vanished as though the earth had swallowed you. A year later, however, when Allah allowed the new German sultan to crush the armies of France to dust, you were back once more, a member of the German Armistice Commission.

"My little furnished villa on the Boulevard du Général Monnier seemed to please you, and I was glad when we decided upon a monthly payment of eight hundred and fifty francs. The money, you said, would be paid to me directly by the French state, as France was committed to pay huge war indemnities to your German sultan. This was in November, 1940. Until today, monsieur, you have lived in my house. But month after month, when I went to the French authorities and asked for my money, they said that Vichy had given no such order."

"Is that my fault?" Mr. Hoff cried bitterly. "French negligence—that's what it is!"

Abd-el-Malek raised his hand, and Mr. Hoff fell silent.

"From November, 1940, till November, 1942, is two years. And twenty-four times eight hundred and fifty francs are twenty thousand, four hundred francs," explained Abd-el-Malek, who was an expert at mental arithmetic. "However, monsieur, you generously considered that the price for my exquisite little house was quite inadequate."

"I never said any such thing!" Mr. Hoff declared angrily.

"Said? No, you never said so, monsieur!" Abd-el-Malek smiled blandly. "But it has pleased Allah to put these interesting documents into my hands." He reached into the folds of his white garment and brought forth a bundle of papers. "Twenty-four of your monthly statements to Paris, monsieur. These are the copies from your files. Your rent was stated monthly at seventeen hundred francs, and the receipt is signed each time—but not by me."

"Doudja!" Mr. Hoff mumbled in anguish. "Doudja has stolen the papers—that brown she-devil!"

"Yes," Abd-el-Malek sighed. "Doudja, the dancer from the tribe of the Ouled Nail."

HOFF'S tortured eyes wandered from the Berber to the windows and then to the guarded doors. With a strangled voice he finally said, "All right, I'll pay you twenty—" Abd-el-Malek frowned. "I mean the forty thousand francs," Hoff corrected himself.

"Sixty thousand," Abd-el-Malek said amiably. "Allah would not wish us to forget the interest!"

Mr. Hoff thought an instant. "You win," he said. Then he took a well-stuffed wallet from his breast pocket and began to count out bills. "Five thousand, ten thousand, fifteen—"

Abd-el-Malek raised his hand again. "Only ten thousand, monsieur, the ten thousand for Doudja, the dancer. For the other fifty thousand I have another arrangement in mind. About a year ago you paid a visit to my particular friend, Maurice Lévy, the distinguished art collector. He was the owner of three magnificent paintings by Goya, for which I had offered him seven hundred thousand francs. But he had refused to part with them. Yet he gave them to you for only fifty thousand francs. It seems that Allah has blessed you with a most wonderful power of persuasion. Well, now I want those three paintings—and we shall be even. Agreed, monsieur?"

"No!" Mr. Hoff cried. "No!" But his voice faded away as he heard again the angry roar of cannons. "Yes, agreed," he said faintly.

Once more Abd-el-Malek reached into the folds of his burnoose and took out a carefully prepared document, to which Mr. Hoff put his signature.

"Here," the German said hurriedly, "the three paintings are yours. You remember where they are hanging, in the music room, to the right and to the left of the piano, and above it."

"Indeed they do!" Abd-el-Malek nodded. "That is where they are hanging now—with Allah's consent. I had them taken from your car, monsieur."

"From the car?" Mr. Hoff cried.

"Yes, my friend," said Abd-el-Malek affably. He turned his head toward the windows and listened. "Bad news for the subjects of the German sultan," he announced. "I cannot hear the French guns any more and the Jean Bart has ceased firing."

Mr. Hoff leaped to his feet. "We have finished our business. So now may I go?"

Abd-el-Malek smiled.

"Happy journey! Wherever it may lead you—to Marrakech, to Tetuán, or to Rabat!"

Hoff wheeled around on the threshold. "What's that? You say Rabat, when you well know that I'm headed for Tetuán?"

"For Tetuán, if Allah wills it so," Abd-el-Malek said suavely. "Allah always has His way. For Allah is more powerful than I or you, or your chauffeur, Ibrahim."

"What has Ibrahim to do with this?" the German asked swiftly.

"Nothing," asserted Abd-el-Malek, "except that, as a follower of General De Gaulle, he intends to take you to Rabat, the headquarters of the Fighting French."

Mr. Hoff stared at his host, but the Berber stepped to the windows and peered out at the harbor. Then, without turning around, he said, "But Allah in His eternal wisdom has decided differently. Your destination won't be Marrakech, or Tetuán, or even Rabat. You'll stay in Casablanca, Monsieur Hoff, for on the Jean Bart the white flag flies!"

HOFF stumbled toward the window and Abd-el-Malek clapped his hands three times. Through one of the doors, Doudja slipped in—brown, beautiful, slender Doudja, the dancer from the tribe of the Ouled Nail.

"Monsieur Hoff will not be able to make his trip," Abd-el-Malek explained. "Take Youssef and go down to monsieur's car, and fetch the three fat books with the little pictures—"

"My stamps!" Mr. Hoff groaned. "My precious stamps—you bandit, you thief, you brigand!"

"Indeed!" said Abd-el-Malek, smiling serenely. "Today, the smell of gunpowder enchants my nostrils, and I feel young once more. Once more I am Abd-el-Malek, the brigand, superior to all the bandits in the land of Atlas, perhaps even a match for a member of the German Armistice Commission, if Allah wills it so. What is written is written. Mektoub."

THE END

Men Without Weapons

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

They are not without defense, who have only courage

THIS cove was small, almost landlocked, and the fog filled it, and sifted through the tops of the spruce. Silence rested on the water's calm surface, but the echo of the motorboat's engine still quivered in the air.

Roy Pierce sat on the stern thwart of the skiff, and looked beyond the old man who was rowing him ashore—looked at this land, the gentle hill and the scattered white houses, at the dock and its sheds, and the white shell road curving away into the cluster of the town. He heard a crow call, smelled the wet earth spiced with yesterday's sun, and he said to himself, "It's solid land."

But he didn't move. Hunger had weakened him, and the cold had seeped inside to the very center of his body.

"Well," said the old man, "this is Wyman."

Pierce said, "Whatever you call it, it looks good to me."

There had been a moment back there in time, when this moment of being alive had been no more than a sweet thought, never to hold reality. For five days he had heard nothing but the lapping of an easy, fog-softened sea against the boards of the makeshift raft. And then from the fog had come the purr of a motorboat's engine, and he had stood up, listening with doubt. Even the sight of the boat held little more than fantasy. This old man, Adam Lloyd, had peered at him, from under a yellow sou'wester, and Pierce had said sanely, "Now listen, buddy, go away. Don't kid me."

"Take it easy, son," Lloyd had said, "come aboard."

The old man had been facetiously peevish about the time spent in picking him up, complaining that he was a lobster fisherman, not a Coast Guard handy man. And there had been a sly humor in his eyes when he said, "If you fellows refused to run them ships—there'd be no more sinkings—ever think of that?"

Pierce had thought of that five days ago, when he found himself in this cold, northern water, watching lifeboat No. 2, the only boat afloat, sliding away from him into the dark beyond the light of the flames of the burning Cyrus P. Conner. There had been no humor in his answer when he said to Adam Lloyd, "Once is enough for me, brother. I'm through."

On the dock a group of people watched with silent interest the approach of the skiff.

"News spreads fast," Lloyd said. "Folks on the point must have seen the stranger with me. You've got a reception committee."

"I can take it."

Three kids had piled into a beached dory and were staring with shy, curious eyes at Pierce. A girl left the group on the dock and climbed down the ladder to the low-tide landing. She stood there, waiting for the skiff. She was a small girl, with soft blond hair.

"That's my daughter," Adam Lloyd said.

He brought the skiff alongside the landing. The girl held it in with the heel of her shoe hooked over the gunwale. She had on a pink skirt and her legs were bare. "We worried," she said to her father.

"I lost a trap," he said, "but I found Mr. Pierce here, sitting on a raft out over Newberry Shoals—singing. His ship was torpedoed."

The crowd on the dock above them murmured.

Lloyd spoke again to the girl: "Take him up to the house, Amy. He's probably got an appetite. See what you can do to that arm—it don't look so good. I'll come along as soon as I get done here."

She looked at Pierce. Slow color had darkened her throat and cheeks. "You'll have to forgive the house. I didn't expect company."

She had a gentle, low voice, and there was something that pleased him in the way she pronounced her words.

OTHERS began coming down the ladder and formed a group around Pierce. Someone slapped him on the back, and he saw an elderly man in a gray business suit and tall rubber boots, smiling at him.

"I just want you to know that you're welcome to Wyman. We're proud to have you and will take good care of you. You want to telephone?"

Pierce shook his head.

"Your folks might want to know you're safe."

Pierce said gruffly, "There's no one to notify." He felt the dock swing, and closed his eyes for a moment. "I don't want to talk," he muttered.

The girl came to his aid: "Let him be. I'll take care of him."

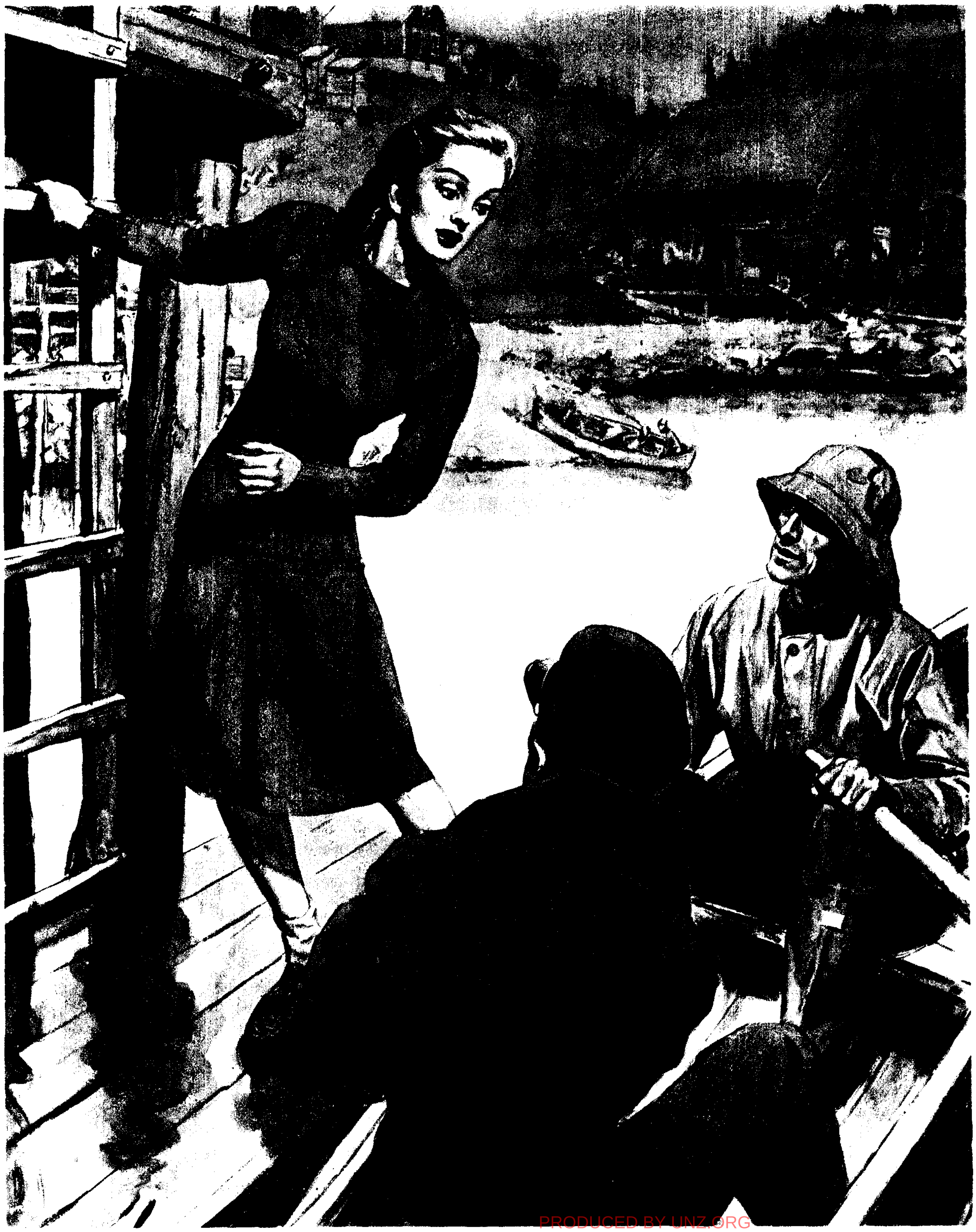
The crowd moved back and Pierce let her lead him off the landing. The feel of the hard shell road gave him back some strength. He tapped the ground with his shoe. He looked at the girl and smiled. "Genuine?"

"Guaranteed," she said. "Under it is Maine's solid granite."

Pierce smiled. "I appreciate it." Then he said, "What was all the fuss about down on the dock?"

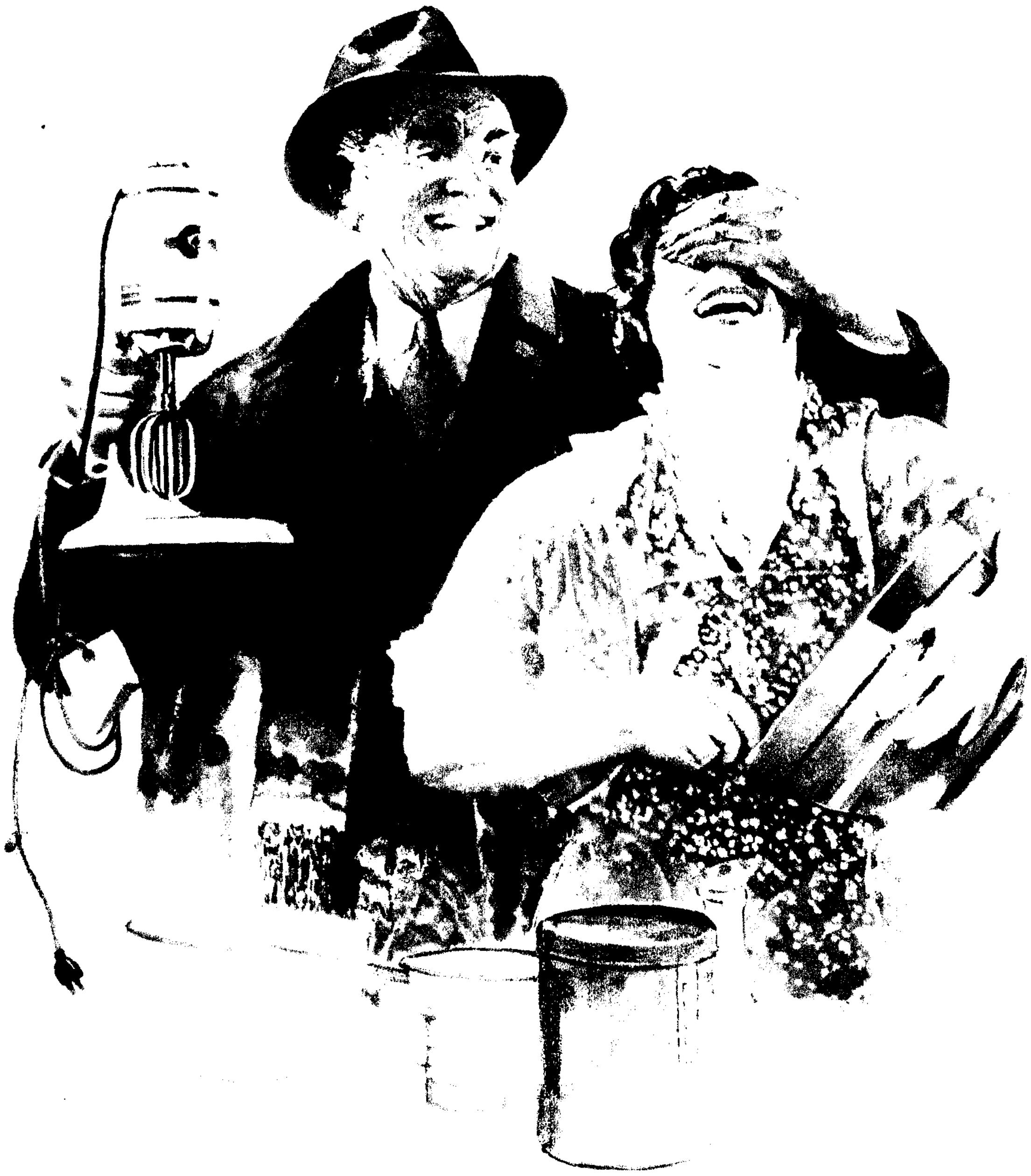
She was walking beside him now and there was a faint smile on her lips. She said quietly, "We don't often have a

(Continued on page 70)



"I lost a trap," said Adam Lloyd, "but I found Mr. Pierce here, sitting on a raft out over Newberry Shoals —singing. His ship was torpedoed"

How American it is... to want something better!



MAYBE MOTHER'S NEW MIXER will be one of the few remaining or maybe she'll have to wait for it till after the war. But whenever it comes, you can bet she'll exclaim "Now this *is* something better!"

And how American to want "something better"—in kitchen equipment or airplanes or threshing machines or what-have-you.

Why, we're even fighting a war on the promise of a better tomorrow!

THIS FINE AMERICAN TRAIT goes right through our lives—helps us decide what we will wear or eat or drink. There is an ale—one with a 3-ring trade mark like the dewy rings your glass leaves on the table. "Purity," "Body," "Flavor," say the words in the rings. "Something better," say millions of Americans when they try this moderate beverage. And so *many* say it that this has become... America's largest selling ale.

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To speed the day when we can have more "better things" *buy war bonds and stamps*

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Mr. McCandless Takes Over

Continued from page 13

Firing on both sides stopped momentarily, not so much to watch a ship die as for purposes of identification. Distinguishing targets was a difficult job, for every time our forward turrets fired, the blast and glare of the guns blanked out everything. Now the flames of the burning cruiser showed a Jap battleship off our starboard bow at a range of about 2,500 yards. "Get the big ones first," was Admiral Dan's battle order, and we lost no time obeying. There can be no question about the hits we scored, for the next day she was found still wallowing, and was finished off by torpedoes from our planes.

Not that the Jap was idle. Her first salvo, however, fell short. The second was still short, but a third hit us squarely in the bridge structure on the starboard side. I think it was one of these shells that struck down Captain Young and Commander Arison.

I was on the portside at the time, and while a small fragment went through my right ear, embedding itself in my head, the worst damage was a ringing in my ears that never left. Just as I moved over to starboard, several shells, probably from another ship, struck the portside of the navigation bridge, undoubtedly killing everybody there. Anyway, I found myself alone except for the helmsman, Harry Higdon, quartermaster third class, who came up to tell me that we had lost steering and engine control.

Navigation Bridge a Shambles

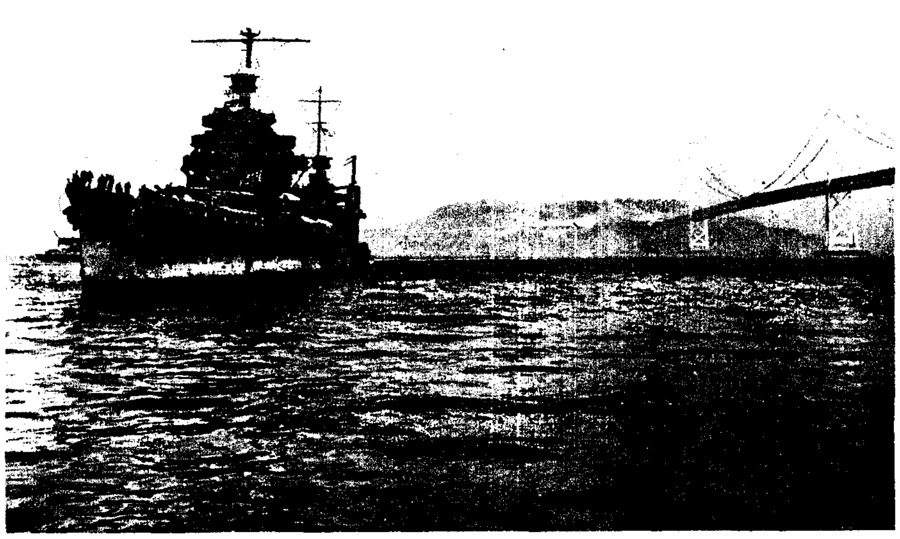
We had been turning left to keep from running head on into the Jap, and getting the ship back to a steady course was something that had to be done at once. Thank the Lord, we found things okay in the conning tower on the deck below. After giving the helmsman his instructions, I hurried back to the navigation bridge to see if I could find Captain Young. Evidently more shells had struck in my absence, for the place was a shambles. Bodies were lying everywhere. Any attempt at identification was impossible, for in battle all of us, from the captain down, wore the same plain khaki. All dead, as far as I could feel and see, and it was not until later that we found Commander Arison draped over a 5-inch gun, blown ten or fifteen feet, and badly wounded but still alive.

I made a quick trip back to the signal bridge, falling through a jagged shell hole that gashed my legs. Picking myself up I looked around for Admiral Callaghan or some member of his staff, but again I found only dead bodies. All this happened in about twelve minutes, although it seemed like years to me. Back in the conning tower, word came over the telephone circuit that the after control station had been hit, killing Commander Hubbard. By now the San Francisco was receiving major attention from the Japs.

As I stood looking out through a slit in the conning tower, a shell hit two feet over my head, knocking me cold and spraying my face with fragments. My binoculars saved my eyes or I would have been in a bad fix. That shell ended any engine and steering control from the conning tower, and as the after station was also out, that left only the central station way down under. The men there could see nothing, of course, but the telephone circuit kept intact, so I acted as their eyes, continuing to give orders from the conning tower.

With Admiral Callaghan, Captain Young, Commander Arison and Commander Hubbard gone, the next in command was Commander Crouter, but I knew that he was lying all bandaged up in his bunk. What I didn't know until later was that a shell had got him. He was a gallant, capable officer, well deserving of the Navy Cross for heroism that was awarded him posthumously. Getting Lieutenant Commander Schonland on the phone, I informed him that he was apparently the surviving senior officer. Down below at the time, in charge of damage control, he broke in before I could finish, telling me to go ahead and conn the ship as he had all hell on his hands.

I'll say he had! Fires were going all over the place, magazines were flooding, and shell holes made a sieve of the sides. Sloshing around in water up to their armpits, and with only hand lanterns for light, how "Rocky" Schonland, Ensign Dusch and their boys kept the ship afloat will always be a miracle of courage and stubborn refusal to be beaten.



The battle-scarred San Francisco in San Francisco Bay

Newspaper accounts have continually referred to me as coming to be the commanding officer of the San Francisco, which I never was. I was only officer of the deck and, through unusual circumstances, found that at the time I was the only man capable of duty on the flag bridge. And circumstances kept getting more and more unusual. Now the ventilating system went blooey, cutting off air from the central control station, but the men down there kept on the job, one taking up as another fell back, choking and half asphyxiated. "Stick, you so-and-sos," they yelled. "We'll all be walking Market Street in a month." And, thank God, they were!

The Courage Invincible

Next thing, a Jap destroyer came out of the dark at high speed, running down our portside and letting go with all her guns. One of our own 5-inch babies was kept firing by three wounded men, one with a leg blown off, the second minus an arm, and the third with a gaping hole in his belly. This last man fell down with a shell in his hands, got up only to fall again, and was still desperately trying to load the gun when he keeled over. How can you beat fellows like that? We took a lot of punishment, but finally one of our shots went home. Evidently it struck the destroyer's load of depth charges, for her entire after half blew up with a bang.

At this time in the action, it appeared that we were between two Japanese columns, getting fire from both sides. With no compass and the rudder all cockeyed, it looked like a good time to leave, and I decided to go straight ahead and try for a way out between Savo Island and Cape Esperance, the tip end of Guadalcanal. As if to help me, all firing stopped again, just why I don't know. Probably the Japs were all balled up, and so were we, for that matter.

On we crept, but just as I was congratulating myself on getting out of a tight spot, one of our 5-inch guns went off for some reason or other, and hell broke loose all over. "Willie" Wilbourne and "Red" Cone fired several salvos at some ship, although I doubt if they know who or what it was even now, and all of the Japs replied enthusiastically. Suddenly I realized that we were out of the line of fire, and that the Japs were actually *shooting at each other.* And was that all right with me!

Off again, wobbly but still afloat, we were just nearing the gap between Savo and Cape Esperance, when out of the dark loomed a large ship that lost no time in letting go with her guns. From her fire I judged her either a battleship or a heavy cruiser. Any fight was out of the question, and swinging sharp left, I decided on a backtrack either through Lengo Channel or Sealark Channel. This, of course, put the San Francisco between such Jap ships as might still be on our left, and the land batteries of the Japanese-held portion of Guadalcanal. Even so, it offered a better chance than bucking the big ship that had us under fire.

Not only did I lack Commander Arison's skill as a navigator, but I knew nothing of those particular waters. Worse still, all of the charts were either burned up or blown to shreds. As a consequence, my navigation consisted entirely of steaming slowly eastward along the shore line of Guadalcanal, sheering off when it looked as if I was about to ground. Not so hot, but it worked. The next day I learned that some of our own had actually looked us over with a mean eye before deciding that we were American.

There will always be a sneaking doubt in my mind as to whether we could have pulled through, but by another piece of the San Francisco's good luck, a cruiser came up behind us out of the dark. At that, we didn't know her at first, and she didn't know us, but Captain Gilbert Hoover, may he live forever, took a second look before letting us have it. In that split second I recognized the cruiser, and managing to dig up a blinker gun, let her know who we were. Now for the first time I was able to report to a surviving senior officer, telling about Admiral Callaghan and Captain Young. Assuming command, Captain Hoover sent out radio messages appointing a rendezvous for all American ships at daybreak. Following the cruiser through Sealark Channel, although our rudder was still cockeyed, we joined up with other units at dawn, at the rendezvous, from which point we proceeded to our base.

All through the night I had been praying for dawn, but when it came I felt myself wishing for the dark again. Dead members of the crew were everywhere, and all men that we had known and loved. Utter exhaustion robbed everybody of strength to steel himself against the shock of what he saw, for we had been at battle station since 7:30 the night before. Many of the sailors, boys of seventeen and eighteen, had never seen death in violent form, and wandered the decks in a daze, doing and saying idiotic things. The medical department, with only three doctors and a few Hospital Corps men fit for duty, worked thirty-six hours at a stretch.

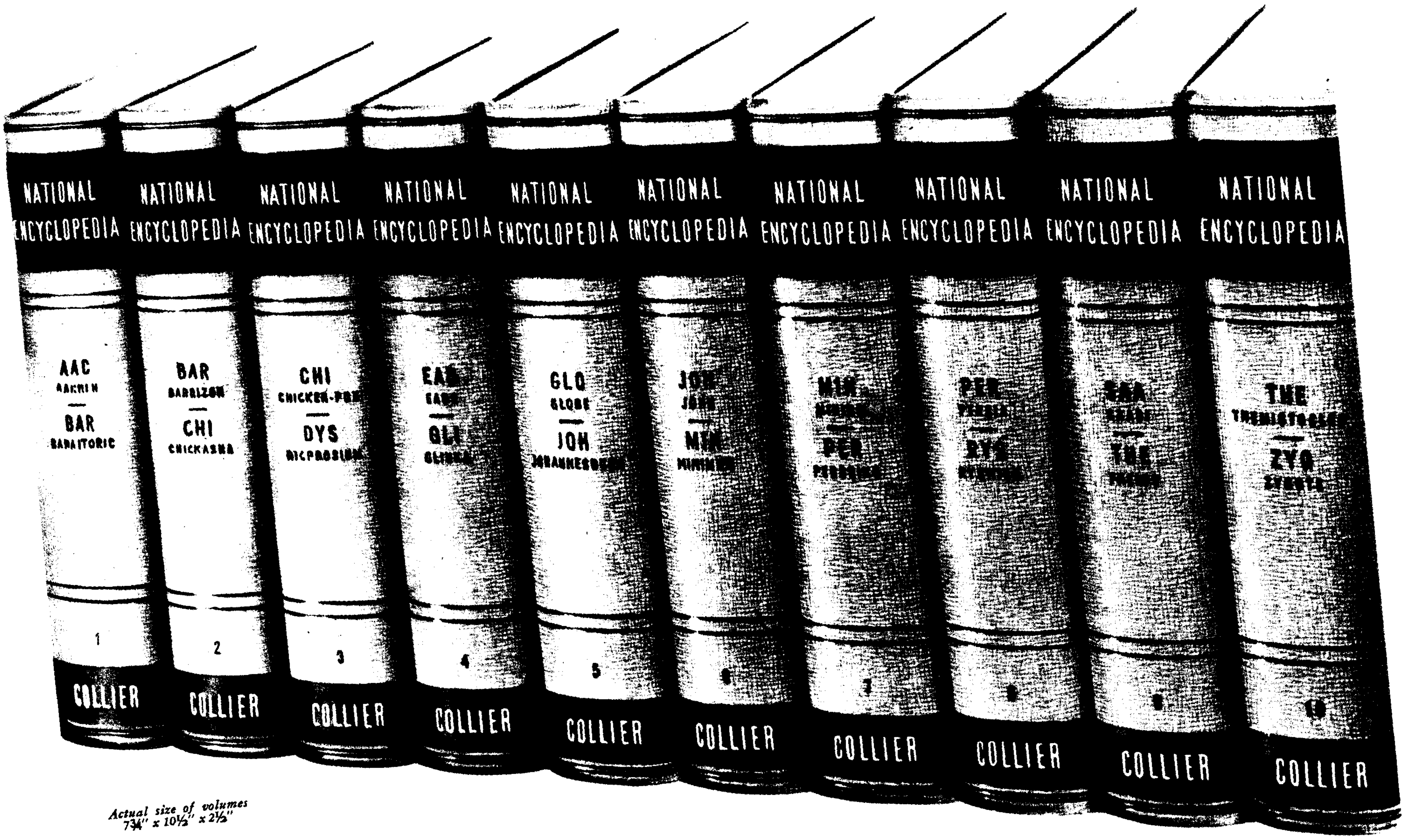
A Battle-Torn Warship

Submarines were all around us, but our luck still held, and on the afternoon of the 14th we dropped anchor, right side up but about as badly mauled a ship as ever managed to stay afloat. At the base we received a new commanding officer, Captain Albert F. France, Jr., and while it was a somewhat slap-happy crew that he took over, every man was soon ready and eager to fight again. Matching our own losses against enemy losses, we knew that we had beaten the living hell out of the Japs, and could hardly wait to do it again.

Repaired and reorganized, we steamed away for California under our own power, a voyage without incident. And did San Francisco give a welcome to the cruiser that bore her name! What pleased us most, of course, was when Admiral Greenslade put our good ship in the Navy's Hall of Fame along with the Constitution and the Oregon, and what touched us most deeply was when Admiral King, standing straight and fine before the crew, gave those splendid men the praise and credit that was their due. "Well done," he said. "It is men like you in ships like this that will play a major part in winning the war."

To such great seamen and born leaders as Captain Charles M. Yates, Admiral Daniel J. Callaghan, Captain Charles H. McMorris and Captain Cassin Young, the officers that trained us and worked the daylights out of us, goes the credit for everything that the San Francisco did. And when the old ship steams out of the Golden Gate in a short while, we'll pay them, by the grace of God, other and still greater tributes.

THE END



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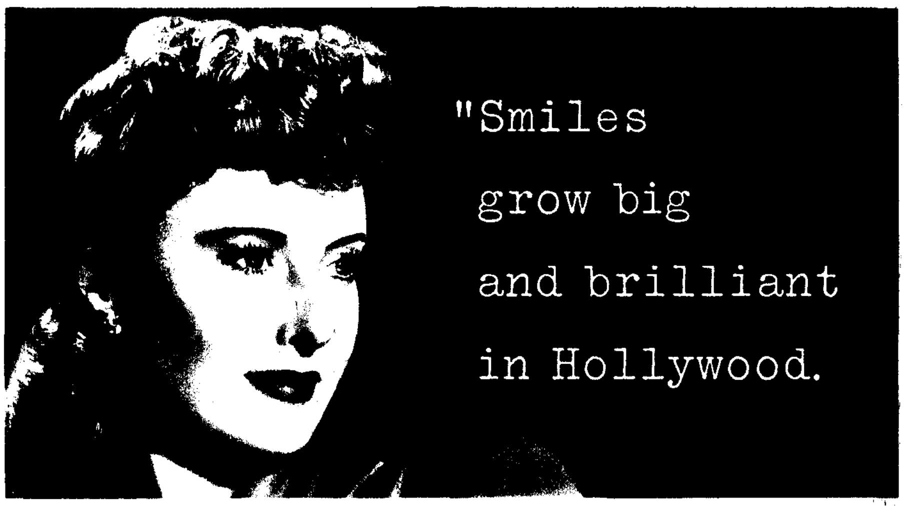
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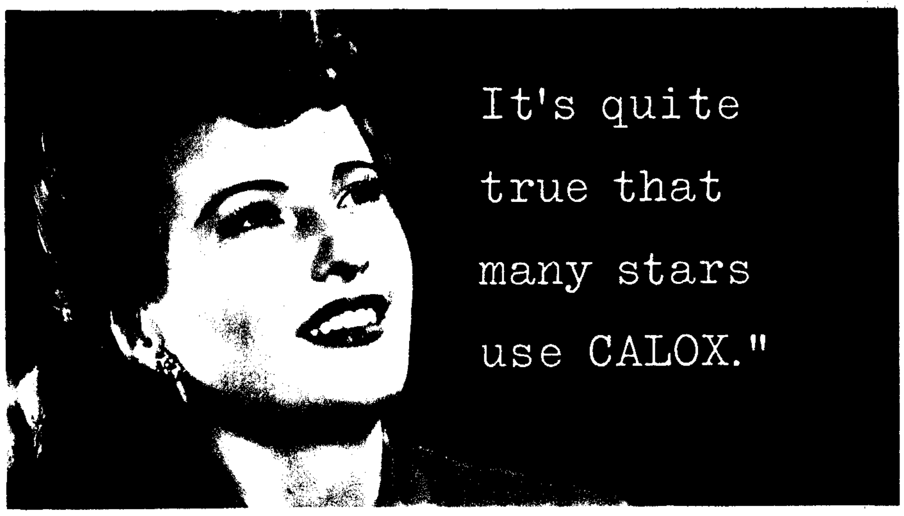
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The Face of Danger

Continued from page 54

speak of much and are not proud of. Differences between people should be settled by day and peaceably, but some of our people must settle them violently at night.

"Last night some of them went too far. They were enraged at not finding at home the man they wanted and they fired his house, either not knowing or caring that his mother, a *vieja*, an old one, was in it."

The woman had become angry and almost eloquent. The color it brought to her face made her suddenly handsome and Eddie Bonham was staring at her, not paying much attention to the words.

SHE stopped talking suddenly, as though ashamed of her little outburst before strangers. The three young men were staring at her, Chapman and Darrell shocked, but not yet knowing it, and Bonham still in admiration of her.

Then, as though to cushion himself and the others—as for years their parents had cushioned them—from the contact with reality, Chapman said, "Then we're not going to get to hunt a bear?"

The woman spread her hands again. Bonham said, "But we don't have to have a guide. We can go into the bear country ourselves. Of course, there won't be much chance of jumping one without dogs, but we could go hunting without the dogs. You know where the bear country is here, don't you?" he said to the woman. "You could tell us how to get there?"

The woman looked directly at him a moment before speaking with a slight nod of her head. "Yes, I could tell you," she said.

"We'll probably have to take whatever horses we can get," Mike Chapman said, "the way things are here, now."

"And you think we have a pretty good chance of jumping a bear?" Joe Darrell said earnestly to the woman.

"No," the woman said, quietly and not unpleasantly. "If I thought there was much chance of you finding a bear without dogs I wouldn't send you up there."

They were all silent for a moment and then, finding nothing unpleasant in what the woman said, but only the grave and quiet statement of a fact, one of the hunters laughed a little uneasily. "Oh, we can take care of ourselves," Bonham said. He realized, quite suddenly that he was younger than the woman.

They went outside on the rough porch in front of the store and the woman told them where to go to get horses and then where to go if they wanted to hunt. She was without anger or more than passing interest in them. Her arms and, under her cheap dress, her figure moved easily and with a strong grace.

And it was this natural grace and dignity of the woman, and obviously a rather poor woman, as much as her strange remark about not expecting them to find a bear, that induced a silence in them as they rode slowly up a slanting mountain trail. . . .

It was high noon when they stopped in the shadow of a big pine to eat. The day had grown suddenly mild, even warm, up here at nine thousand feet. But below them, where the shade still held, the snow remained in patches, and above them and to the south it lay in long, glacierlike sheets on Truchas peak, and even as they stared at the great peak over their heads and miles south, a wind whipped the snow so that it streamed in a long, tenuous band away from the mountain.

So we have come to a strange place, Joe Darrell thought, *and it is only now that we are beginning to realize that it is not like hunting pheasants on Mike's father's estate.* They ate slowly, not realizing the slowness and, rising then, languid from the long drive and stiff from the unfamiliar saddle, they saw to it that the horses were well tethered and then, carrying the heavy rifles in both hands, began to move on foot straight up the mountain almost at right angles to the trail.

The going was difficult although not steep, and they panted like animals in the thin air of the place. Once wild turkeys raced noisily through the brush and leaves ahead of them and they could hear the big birds but not see them. Chapman saw them moving in the underbrush, he thought, a long way ahead, but didn't shoot. "We came here for bear," he told the others, "and there's no point in letting one know we're coming."

After a time they came on a level place, a kind of *mesa* or tableland. Through this *mesa*, a stream wound, cutting darkly through the snow patches and marked even from a distance by the red willow shoots that grew along its banks.

Where the stream meandered sharply, almost doubling back on itself at times, the willows grew thickly, to the height of a tall man, and filled these almost circular places with their three or four shadings of red. As the hunters came to the first meander in the stream, they jumped a pair of mallard from under a steep bank, and paused, startled to see the heavy birds slowly gather flight and speed, the male leading the way, his bright green head gleaming and almost iridescent in the sun.

They moved thoughtlessly away from the stream to where rocks and big trees were close together and the ground began gently to slope again. . . .

WHEN the bear showed suddenly at the edge of the aspens and without noise, one shoulder and the swinish snout, not rising and spectacular as in the old calendar prints, but still and almost motionless, they, too, were motionless for a moment, more as if in disappointment that it had not risen and roared, than in fear or even surprise. It was Chapman, always quick with a gun from his bird hunting, who fired first, but then all of them were shooting, so that no one knew who hit the bear and no one would ever know. There was only now the heavy clanging roar of the rifles and then, in the quick silence, the terrible, almost grieving roar of the animal as it turned and made off at a heavy trot through the aspens, quartering down through the curving edge of the aspens to the stream and its willows.

They shot at it again, seen almost tenuously through the pale gray trees, but they didn't hit it now, and still standing there they could see it going, stumbling once, into the willows thick in a bend of the stream. And then they could not see it at all.

"Gosh, what a grizzly!" Chapman said. They were all sweating and the others nodded, but did not speak for a moment. It wasn't a grizzly but a rather large black bear.

Bonham said, "Well, I guess we better go in after it. We can't leave wounded game around." He started to move, then hesitated, giving himself an odd, sidewise motion. He had hesitated because the others neither moved nor spoke. When he looked at them, Chapman said, "You've been reading too many books on hunting big game in Africa."

"Well, for—" Bonham began in surprise and something else, and Joe Darrell, remembering this something else, said, wetting his dry lips, "All right, let's go, not argue. We came here to hunt a bear and there it is."

THEY moved across the clearing of the *mesa* in front of the edge of the trees, their pace decreasing almost imperceptibly until Bonham walked just a little in front of them, and when they were all about ten yards from the willow shoots they stopped, although there was no communication between them. They did not speak, but they experienced the same disappointment and it helped crystallize the fear in them.

The disappointment was that they had hoped, even expected, to be able to see into the willows. Then they would see—how could they fail to see?—the dark bulk of the bear and shoot it from outside the clump of willows. But now they could not see into the willows. The thin branches rose like a mat across their sight and they could not see ten feet into it.

CHINA FLIGHT

By Pearl S. Buck

The easiest way out would have been to become his mistress. But she was an American girl, and he was a Japanese. So she became, for a time, a Chinese; and so found among those brave and compassionate people a way to the man she loved. A story for women by the most gifted woman writer of our times.

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

Bonham said, after a little hesitation, "Well, let's go in."

Chapman said, "I don't see why we have to. Couldn't we wade in the stream, go around the edge of it."

"Go ahead if you want to," Bonham said. "You've got to go in, no matter how you do it."

"Well, don't get huffy," Chapman said. "If I don't want to go in, I won't go in. I don't go for this nobility toward wounded animals and *noblesse oblige* toward them or what not."

"I don't myself," Bonham said. "I just thought we came here to hunt a bear."

"All right, let's go in," Darrell said, and they all moved slowly toward the willows, but when they were close enough to touch them, it was only Bonham who kept going. He looked back at the other two, smiled ironically, and went on. "Stay there," he said tolerantly. "I'll run it out. You'd better spread one to either side."

They watched him go, and when they could not see him, they watched the movement of the willows where his body parted them. Then, without looking at each other, they moved to either side of the willow clump, Joe Darrell thinking: *Well, is it yellowness or what is it if it isn't that?* With himself, it wasn't that. It was that the thing didn't seem important. If there was a good reason . . . but this didn't seem a good reason for risking one's life. Now, he could not be sure. Later he would be sure, almost.

They never knew how long they waited; it seemed like a long time, but was less than ten minutes. It seemed to them then, and even later, in dreams years later, that the sweat was cold and sudden on them just an instant before Eddie Bonham screamed. Then the second scream and the rifle going off once, but the screaming keeping right on going and no more rifle shots, but a sudden end to the screaming, as if the successive screams were words and the noise had stopped in the middle of a word.

Neither Chapman nor Darrell had moved. They were twenty or thirty yards apart and it was even a little while before they looked at each other. Then Darrell said, trying to speak loudly, his voice cracking, "I guess we maybe better go in there."

"I don't see what good it would do," Chapman said, in a steadier voice.

This seemed reasonable, even logical, to Darrell. He had a sense of being stunned or of walking in a mist. "Well, we ought to do something," he said. His voice and manner seemed feeble to himself and they were.

"Get the sheriff," Chapman said, without looking at Darrell. "Get Mirabal and the dogs. We couldn't do anything in these willows. The bear'd get us like it got Eddie."

"Maybe it didn't get him," Darrell said.

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" Chapman said, still without looking at Darrell.

"Well, if we're going to get the sheriff, we'd better get going," Darrell said.

They found it difficult to walk going down the slope. But gradually the strength came back into their legs and they began to hurry.

They left Bonham's horse tethered where it was and began to ride the horses down the mountain trail as fast as they would go, which wasn't very fast in that terrain. Why they were hurrying now, they would never be sure. They did not speak. They reached the village with the sun still in the sky and when they were riding past the first mud houses, they both slowed the lathered horses down, so that they were barely walking as they came up to the post office. The sheriff's posse was apparently back, because there were horses tethered about the plaza and a few dark men were moving in the rough square between the post office and the church.

DARRELL and Chapman rode slowly up to the post office because there seemed no other place to go to. The post office was crowded with people, almost all of them men. They were talking Spanish and smoking or drinking beer and pop out of bottles. They looked, with the impersonal curiosity of their race, at the two young hunters coming in, and then resumed the talk. In the blur of faces, Darrell looked for, with unconscious eagerness, and found, the woman they had talked to before.

She even sought them out, as though concerned for them in this place of violence and of strangers.

"Did you have good luck?" she said, over the shoulder of a short Spaniard between them.

"Why—why—no," Darrell said.

"And your friend?" she went on. "The brash one?"

Yes, indeed, their friend, the brash

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one, Darrell thought. His throat was quite dry. Chapman said, when Darrell did not speak, "We—he had bad luck. I—we think a bear got him." Then seeing the woman's face, he hurried on: "We came back here to get the sheriff and the dogs."

Along with the other things he was going to remember a long time, Darrell was going to remember the woman's face in this moment, the expression of puzzlement and concern first—"You mean, he is lost?" she asked—and then the wonder and scorn and even disappointment in it when he himself managed to say, "No, we heard him yell in the willows."

It was principally the disappointment in her face that got him then, as though the woman had somehow expected more of him than she had of Chapman. "You mean," she said, "you didn't go in after him?" Then, when she saw how difficult it was going to be for him to answer, she turned, and went quickly through the crowd to where a squat man in a leather jacket and wide-brimmed hat leaned against the wall and did not drink but smoked a thin handmade cigarette. She spoke quickly to him and the man glanced quickly up at them, his face more curious than anything else, his eyes pale and almost colorless. When they did not come to him, he moved toward them through the crowd, which parted slightly for him.

"My name is Mirabal," he said to the hunters. "I am the sheriff here. Mrs.—"

"The bear hunter," Chapman said, almost eagerly, as though the occasion were a happy one.

"Yes," Mirabal said, with a kind of impatience. "Mrs. Santistevan says—"

THEY told him then, alternately speaking as though unconsciously trying to share equally and obviously the burden of their shame. When they were finished the sheriff looked at them, from one face to the other, only his eyes moving, the rest of his features quite fixed. Then he said, the duties and obligations of his office heavy and obvious upon him: "Have either of you ever had a quarrel with your friend?"

They did not answer for a moment, while the implications of what the sheriff said occurred to them separately one by one. Joe Darrell could think of the thing he had thought just before Eddie went in: that Mike and Eddie had liked the same girl. But if that was Chapman's excuse or reason, what was his own? In a sense he had no reason, even an ignoble one. It was as though a heavy wall of water hung over him, ready to topple on him when his mind gave up its denial.

Chapman was saying, his features and voice almost the caricature of humor, "I—I guess we were just frightened . . . or didn't know what to do . . . or something."

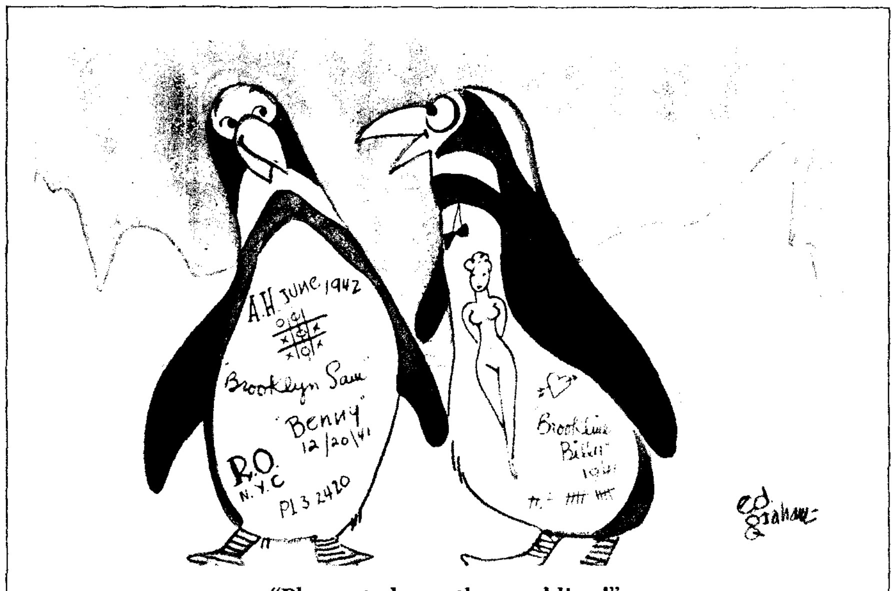
The wall of water toppled and engulfed Darrell. They had been afraid, yellow. Now he had admitted it to himself, and Chapman had admitted it publicly for both of them. He felt the strain in him ease but not go away.

The sheriff looked at them and for a moment did not speak. He finally said, his face more grave and weary than anything else, "Well, there is not much else to do but go get your friend, or what is left of him. It is not so simple, either. Now the dark is coming on and it might be best to wait until morning, since it is apparent to me that he is not alive. And we are having trouble here of our own which is not yet over."

When they did not speak but stared at him hopefully and with a kind of conscious and assumed stupidity, the sheriff began to realize that they did not know—really, could not know—what had happened there in the willows. He himself knew and could see it all clearly in his mind: the young man moving slowly through the crossing, red branches, seeing perhaps ten feet whatever way he looked, not seeing anything really, or hearing, and growing more confident, but the gun not held at the ready, really. And nothing, nothing whatever way he looked. And then, quietly and without sound, close to him and an almost shapeless horror, the wounded bear rising and slugging at him with its paws like a young, fast and awkward boxer. The terrible strength of those short, round swings and the going down screaming into unconsciousness. The sheriff knew, for once he had been hit so himself, in just such willows, but there had been other people in there with him. . . .

Joe Darrell said, "We're sorry your own trouble here hasn't cleared up. Mrs. Santistevan told us something about it. I—I suppose, though, that your problems are different from our own. We—"

Quite different, the sheriff thought. He kept looking at them, trying to temper his own scorn by realizing how young they were, and by thinking of the men he and his posse had not yet caught for reasons in part similar to those of the young hunters for not going in after their friend. His own disappointment, his unsolved problem made him almost sorry for the two boys, gave him unconsciously a sense of kinship with them.



COLLIER'S "Pleasant chaps, those soldiers!" ED GRAHAM

He said, "Most of the night riders are scattered throughout the mountains. We shot one. And two we have trapped in a *morada*. That makes for a complication, since most of our men are Penitentes, and the *morada* is like a church to them, similar, at least. They hesitate to go in and do violence there."

"But couldn't we go back to where Eddie is, tonight?" Joe Darrell said. "I mean if your own trouble would not interfere. I mean—" Something had started to come up in him.

THE sheriff looked at him and at Chapman, and knew that something was happening. He said, "If now you are so anxious to go back, perhaps we can go this evening. The *morada* where the night riders are trapped is not far, is really on the way to the place where you were hunting. But I should think you would not want to go back to where your friend is. . . . We can carry him out for you. I should think you would feel rather strange. If, now—"

The woman, Mrs. Santistevan, was watching them across the room, and when the sheriff kept talking, Joe Darrell broke first: "Oh, for the love of Pete, stop talking. I know we were yellow, I know it. Stop rubbing it in."

People had stopped talking and drinking and were looking at them. The sheriff, embarrassed, said, "I was not trying to pass a judgment. I was only saying that I thought you might feel rather strange, carrying him down yourselves, or trying to, after what had happened. And I am reasonably sure the bear may still be there, especially if you hurt him badly. The bear . . . at night . . . your friend . . ." The sheriff ended on a note almost of incoherence. He was not trying to hurt or embarrass. He was merely remarking the obvious fact: their cowardice, the wounded bear in the night, their oncoming grief and disgust with themselves . . .

THE sheriff settled his hat on his head, made an almost unconscious gesture to reassure himself that his .45 was still on his hip. The men in the place took it as a kind of sign, and picked up their rifles leaning against the counter, a few of them already beginning to move toward the door. Joe Darrell said, "We're going," with a kind of childish fierceness, and even defiance. Chapman's face seemed to be broken up in pieces; no one could have read the many and terrible things in it. The sheriff shrugged in a manner not unlike the way Mrs. Santistevan had that afternoon. "As you wish," he said wearily and without looking at them. Some things he did not understand, but like most of his race, his instincts were accurate.

Following him, both Chapman and Darrell glanced at the woman, almost furtively. It could seem to them then, to both of them, that no face had ever been so beautiful and so strange or so completely unapproachable. Standing there, silent and not judging, in her cheap dress, she had become the symbol of their despair. Almost gasping in a kind of grief, they followed the sheriff out on the porch. The rays of the sun were level now with the mountains. With the last sunlight striking the snow, they knew finally why four hundred years before, the first Spaniards there had called these mountains Sangre de Cristos. The red on the snow was luminous and unlike any other red they had ever seen. It was as though you could see through it into the mountains and that these glowed with a cold light, washing and changing even as they looked.

They mounted stiffly and rode with the posse back along the mountain road.

The dark came fast now, but not even in the dark could tears come to relieve the tension in them. They could see nothing but the moving shapes around them, and followed in the dark press of men and horses, moving at a trot. When the others halted and dismounted, the two young hunters followed them. The sheriff sought them out. "You stay here with the horses," he said. "Across the rise which you cannot see is the place where the night riders are."

"I didn't come along to watch the horses," Darrell said. The voice did not seem to be his own. His feelings toward Chapman verged on hate; he felt completely separated from him. He heard Chapman say, "I don't think I did, either."

The sheriff hesitated, then said, "I don't know what you mean. . . . There may or may not be trouble. These are vicious men who have killed a woman. My men are not afraid of them. It is simply that my men are puzzled at what to do now that these others are in a *morada*. I wouldn't want you to get hurt."

"No," Darrell said. "You wouldn't want us to get hurt. Or to carry Eddie down. I—we—" He didn't know.

The sheriff knew before they did what was happening in them. He grew gentle without meaning to. He said, "As you wish. We will go for your friend in time. But first I must see how things are here. This is my first duty," he apologized.

THEY followed him through the night, seeing without fear or surprise where other men, with stiff gestures, rose as if out of the night to speak to him in Spanish.

"Why don't they rush?" Joe Darrell said without thinking. "Have one man go to each window, so . . ."

"There are no windows in a *morada*," the sheriff said, still gentle, "only a door. It has been open all day, so they could shoot across the fields at whoever might come."

"And what is to happen now?" Chapman said.

Their eyes had become accustomed to the light and they could see the sheriff shrug again. "They tell me there has been some shooting and they think they are almost out of ammunition in the *morada*, but apparently no one has been hurt. In time they will come out for food or drink. Although, I suppose—" He stopped.

"Then you have no objection?" Joe Darrell said.

It was a remarkable statement. It presupposed that a man they had known less than two hours, the sheriff, Estevan Mirabal, knew what was in their minds, when they hardly knew what was in them themselves, and certainly had given no direct, spoken expression to it. More remarkably still, perhaps, the sheriff sighed and, in the night, nodded and understood. "As you wish," he said, his voice strange because so many things were in it. "It is you who have to live with yourselves, not I. And men of your age will all be soldiers soon. It is you who have to live with yourselves. I wish you well. Also, in case there should be an accident, I want you to know of my gratitude. This here in the *morada* is a bad situation, politically as well as in other ways, for us."

Now that the sheriff knew what had happened inside them, they knew themselves, and in the night, Darrell turned to Chapman. "All right, punk," he said, completely without affection. "Are you ready?"

"I suppose so," Chapman said. They dropped forward on the now hard ground, dotted with tussocks of grass

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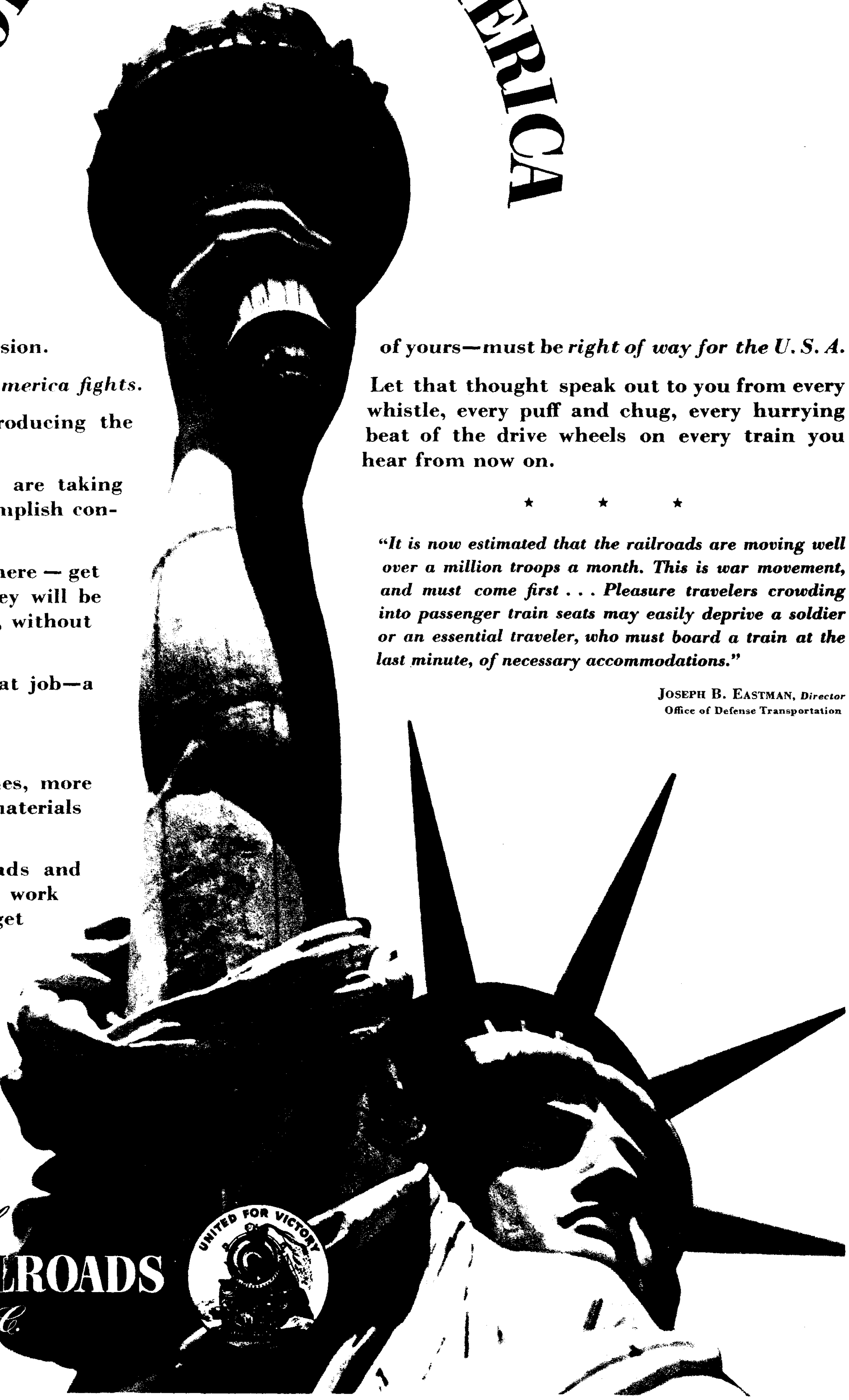

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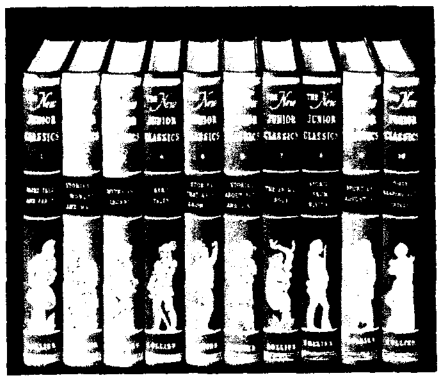

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and began to crawl toward the *morada*. Behind and now above them, they heard the sheriff speak to his men and the silence grow, now devoid of whispered voices, even, but stranger even than night silence should be. In the dark, the hunters crawled awkwardly—for they had never carried rifles so—over the hard, uneven ground.

Grief and shame had crazed other men before them, and it is not too much to say that they were briefly crazed. Certainly, apart from the crawling, they moved with the direct logic of the mad. It was perhaps this that saved them. They came on the *morada*, its open door a dark gash in the thick, moon-washed wall of the building. The rifles inside the building made bright marks in the darkness of the *morada*. The bullets went over their heads, although one, striking near Darrell, sent into the moonlight, small blades of dried and frozen grass, that floated in the cold air.

TO DARRELL, it came as no amazement that he was unharmed. The logic of the moment told him that all things were possible now. From the doorway he fired once, fired high at the blank dark of the place, as if the civilized part of him, now small and gathered inside him, shrank from killing people. There was no answering shot and he crawled inside hearing Chapman following him.

He felt the contact of the hurled, light body first, then the knife, burning, but rasping against his shoulder blade as he turned, twisting, fighting at once clear and closer, punching, and when he held the smaller body, kneeing upward freely, hearing the cry of pain, and sensing from the held body's movements, the coming of the knife and twisting away and slugging again, feeling the lighter body drop off and away from its kneeling position and lie, sobbing on the floor. Then flinging himself on it, half-conscious as it lay, and twisting from the feebly raised-backward arm, the knife, and lying across the man, twisting his arm so that he could not move, and then and finally hearing Chapman and the other man fighting near by in the dark. Hearing now, Chapman's cry, more of amazement than fear, "Why, the guy had a knife!" and being able to reply, with the first faint stirrings of humor and, therefore, of humanity: "What did you think he was going to have?"

Looking up, Darrell saw the sheriff's stocky body outlined in the doorway against the bright, flooding moonlight. The other stranger's body that battled Chapman in the dark, sobbed and toppled under the weight of the football lineman's strength and fierceness. Holding his own opponent—so had Jacob wrestled in the dark, not knowing he fought an angel—Joe Darrell heard Chapman's victory and saw the other dark forms come up behind the sheriff in the pale light. They came into the room, following the sheriff, and someone snapped on a flashlight. The men of the posse leaned with pieces of rawhide and the sheriff murmured dully and with the triumph carefully washed from his face, that they would take over now.

Darrell stood and walked outside. The clothes covering his left shoulder stuck to it. He could hear Chapman behind him, and turning, saw also the sheriff emerging, still without signs of triumph. Later—certainly so, years later—it might seem foolish and melodramatic to Darrell, but now he said what he had to say to the sheriff: "Now, it will be all right to go with you for our friend." It was neither a question nor a statement, but partook of both.

The sheriff sighed. "You misunderstood me," he said again. "I was not passing a judgment upon you. I was only thinking of how you would feel carrying him down. And then there was also the question of the bear in the dark. It was why I would not bring the dogs. They are often fearful in the dark."

"But we are not," Darrell said. *In the day we were fearful but not in the dark.* Tears were now not far from him.

The sheriff said, "If we are going, I guess we had better go."

AT THE horses, he spoke to his men in Spanish and three of them rode with the sheriff and the hunters. Going up the dark mountain, Darrell knew that nothing could ever make full recompense for what they had done—even thinking now that they would probably have been too late to save Eddie, anyhow—but they had done what they could, if not for him, at least for themselves. *Or for something.* Carrying him down by night would be bad enough, but now at least bearable. After a while they might even be able to live with themselves. They rode slowly upward toward where, in the sheriff's remembered words, waited "the bear . . . at night . . . your friend . . ."

THE END

Men Without Weapons

Continued from page 62

stranger. I guess you don't know it, but you're kind of a hero."

Pierce laughed. "Heroes aren't rescued. They do the rescuing."

She wasn't smiling when she said, "We know something about the sea, Mr. Pierce. It's not just a job these days."

He saw now how this girl felt about things. Brought up near the sea, a part of it, she had the proper respect for it. But the war was kind of a holy thing to her. Clyde Nash had felt that way. He remembered the look on Clyde's face when he signed up again two weeks after being torpedoed in the Caribbean. He had seen the expression on the skipper's face when he shook Clyde's hand, and he had heard the crew cheer him. And Pierce had put it all down in his book as the good old come-on. To Roy Pierce, believing sincerely that he saw things as they were, the Merchant Marine was a job, and only a job—well-paid, with a bonus and double-time for war.

The girl cut into a path which skirted the cove's head, and Pierce felt the drift of fog against his face. When they had climbed the hill, the town lay before them, centering on the white church steeple. Here and there men moved without hurry, but purposefully along the wooden sidewalk. Beyond the town and its winter-gray fields, stood a tall wall of trees, softened by the fog—a barrier which made this a land of its own.

He stood there, his square shoulders hunched forward, his feet firmly planted on the flat of the granite ledge, and stared at the scene before him. He had never in his life seen a town like this. But dreams, pulled from out of the city's noisy night, had given him this same street, these same houses, this peace and protection. Deep satisfaction grew in him like a drug.

Amy Lloyd had stopped walking. She waited, her face turned toward him questioningly. When he became aware of her, he took his eyes from the town and looked at her.

"You were born here," he said. "You think you know this town—you take it for granted. But I feel it belongs to me. That's because I would choose it out of all the places I've seen."

Then suddenly smiling, he said, "Let's go. I'm hungry."

The house was long and low-roofed painted white, and joined to its sheds and barn. Amy Lloyd opened the door and said, "Come in," and he followed her through a small hall filled with the staircase and the head of a ten-point buck.

"You better sit down," she said. "That was a long walk."

Pierce looked around, and felt the warmth and comfort of the place filter through his body, and the tautness left. He looked at Amy Lloyd, and she seemed now to be someone he had known for as long a time as he had known this town—and he had always known this town.

ADAM LLOYD stirred his coffee slowly, carefully, his eyes studying the swirl in the cup's center. He looked up at Pierce, and for a moment he said nothing.

Pierce waited, giving the man his time to select his thoughts. They could hear Amy in the kitchen softly humming to herself, and the occasional clink of a dish.

Then Lloyd said, "Mister—I think you ought to report that sinking to the Coast Guard."

"That's done," Pierce said. "Lifeboat Number 2 reached shore a long time ago. We were less than fifty miles from land, and she was fully equipped for navigation."

Adam Lloyd drank the coffee slowly, enjoying each precious swallow. Arresting the cup a few inches from his mouth, he said, "You'll be listed as lost at sea?"

"That's right."

"How'd the sub spot you? Someone must have been careless."

Pierce said grimly, "We weren't careless."

Lloyd thought a moment. Then he said, "Well, you want it this way: as far as the rest of the world goes, you're dead."

"It'll be that way if no one from here reports that you picked me up."

The old man sucked in his lips. "I should. But I won't. So long as the official report of the sinking gets to where it belongs, what you do about yourself is up to you. We don't pry into another man's business—unless we got business to do with him." The old man's keen, darting eyes caught on Pierce's, and held, waiting.

Pierce said, "Sure. I don't blame you. There's little to tell about me. I come from Brooklyn. But I've been around some. To sea, mostly. I was looking for something, I guess." He paused. "Six months ago I went back into the Merchant Service. The wartime wages got me. I've fooled around with machinery. I can hypnotize a marine engine, and I'll soon learn how to handle lobster traps."

Adam Lloyd brushed aside the words. "There are things a man's got to know about his business partner—not what he's done, but what he is. And one question comes first. Why do you want to give up a good-paying job for a life in this forgotten town? Your answer, honestly given, will tell me what kind of a man you are."

Pierce studied the fresh, neatly tied bandage on his arm. There were two answers to this question—one was the simple truth; the other, not a lie, but the outer clothing of the truth—the trappings which were the excuse for the act. Pierce's first impulse was to hand back the answer with the trappings.

But when he spoke, he said, "All right. I'm quitting because I can't take it any more. That's all."

He'd let that stand as it was, without any whine or excuses to go along with it. There had never been anything easy in his life, and he had never run away from the things that were hard. But what had happened to him out there in the night, the sneaking hit of the torpedo, the sudden decision to give up his place in No. 2 lifeboat to Clyde Nash for no intelligent reason, the struggle under the film of burning oil, the utter darkness into which the boat had slipped—these were not the same fair stuff the sea had thrown at him before. He was not the fool to play into a second chance.

He looked up and saw the tolerant smile of an old man, and the gauging wisdom of the eyes. Adam Lloyd said only one word, "So?"

And Pierce knew then that he had been right in his blunt answer. Lloyd had wanted the truth; getting it, he was satisfied. The motives behind were not his business—an honest man can be trusted to handle his own conscience.

Pierce waited for the verdict. Then Lloyd got up from the table and went to the wall and took down the almanac hanging there. He turned through the pages and found what he was looking for.

"We'll haul at ten in the morning. Tide serves about right then." He let the book fall back into place, and standing there, a small tough man, who respected toughness, he said, "It took guts to cut through to the truth."

He picked up a leather coat and walked to the door. "Tell Amy I'm going to town. I'll see if I can rustle up a pair of boots for you." He closed the door behind him.

Pierce turned and saw Amy standing in the doorway. "Where did father go?" she asked.

"To town. He's looking up a pair of boots for me."

She laughed. "You going to dig clams?"

"No. I'm going out hauling with him tomorrow."

She looked puzzled. She said lightly, "Getting restless?"

"Maybe."

HE LOOKED at her standing there in the strong ceiling light. The short sleeves of her blouse pressed into the flesh of her arms. Last summer's tan was giving way in her skin to winter fairness. He walked nearer, and stood leaning against the doorjamb.

She said, "What are you thinking?"

"About you. You're quite a girl."

She moved nearer him, and he saw that although her body leaned toward him, she was holding herself back. There was this softness about her which covered the strength underneath.

He made no further move, nor did he let her see that he thought another move was possible. This he did to express for himself his respect for her—to break away from a past feeling about women, too easily recalled. It gave to this moment a certain dignity.

He waited to hear her first words. They would tell him much. Did she feel this moment as he felt it, and if she did, would she try to cover it with casual words? She was looking straight at him.

"You're making this important," she said. "Are you sure you want it that way?"

He said, "If I were to leave tonight, never to see you again, the answer would

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be—no. I'd want it the way it started. But I'm not leaving. I'm staying here for a long time."

Amy Lloyd looked at him, startled. "What do you mean?"

"I'm staying here to work with your father. Don't worry—I won't stay in this house. I'll get a shack down at the cove. Your father told me of one."

"I don't think I understand."

"Don't you want me to stay?"

"Yes, I do—for my sake—not for yours."

He was surprised that her low voice had the power to hurt him. He said, out of this hurt, "It's a funny thing about people in their home town. They're swell to you, as long as you're the stranger. But the minute you want to settle down and be one of them—you get the cold shoulder."

"No," she said, "it's not that—with me."

He knew it wasn't. Underneath he knew she had another reason for not wanting him to stay—a reason he didn't want to probe too deeply. He said:

"Your father and I talked it over. It's settled. I knew the minute I saw this place I never wanted to leave it—and that was even before I saw you. So you see how solidly my roots have already grown into this soil?"

"Yes, I see. You transplant easily." Her voice hardened. "Well, since we're not strangers, passing quickly, we don't have to live all in one moment. I'm tired now, and I think I'll go to bed. You'll find everything you need in your room, I think. Good night."

Pierce saw her hesitate at the door leading into her room. But she did not turn back. The realization that her attitude toward him had changed, deepened. His mind said to him, "Women are funny." A door closed stubbornly in his thoughts, preventing any further reasoning than that.

THE shack he rented was on a low point, within the protection of the cove, and yet away from the activity around the dock. It was furnished with a stove, a built-in bunk, a chair and a table. Lloyd helped him supply it with needed things, and Amy brought blankets down from the house.

On her second trip she was alone, and she had brought a pair of curtains. He laughed, sitting on the table with a cigarette while she stood on tiptoe at the window.

"Why does a woman always put up curtains the first thing?"

"How do you know?"

"Well, don't they?"

"You mean all the women who've helped you furnish your hideaways?"

The words stung him. And he tried to persuade himself she had used it innocently. When he looked at her she was smiling.

"Okay," he said. "But I notice you don't seem to object to decorating this hideaway."

She shook her head. "You've made up your mind. I couldn't change it—or try to. But you're a neighbor now, and we're neighborly people."

He swung from the table. He saw how things stood now. But why should he make excuses for himself before this girl any more than before her father? He said, "I'll be hauling in twenty minutes."

"Father's glad for your help." Her voice was cool and clear when she added, "You'd better watch yourself. Lobstering's dangerous work, you know."

He walked over to her and took her roughly by the shoulders. "What are you trying to do—ride me?"

"If you want to take it that way," But her voice trembled a little now, and he felt the softness again, and because a certain respect had gone from between them, he knew that this time he would kiss her.

The kiss was ruthless and bittersweet, and she pulled away from him, angry and humiliated. At the door she turned, and said from the bottom of her heart:

"Why did you ever come here—to come here to stay?"

"I'm here," he said steadily, "and you've got to reckon with me."

AFTER the morning haul through the sun-bright half-wintry day, Pierce stayed out on Lloyd's boat to work on the ignition system. He was going over the wiring when Lloyd came alongside the motorboat, and said, "You ever going to eat?"

"Sure," Pierce said, "I got some beans waiting."

"They'll keep. Come up to the house and eat a good meal."

"I'd better not."

"That's foolishness," Lloyd snorted. "We got plenty." A twinkle came to his eyes. "Besides, Amy asked me to ask you—she's got something she wants to talk to you about."

"It's about an invitation," Amy said, as he followed her father into the warm, apple-smelling room. "I turned it down for you."

"What was it?"

"To make a speech."

He laughed. "I thank you."

"It wasn't a political speech," Amy said. "You remember our mayor? You met him down at the dock—a nice old man with a gray suit and rubber boots? If you plan to be a Wyman citizen, you'll have to know him."

"Thanks again—what's he got to do with the speech?"

"He wanted you to talk to the boys. We're giving them a goodby party tonight at the school gym. They've just been called up. There are quite a bunch of them—kids, mostly. Well, you being sort of a veteran, you know—he thought you could give them a word or so of advice."

Pierce looked at her. He asked, "Why did you turn it down?"

She didn't answer for a moment. Then she said coolly, "I'd be a little bit afraid of what you might say to those kids."

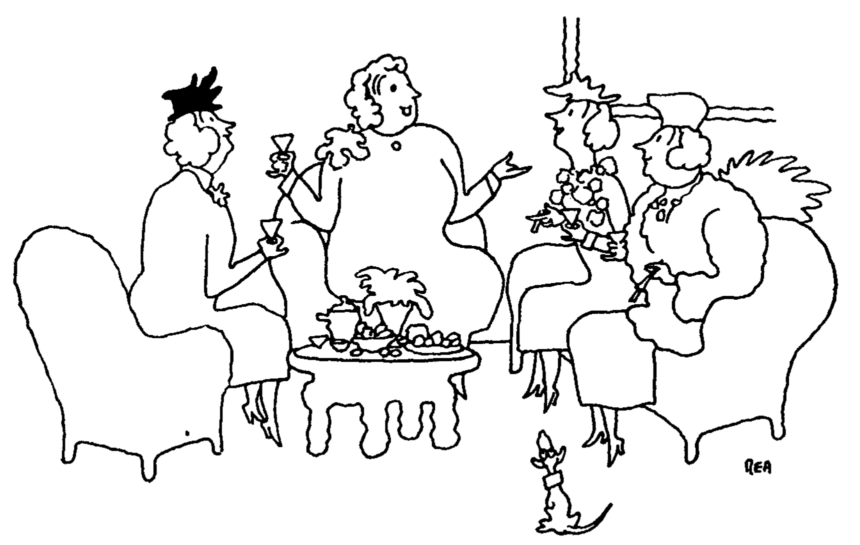
Pierce said, "Okay. Maybe you're right. I might frighten them. What did you tell the mayor?"

"I told him I didn't think you were strong enough to speak yet—it might hurt your arm."

Adam Lloyd swung up from his rocker and looked at his daughter. "That doesn't sound like you, Amy. What's troubling you?"

Pierce said, "Let's skip it. You're hired as my social secretary, Amy."

Adam Lloyd laughed, and his laugh carried them through the meal. . . .



"Isn't it astounding? We've found that one can really keep quite comfortable with coal"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Halfway down to the cove Pierce changed his direction and cut back into the town's center. A low-winged coastal patrol plane thundered overhead, veered suddenly to the south, dipped, and then went on seaward into the gray horizon. Pierce walked on. As he passed a green-front store, and saw the tall, gray-suited mayor standing at the window, he suddenly decided to turn in there. He looked over a few things on the counter and then spoke to the mayor. "If that invitation is still open," he said, "I'd like to say a couple of words to the boys."

The mayor looked pleased. "That's the spirit," he said. He rubbed his chin with a broad hand. "By the way, Pierce, what's on your mind to tell the boys?"

"I haven't given it a thought yet," Pierce said, "I talk from the cuff."

Outside on the street he turned left and walked back to the cove. He felt the wind against him and in the wind there was the smell of snow.

He had just closed the door of the shack when he heard Lloyd's voice, carrying urgency, calling from the cove. He walked down to the shore and saw him sculling his skiff from the motorboat. "Get your boots on," Lloyd shouted, "we got a job. I'll pick you up at that ledge in front of you."

Pierce went back to the shack, found his boots, caught a glimpse of the still unhung curtains, felt a brief smile come to his lips. He hurried back to the ledge.

Lloyd said, rowing now into the wind, "A small boat's ashore on Luke Martin's reef. The Coast Guard plane didn't report seeing anyone aboard."

PIERCE cast off as Lloyd jammed the gear forward. The long, narrow-beamed boat yawed in the following seas, which grew as they ran down the coast. There were no houses here and the high, granite walls held warped spruce close to their flanks.

"How did you know about this job?" Pierce asked.

"Coast Guard phoned me from Bar Harbor. I go out on this small offshore stuff for them."

Fine grains of snow, hard and wind-driven, swept across the forward deck and drifted into restless piles in lee corners. Lloyd shifted the course. "I'm going inside the reef. She must lay inside and to the south."

He was right. They picked up a buoy first, then they saw beyond a point of rocks what looked like an oversized dory, until they got nearer and saw that it was a lifeboat.

"Port bow's stove in," Lloyd said.

Pierce jumped on the forward deck of Lloyd's boat to see over the gunwales of the other. He was already sure there was no one on board, and yet a curious tenseness came over him. The open forward compartment was filled with water. Amidships, Pierce could see a large, dark bundle, and as they drew nearer, he could see that it was a man's body. All along the gunwales, and below in the planks, he saw ripped holes, some as large as his fist. Inside, the planks were splintered; long slivers angling out in jagged lines, like stopped lightning.

"She's been shot full of holes," Pierce said.

The next wave breaking over the ledge swung the bow around, and Pierce saw that she was the Cyrus P. Conner's No. 2 lifeboat. He felt his mouth stiffen, and even in the cold wind, heat rose from inside his shirt.

"Can you come alongside?" Pierce asked.

Lloyd edged his boat forward, little by little. From where he stood at the midship helm he could not see what Pierce saw.

The dead man's head had been shot through. Pierce recognized him—an oiler, but he didn't know his name. Further aft were two ditty bags, sodden and rolling with the boat. On one he saw the stenciled initials—C. N.

"She's too heavy in the bow," Lloyd said. "She won't tow."

Pierce made no answer. He stood there, looking down at the boat. Bitter anger came to him, as he thought of the men, Clyde Nash, and Jensen, the mate, and this oiler. These men had been machine-gunned without a chance. And with the anger came a sure knowledge that this boat must not die, unknown to the world, on these black ledges.

Lloyd called sharply, "Well?"

"We'll get her out of here," Pierce said. "She's my job. Pass me a line."

NO LIGHTS were visible in the school gym when Pierce and Lloyd walked up the shell road into town, but the sound of dance music filtered out through the black curtains and drifted into the night air around them. A large bus was parked near the main entrance, its hood covered with a thick blanket. The sign, dimly lighted from inside, said SPECIAL, and someone had scrawled on the dark body in white chalk: WYMAN'S WILDMEN WILL HANG HITLER.

Pierce walked faster.

"Watch yourself, son," Adam Lloyd said. "Remember, they haven't seen what you've seen."

"They will," Pierce said.

The crowd at the door greeted them and wondered about Lloyd's silence and Pierce's grim face. Even the mayor backed away and made room for them to pass.

Pierce saw Amy at the refreshment table, with stacks of pies, cakes and doughnuts before her. Her eyes lifted and met his. The brief moment of relief at their return was followed by apprehension as Pierce walked to the orchestra's platform with the mayor. He remembered her words: "I'd be afraid of what you might say to those kids."

They stood in a bunch beyond the long table, those young men, as though they knew themselves a group apart. There was something raw—unused about them, like a fuse not yet set off. They were laughing among themselves, nudging one another, their voices loud and light. He heard one dark-browed boy shout to another across the room, "Hey, Gilly—here's one time we don't miss the bus! Boy, are we going places!"

Pierce thought: *They don't even know what they're going for!*

He signaled to the mayor and saw Amy leave the refreshment table and go to her father. She spoke to him, looking at Pierce, and Adam Lloyd gently placed his hand upon her arm.

The room became quiet. Pierce said, "I guess you all know how I got here. My ship was sunk off this coast aways. I want to tell you how that happened—so you'll know the kind of rats you're up against. Here's how we got it that night. We saw a couple of distress signals off out starboard bow—then more. The skipper wasn't sure what ship might be there—but they were real distress flares. We thought it was some ship that had been hit. So we shifted course and ran over. It was too late when we saw that it was a Nazi pig-boat. She let go one fish—then another—point-blank."

He felt a stir in the crowd. He saw the face of the dark-browed boy tighten.

"You men have a lot of living ahead of you," Pierce said. "This town's a good place to do it in. But we can't—any of us—even make a start on that living, until we've done our job—and we know what that is."

They stood there in a close-packed group, those kids who didn't know what it was all about. Pierce's anger had been too big for one body to hold. It had spilled out and was running like a flame through these men.

THE bus driver threw away the cigar stub, said, "Sure," and climbed into the cab. He sat there, detached, filled with his own thoughts, while the engine idled, warming up. Pierce turned to Amy. He said, "He's got room for me. I'll take the train from Bangor."

The wind had died, and a winter sky held bright stars. They were standing on a step of the school building, overlooking the town. In this dim-out, the pin points of light here and there gave distance to the houses, and a feeling of unreality. For a moment Pierce harbored the thought that maybe this place existed only in his mind.

He looked at Amy in the faint glow of the clear night. "You make it real," he said.

She stood near him, her eyes searching the town, as if she were trying to see it as he saw it now—a place he had won, only to lose so soon. He saw her clearly now—the inner strength and the fineness of her grain. And he knew that more important than the place, he had found the heart of the place, and that had probably been the thing for which he had been looking.

"You're so near me now," Amy said, "and a week from tonight—I won't know where you are." Her face turned toward the sea.

Pierce said slowly, "But I'll know where you are. And knowing that, I'll know where to go, when I go home."

The door behind them opened, and young men poured out of the school. Some carried suitcases; others bundles and duffle bags. They piled into the bus, shouting, laughing, full of the joy of action. Pierce wondered if under that laughter, he had left a seed of determination.

The bus driver punched the horn twice.

Amy turned to Pierce: "You know how I feel, Roy."

"I know," he said, "I've known all along."

The horn sounded again, and he turned then, and walked toward the bus.

THE END

Richard Decker

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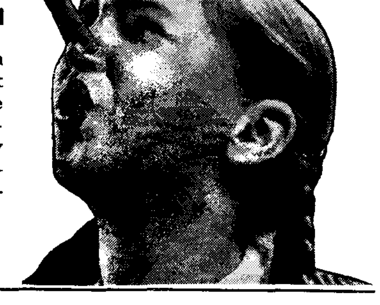

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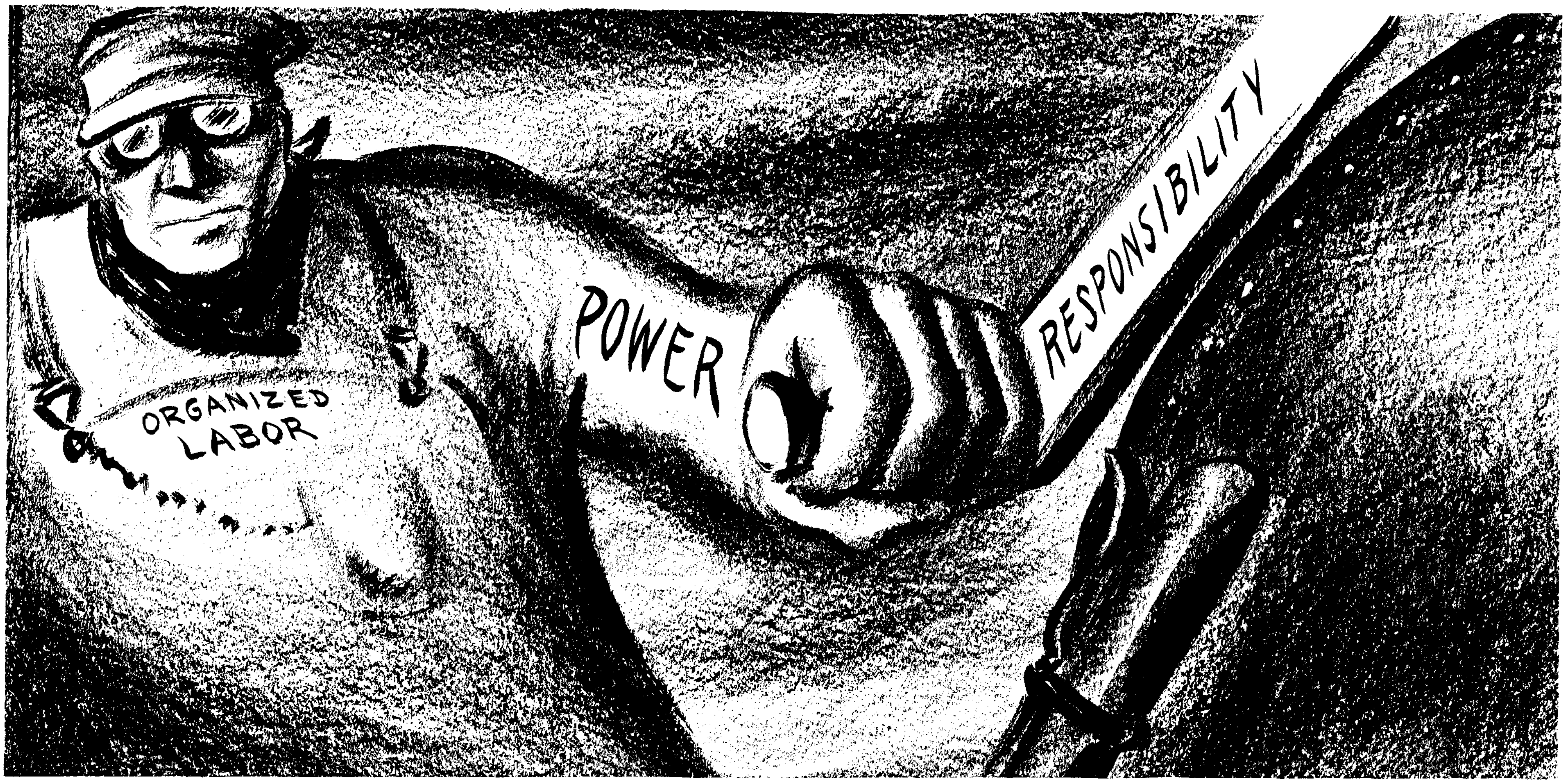


A RE-DEAL ON LABOR

THE Congress which has just taken office is expected to "do something" about labor. We hope that what it does do will disappoint the extremists on both sides of the labor question. That ought to suit the great majority of us.

There is no doubt in our minds that something should be done about labor. Labor organizations have become extremely powerful in the last few years. They are treated by existing laws and a few Supreme Court decisions, however, as if they were frail and precious growths which ought to be nursed and petted to maturity.

Thus, labor is officially permitted to stage uncalled-for wildcat or jurisdictional strikes, to force employers to hire "workers" who do no work, to keep new materials and processes out of public use.

Labor leaders are able to get away with things approaching murder in such matters as the rigging of union elections, the blacklisting of workers whom the leaders don't like, the juggling of union finances, the dragooning of workers into unions, the intimidation or boycotting of employers.

All this is analogous to what the more piratical elements in business and finance were getting away with fifteen or so years ago. Business and finance have been paying through the nose for some ten years for those excesses of a few of their practitioners.

Labor in general will begin sooner or later to pay through the nose for the current excesses of a few of its leaders and members, unless a few needed reforms are adopted now and by labor's consent.

As we see it, these are the reforms that are now in order:

Compulsory periodic financial statements by all labor organizations, to be drawn up by impartial auditors and accountants, and to be published like any bank or corporation financial statement. . . . Union elections to be supervised by public authority, with genuine secret ballots. . . . Antitrust laws to apply to labor organizations practicing restraint of trade. . . . Virtual prohibition of jurisdictional strikes and feather-bedding (slang term for forcing creation of unnecessary jobs). . . . Compulsory cooling-off periods before any strike can be called. . . . An end to government-compelled "maintenance of membership" clauses in union contracts.

These are moderate reforms, which should start the racketeer on his way out of the labor movement and should help greatly to build that sense of responsibility which many a new, inexperienced union lacks.

If labor will consent to these reforms, it will probably head off a lot of far more drastic reforms which some labor-haters in the new Congress are itching to enact. Altogether, it is time for the American labor movement to call in the cleaners and tell them to get busy.

HITLER'S MARTYRS

THE Western world was supposed to have been growing more and more civilized, decent and humane since about the time of the American Revolution. And, indeed, most of it was, including Germany.

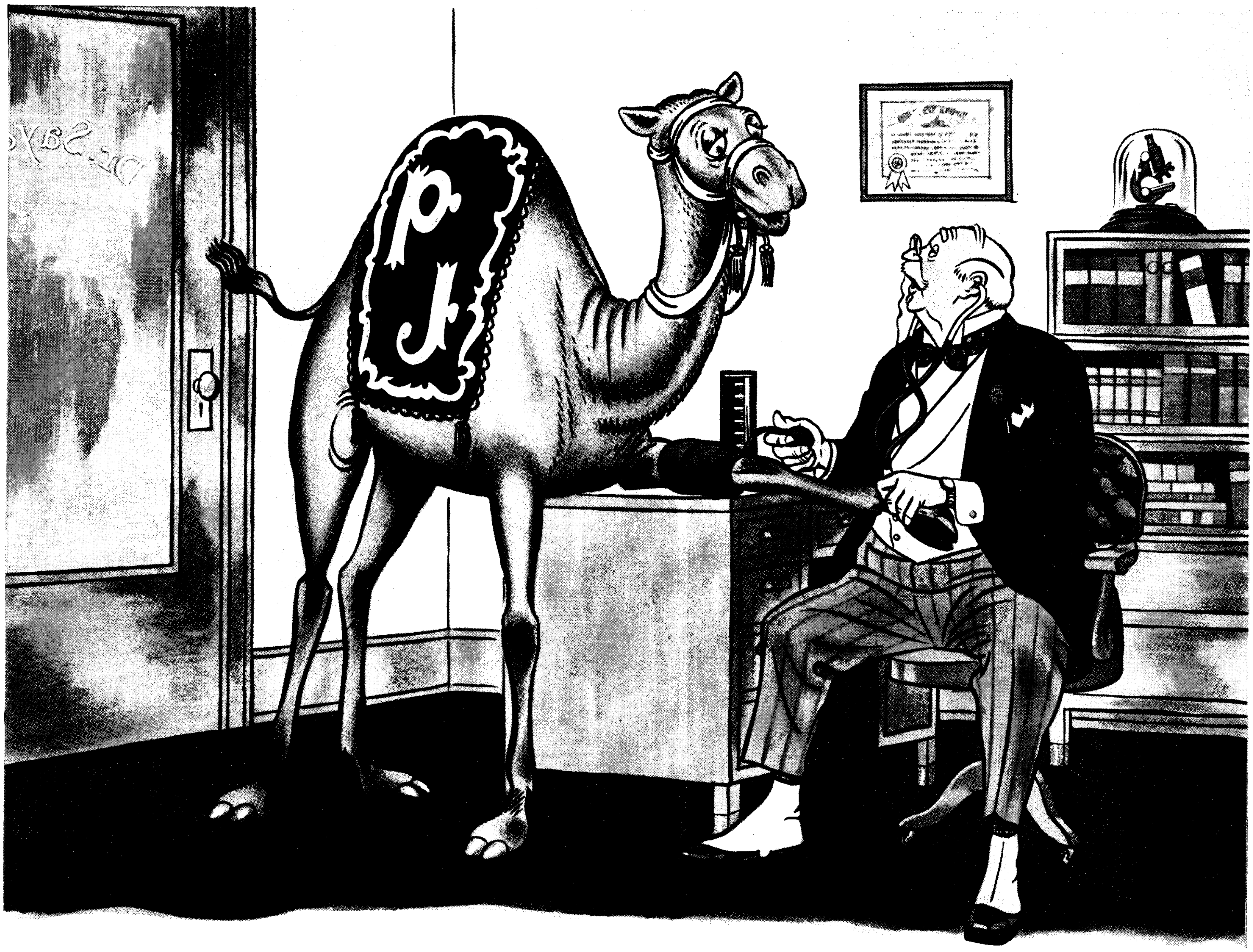
It remained for Adolf Hitler, whom Winston Churchill once called a bloodthirsty guttersnipe, to reintroduce to the Western world the old practice of mass murder of the objects of one's hatred. Because Hitler hates the Jews, he has now caused the deaths of an estimated 2,000,000 Jews inside his empire, and is frankly determined to exterminate the remaining 5,000,000.

Some of the Nazis' methods of murdering Jews remind one of Nero or Tiberius aided by modern scientific and medical knowledge—about as horrible a perversion of science and medicine as can be imagined.

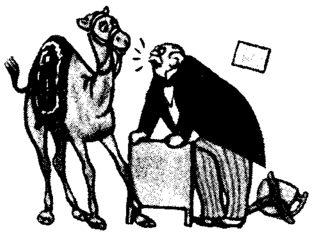
One measure of this brutality now running riot in the Western world is to be found in the fact that, in our time, comparable cruelties have been inflicted on human beings only by members of a still half-savage Oriental race; namely, by Japanese soldiers gone berserk at Nanking and Hong Kong.

The Allied nations are doing everything in their power to halt Hitler's persecution of the Jews. It is questionable whether the Allies can carry fire and sword to the citadel of Hitler's power before Hitler can wipe out most of the Jews remaining within his reach.

We can still hope, however, that the old law of compensation will work out in this case in its own time. That means we are entitled to hope that this historic crime will meet its just retribution, and that the Jewish race somehow, sometime, will reap happiness in proportion to the miseries which have been visited upon it by this fanatic and his followers.



“Blood pressure 105... about normal for a camel”



DOCTOR: You look in pretty good shape to me, Camel. Lungs . . . heart . . . reflexes good. Been working hard, lately?

CAMEL: No, O Master of the Stethoscope. Just the usual thing, telling people about the magnificent flavor of Paul Jones Whiskey. Really, Doctor, I feel fine!

DOCTOR: You feel fine, do you! Then what are you doing here, my fuzzy-faced time-waster?

CAMEL: I came about that party you're giving tonight, Noble Taker of Pulses. Your secretary told me about it.

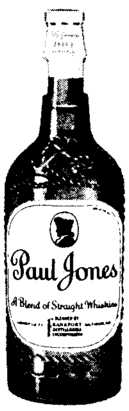
DOCTOR: Party? Yes, I'm giving a party. I asked her to find out about whiskies. But what's that got to do with your state of health?

CAMEL: You misunderstand, Sahib. I came not as a patient, but as a specialist, myself. I came to prescribe Paul Jones, the superlative whiskey so prized for its *dryness*. This dryness, which laymen call lack of sweetness, is what brings out the peerless flavor to the full.

DOCTOR: Say, Camel, that Paul Jones sounds like a great whiskey, one I'd be really proud to serve. Only . . . well, I charge small fees, you know. I couldn't afford such luxury.

CAMEL: But, Gracious Doctor, Paul Jones puts no strain on your wallet. It is yours for a truly modest price.

DOCTOR: That settles it! Get your blanket pressed and comb out your whiskers, Camel—*you're* going to be guest of honor at my party tonight!


Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

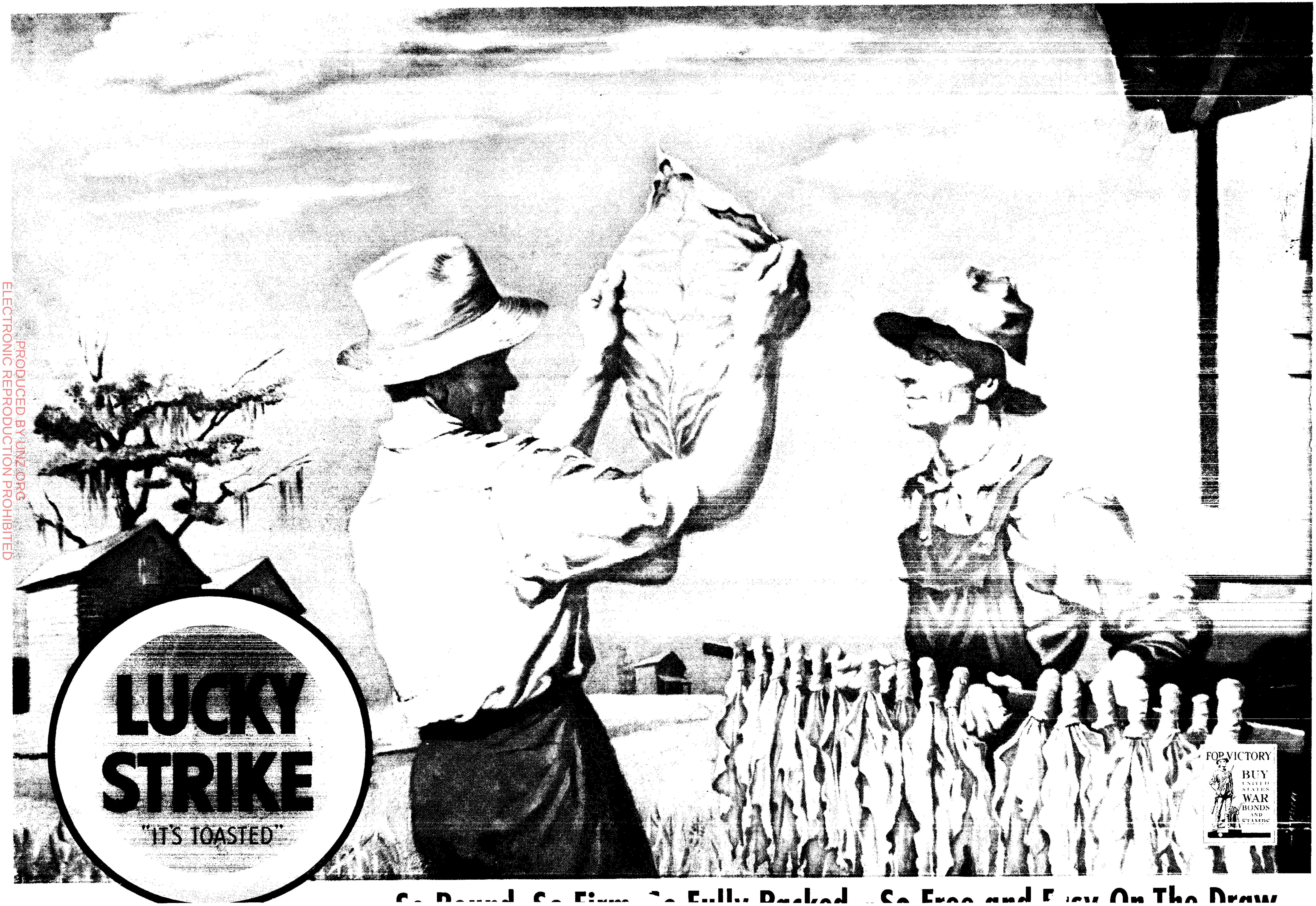
The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

"Scouting the crop before auctions open." Painted from life on a Southern farm by Georges Schreiber


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS
So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed – So Free and Easy On The Draw